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*Sir William Lee, Bart.
Hartwell.*



*The Reverend
Sir George Lee, Baronet.
Hartwell*





1st ed. edited by Isaac Reed

T.K.T.-

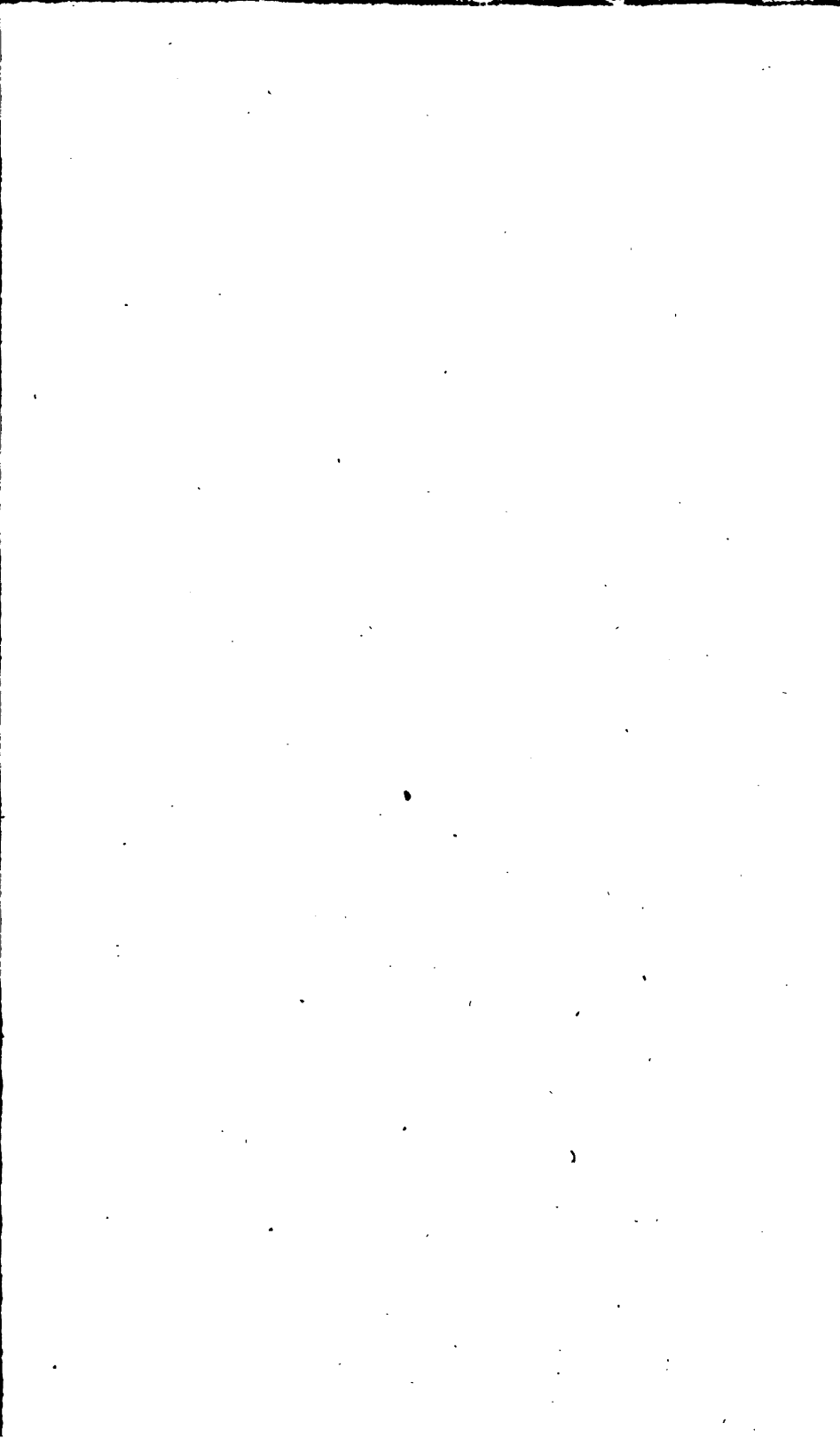
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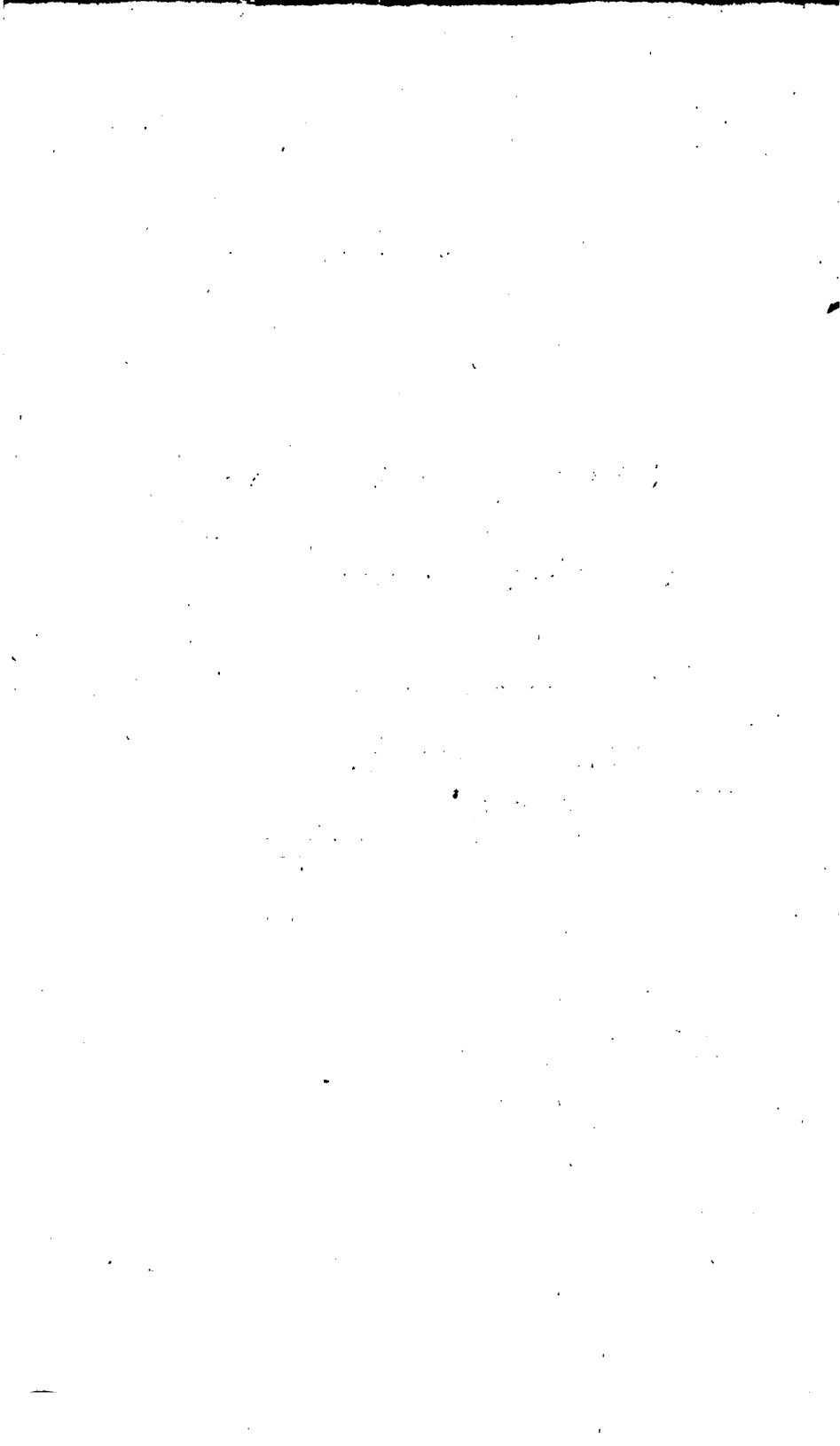
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THE
PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.
VOLUME the SECOND.

CONTAINING
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.
COMEDY OF ERRORS.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

L O N D O N,

Printed for C. Bathurst, W. Strahan, J. F. and C. Rivington,
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MDCCLXXVIII.



M E A S U R E

F O R

M E A S U R E.

VOL. II.

B

Persons

Persons Represented.

Vincenzio, *Duke of Vienna.*

Angelo, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's absence.*

Escalus, *an antient Lord, joined with Angelo in the deputation.*

Claudio, *a young Gentleman.*

Lucio, *a Fantastick.*

Two other like Gentlemen.

* Varrius, *a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.*

Provost.

Thomas, } *two Friars.*

Peter, }

A Justice.

Elbow, *a simple Constable.*

Froth, *a foolish Gentleman.*

Clown, *Servant to Mrs. Over-done.*

Abhorson, *an Executioner.*

Barnardine, *a dissolute Prisoner.*

Isabella, *Sister to Claudio.*

Mariana, *betrothed to Angelo.*

Juliet, *beloved of Claudio.*

Francisca, *a Nun.*

Mistress Overdone, a Bawd.

Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

S C E N E, Vienna.

* Varrius might be omitted, for he is only once spoken to, and says nothing. JOHNSON.

M E A-

MEASURE for MEASURE¹.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's Palace².

Enter Duke, Escalus, and Lords.

Duke. Escalus, ~~where~~

Escal. My lord.

Duke.

¹ The story is taken from *Cintbio's Novels*, Decad. 8. Novel 5.
POPE.

² There is perhaps not one of Shakespeare's plays more darkened than this by the peculiarities of its authour, and the unskilfulness of its editors, by distortions of phrase, or negligence of transcription. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare took the fable of this play from the *Promos and Cassandra* of George Whetstone, published in 1578. See Theobald's note at the end.

A hint, like a seed, is more or less prolific, according to the qualities of the soil on which it is thrown. This story, which in the hands of Whetstone produced little more than barren insipidity, under the culture of Shakespeare became fertile of entertainment. The curious reader will find that the old play of *Promos and Cassandra* exhibits an almost complete embryo of *Measure for Measure*; yet the hints on which it is formed are so slight, that it is nearly as impossible to detect them, as it is to point out in the acorn the future ramifications of the oak.

Whetstone opens his play thus.

“ Act. I. Scena I.

“ Promos, Mayor, Shirife, Sworde bearer : one with a bunche
“ of keyes : Phallax, *Promos Man.*

“ You Officers which now in *Julio* staye

“ Know you your leadge, the King of *Hungarie* :

“ Sent me *Promos*, to joyne with you in sway :

“ That styll we may to *Iustice* have an eye.

B 2

“ And

4 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am ' put to know, that your own science,
Exceeds, in that, the lifts of all advice ⁴
My strength can give you : Then no more remains ⁵,
But

" And now to show, my rule and power at lardge,

" Attentivelie, his letters pattents heare :

" *Phallax*, reade out my Soveraignes chardge.

" *Phal.* As you commaunde, I wyll : give heedeful care.

*Phallax readeth the Kinges Letters Patents, which
must be fayre written in parchment, with some great
counterfeate zeale.*

" *Pro.* Loe, here you see what is our Soveraignes wyl

" Loe, heare his wyl, that right, not might, beare swaye :

" Loe, heare his care, to weede from good the yll,

" To scoorge the wights, good lawes that disobay.

" Such zeale he beares, unto the common weale,

" (How so he byds, the ignoraunt to save)

" As he commaundes, the lewde doo rigor feele, &c. &c. &c.

" *Pro.* Both swoorde and keies, unto my princes use,

" I doo receyve and gladlie take my chardge.

" It resteth nowe for to reforme abuse,

" We poynt a tyme, of counsell more at lardge,

" To treate of which, a while we wyll depart.

" *Al. speake.* To worke your wyll, we yeelde a wylling hart.
Exeunt."

The reader will find the argument of G. Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, at the end of this play. It is too bulky to be inserted here. See likewise the Piece itself among *Six old Plays on which Shakespeare founded*, &c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-crofs. STEEVENS.

³ *Since I am not to know,—*] Old copy,
put to know,—

Perhaps rightly. JOHNSON.

I am put to know, may mean, I am obliged to acknowledge.

So in *King Henry VI.* p. 2. sc. i.

" — had I first been put to speak my mind."

Again in Drayton's *Legend of Pierce Gaveston* :

" Mylimbs were put to travel day and night." STEEVENS.

⁴ — *lifts* —] Bounds, limits. JOHNSON.

So in *Othello*.

" Confine yourself within a patient lift." STEEVENS.

⁵ — *Then no more remains, &c.*] This is a passage which has exercised the sagacity of the editors, and is now to employ mine.

— But

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 5

But that your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our

————— *Then no more remains,
Put that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work.*

I doubt not, but this passage, either from the impertinence of the actors, or the negligence of the copyists, has come maimed to us. In the first place, what an unmeasurable, inharmonious verse have we here; and then, how lame is the sense! What was Escalus to put to his *sufficiency*? Why, his *science*. But his *science* and his *sufficiency* were but one and the same thing. On what then does the relative *them* depend? The old editions read thus:

————— *Then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work.*

Here again, the sense is manifestly lame and defective, and as the verification is so too, they concur to make me think, a line has accidentally been left out. Perhaps, something like this might supply our author's meaning:

————— *Then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency you add
Due diligence, as your worth is able,
And let them work.*

By some such supplement both the sense and measure would be cured. But as the conjecture is unsupported by any authorities, I have not pretended to thrust it into the text; but submit it to judgment. They, who are acquainted with books, know, that, where two words of a similar length and termination happen to lie under one another, nothing is more common than for transcribers to glance their eye at once from the *first* to the *undermost* word, and so leave out the intermediate part of the sentence.

THEOBALD.

*Since I am not to know, that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains:
Put that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work.*

To the integrity of this reading Mr. Theobald objects, and says, *What was Escalus to put to his sufficiency? why, his science: But his science and sufficiency were but one and the same thing. On what then does the relative them depend? He will have it, therefore, that a line has been accidentally dropp'd, which he attempts to restore by due diligence. Nodum in scirpo quærit.* And all for want of knowing, that by *sufficiency* is meant *authority*, the power delegated by the duke to Escalus. The plain meaning of the word

6 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you are as pregnant in⁶,

As

being this: *Put your skill in governing* (says the duke) *to the power which I give you to exercise it, and let them work together.*

WARBURTON.

Sir Tho. Hanmer, having caught from Mr. Theobald a hint that a line was lost, endeavours to supply it thus.

————— *Then no more remains,*

But that to your sufficiency you join

A will to serve us, as your worth is able.

He has by this bold conjecture undoubtedly obtained a meaning, but, perhaps not, even in his own opinion, the meaning of Shakespeare.

That the passage is more or less corrupt, I believe every reader will agree with the editors. I am not convinced that a line is lost, as Mr. Theobald conjectures, nor that the change of *but* to *put*, which Dr. Warburton has admitted after some other editor, will amend the fault. There was probably some original obscurity in the expression, which gave occasion to mistake in repetition or transcription. I therefore suspect that the author wrote thus,

————— *Then no more remains,*

But that to your sufficiencies your worth is abled,

And let them work.

Then nothing remains more than to tell you, that your virtue is now invested with power equal to your knowledge and wisdom. Let therefore your knowledge and your virtue now work together. It may easily be conceived how *sufficiencies* was, by an inarticulate speaker, or inattentive hearer, confounded with *sufficiency* as, and how *abled*, a word very unusual, was changed into *able*. For *abled*, however, an authority is not wanting. Lear uses it in the same sense, or nearly the same, with the Duke. As for *sufficiencies*, D. Hamilton in his dying speech, prays that Charles II. *may exceed both the virtues and sufficiencies of his father.* JOHNSON.

The uncommon redundancy, as well as obscurity, of this verse may be considered as some evidence of its corruption. Take away the *two first* words, and the sense joins well enough with what went before. *Then* (says the duke) *no more remains to say:*

Your sufficiency as your worth is able,

And let them work.

i. e. *Your skill in government is in ability to serve me, equal to the integrity of your heart, and let them co-operate in your future ministry.*

The verification requires that either something should be added, or something retrenched. The latter is the easier, as well as the safer task. I join in the belief, however, that a line is lost; and whoever is acquainted with the inaccuracy of the folio, (for of this play there is no other old edition) will find my opinion justified.

STEEVENS.

Some

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 7

As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember : There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.—Call
hither,

I say, bid come before us Angelo.—
What figure of us think you he will bear ?
For you must know, we have with special soul⁷
Elected

Some words seem to be lost here, the sense of which, perhaps,
may be thus supplied :

~~—then no more remains,~~
But that to your sufficiency you put
A zeal as willing as your worth is able,
And let them work.—— TYRWHITT.

6 ~~—the terms~~

For common justice, you are as pregnant in,]
The later editions all give it, without authority,
~~—the terms~~

Of justice,——

and Dr. Warburton makes *terms* signify *bounds or limits*. I rather
think the Duke meant to say, that Escalus was *pregnant*, that
is, *ready* and knowing in all the forms of law, and, among other
things, in the *terms* or *times set apart* for its administration.

JOHNSON.

The word *pregnant* is used with this signification in *Ram-alley*
or *Merry Tricks* 1611, where a lawyer is represented reading :

“ In tricesimo primo Alberti Magni

“ ’Tis very cleare—the place is very *pregnant*.”

i. e. very *expressive*, *ready*, or very *big with meaning*.

Again,

“ ——the Proof is most *pregnant*.”

Again, *The Cruel Brother* by Sir W. Davenant, 1630.

“ —— my abilities are most *pregnant*

“ When I find I may be profitable.”

Again,

“ ——oh, such a *pregnant* eye !” STEEVENS.

7

For you must know, we have with special soul

Elected him our absence to supply ;]

This nonsense must be corrected thus,

——with special roll

i. e. with a special commission. For it appears, from this scene,
that Escalus had one commission, and Angelo *another*. The Duke
had before delivered Escalus his commission. He now declares
that designed for Angelo ; and he says, afterwards, to both,

To the hopeful execution do I leave you

Of your commissions.

6 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Electèd him our absence to supply ;
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love ;
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power : What think you of it ?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life^s,

That

Why Angelo's was called the *special roll* was, because he was in authority superior to Escalus.

——— *old Escalus,*

Though first in question, is thy secondary. WARBURTON.

This editor is, I think, right in supposing a corruption, but less happy in his emendation. I read,

——— *we have with special seal*

Electèd him our absence to supply.

A *special seal* is a very natural metonymy for a *special commission*.

JOHNSON.

By the words *with special soul electèd him*, I believe, the poet meant no more than *that he was the immediate choice of his heart*.

A similar expression occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*:

——— *"with private soul*

"Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me,"

Again, more appositely in the *Tempest*:

——— *"for several virtues*

"Have I lik'd several women, never any

"With so full soul, but some defect," &c. STEEVENS.

We have with special soul.

This seems to be only a translation of the usual formal words inserted in all royal grants—"De gratia nostra speciali et ex mero motu—" MALONE.

^s *There is a kind of character in thy life,*

That to the observer, &c.]

Either this introduction has more solemnity than meaning, or it has a meaning which I cannot discover. What is there peculiar in this, that a man's *life* informs the observer of his *history*? Might it be supposed that Shakespeare wrote this?

There

That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold : Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper², as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee¹.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do ;
Not light them for themselves : for if our virtues³
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely
touch'd,

But to fine issues⁴ ; nor nature never lends⁴
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech

There is a kind of character in thy look.

History may be taken in a more diffuse and licentious meaning, for *future occurrences*, or the part of life yet to come. If this sense be received, the passage is clear and proper. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare must, I believe, be answerable for the unnecessary pomp of this introduction. He has the same thought in *Henry IV.* p. 2. which is some comment on this passage before us :

“ There is a history in all men's lives,
“ Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd :
“ The which observ'd, a man may prophecy
“ With a near aim, of the main chance of things
“ As yet not come to life, &c.” STEEVENS.

²—*are not thine own so proper.*] i. e. are not so much thy own property. STEEVENS.

¹—*them on thee.*] The old copy reads—*they* on thee.

STEEVENS.

³ ————— *for if our virtues, &c.*]

“ *Paulum sepulcræ distat inertia*

“ *Celata virtus*” — Hor. WARBURTON.

So in Massinger's *Maid of Honour* :

“ Virtue, if not in action, is a vice,

“ And, when we move not forward, we go backward.”

So the Latin adage—*Non progredi est regredi.* STEEVENS.

⁴ ————— *to fine issues:* —] To great consequences. For high purposes. JOHNSON.

⁴ ————— *nor nature never lends.*] Two negatives, not employed to make an affirmative, are common in our author.

So in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ There is no harm intended to your person,

“ Nor to no Roman else.” STEEVENS.

To

10 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

To one that can my part in him advertise⁵ :
 Hold therefore Angelo⁶ :
 In our remove, be thou at full ourself :
 Mortality and mercy in Vienna
 Live in thy tongue and heart : Old Escalus,
 Though first in question⁷, is thy secondary.
 Take thy commission.

⁵ ——— *I do bend my speech,*

To one that can my part in him advertise ;]

This is obscure. The meaning is, I direct my speech to one who is able to teach me how to govern : *my part in him*, signifying my office, which I have delegated to him. *My part in him advertise* ; i. e. who knows what appertains to the character of deputy or viceroy. *Can advertise my part in him* ; that is, his representation of my person. But all these quaintnesses of expression, the Oxford editor seems sworn to extirpate ; that is, to take away one of Shakespeare's characteristic marks ; which, if not one of the comeliest, is yet one of the strongest. So he alters this to,

To one that can, in my part, me advertise.

A better expression indeed, but, for all that, none of Shakespeare's.
 WARBURTON.

I know not whether we may not better read,

One that can my part to him advertise,

One that can *inform himself* of that which it would be otherwise *my part* to tell him. JOHNSON.

To advertise is used in this sense, and with this accentuation, by Chapman, in his translation of the 11th book of the *Odyssey*.

" Or, of my father, if thy royal ear

" Hath been *advertis'd*——." STEEVENS.

* *Hold therefore Angelo :*] That is, continue to be Angelo ; *held* as thou art. JOHNSON.

I believe that—*Hold therefore Angelo*, are the words which the duke utters on tendering his commission to him. He concludes with—*Take thy commission*. STEEVENS.

If a full point be put after *therefore*, the duke may be understood to speak of himself. *Hold therefore*. i. e. Let me therefore hold, or stop. And the sense of the whole passage may be this. The duke, who has begun an exhortation to Angelo, checks himself thus. " But I am speaking to one, *that can in him* [in, or by himself] apprehend *my part* [all that I have to say] : I will therefore say no more [on that subject]." He then merely signifies to Angelo his appointment. TYRWHITT.

⁷ —*first in question*, ———] That is, first called for ; first appointed. JOHNSON.

Ang.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion :
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice^{*}
Proceeded to you ; therefore take your honours ;
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us ; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well :
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it ;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple : your scope is as mine own[†] ;
So to inforce, or qualify the laws,
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand ;
I'll privily away : I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes :
Though it do well, I do not relish well

^{*} *We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice*] *Leaven'd* has no sense in this place : we should read,
—— *levell'd choice*.

The allusion is to archery, when a man has fixed upon his object, after taking good aim. *WARBURTON.*

No emendation is necessary. *Leaven'd choice* is one of Shakespeare's harsh metaphors. His train of ideas seems to be this. *I have proceeded to you with choice mature, concocted, fermented, leavened.* When bread is *leavened* it is left to ferment : a *leavened* choice is therefore a choice not hasty, but considerate, not declared as soon as it fell into the imagination, but suffered to work long in the mind. Thus explained, it suits better with *prepared* than *levell'd*. *JOHNSON.*

[†] —— *your scope is as mine own.*] That is, Your amplitude of power. *JOHNSON.*

Their

12 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Their loud applause, and *Ave's* vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you : Fare you well, [Exit.

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you ; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place ;
A power I have ; but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me :—Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter Lucio, and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come
not to composition with the king of Hungary, why,
then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the
king of Hungary's!

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'st like the sanctimonious pirate,
that went to sea with the ten commandments,
but scrap'd one out of the table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to command
the captain and all the rest from their functions ; they
put forth to steal : There's not a soldier of us all,
that,

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 13

that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1 *Gent.* What? 'in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion², or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay! why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy³: As for example; Thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of sheers between us⁴.

Lucio.

¹ ——— *in metre?*] In the primers, there are metrical graces, such as, I suppose, were used in Shakespeare's time. JOHNSON.

² *In any proportion, &c.*] The Oxford editor gives us a dialogue of his own instead of this: and all for want of knowing the meaning of the word *proportion*, which signifies *measure*: and refers to the question, *What? in metre?* WARBURTON.

³ *despite of all controversy:*] Satirically insinuating that the controversies about *grace* were so intricate and endless, that the disputants unsettled every thing but this, that *grace was grace*; which, however, in spite of controversy, still remained certain.

WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether Shakespeare's thoughts reached so far into ecclesiastical disputes. Every commentator is warped a little by the tract of his own profession. The question is, whether the second gentleman has ever heard *grace*. The first gentleman limits the question to *grace in metre*. *Lucio* enlarges it to *grace in any form or language*. The first gentleman, to go beyond him, says, or in *any religion*, which *Lucio* allows, because the nature of things is unalterable; *grace* is as immutably *grace*, as his merry antagonist is a *wicked villain*. Difference in religion cannot make a *grace* not to be *grace*, a *prayer* not to be *holy*; as nothing can make a *villain* not to be a *villain*. This seems to be the meaning, such as it is. JOHNSON.

⁴ *there went but a pair of sheers between us.*] We are both of the same piece. JOHNSON.

So in the *Maid of the Mill*, by Beaumont and Fletcher. —
"There went but a pair of sheers and a bodkin between them."

STEEVENS.

14 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Lucio. I grant ; as there may between the lists and the velvet : Thou art the list.

1 Gent. And thou the velvet : thou art good velvet ; thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee : I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet⁵. Do I speak feelingly now ?

Lucio. I think thou dost ; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech : I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health ; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 Gent. I think, I have done myself wrong ; have I not ?

2 Gent. Yes, that thou hast ; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes ! I have purchas'd as many diseases under her roof, as come to—

2 Gent. To what, I pray ?

1 Gent. Judge.

2 Gent. To three thousand dollars a year⁶.

1 Gent. Ay, and more.

The same expression is likewise found in Marston's *Malecontent*, 1604 : “ *There goes but a pair of shoes betwixt an emperor and the son of a bagpiper ; only the dying, dressing, pressing, and glossing, makes the difference.* ” MALONE.

⁵ *pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet.*] The jest about the pile of a French velvet alludes to the loss of hair in the French disease, a very frequent topick of our author's jocularities. *Lucio* finding that the gentleman understands the distemper so well, and mentions it so feelingly, promises to remember to drink his health, but to forget to drink after him. It was the opinion of Shakespeare's time, that the cup of an infected person was contagious.

JOHNSON.

The jest lies between the similar sound of the words *pil'd* and *pill'd*. This I have elsewhere explained, under a passage in *Henry VIII.*

“ *Pill'd priest thou liest.* ” STEEVENS.

⁶ *To three thousand dollars a year.*] A quibble intended between dollars and dolours. HANMER.

The same jest occurred before in the *Tempest*. JOHNSON.

Lucio.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 15

Lucio. A French crown more ?

I Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me : but thou art full of error ; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not, as one would say, healthy ; but so sound, as things that are hollow : thy bones are hollow ; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

I Gent. How now ? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica ?

Bawd. Well, well ; there's one yonder arrested, and carry'd to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

I Gent. Who's that, I pr'ythee ?

Bawd. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, signior Claudio.

I Gent. Claudio to prison ! 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis so : I saw him arrested ; saw him carry'd away ; and, which is more, within these three days his head is to be chopp'd off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so : Art thou sure of this ?

Bawd. I am too sure of it : and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be : he promised to meet me two hours since ; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

' A French crown more.] Lucio means here not the piece of money so called, but that *venereal* scab, which among the surgeons is styled *corona Veneris*. To this, I think, our author likewise makes Quince allude in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

" Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced."

For where these eruptions are, the skull is carious, and the party becomes bald. THEOBALD.

So in the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606 :

" I may chance indeed to give the world a bloody nose, but " it shall hardly give me a crack'd crown, though it gives other " poets French crowns."

Again in the *Dedication to Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1598 :

" — never metst with any requital, except it were some few " French crownes, pil'd friers crownes, &c." STEEVENS.

2 *Gent.*

16 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manet Bawd.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat², what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clown. Yonder man is carry'd to prison.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clown. A woman.

² *what with the sweat,*] This may allude to 'the sweating sickness', of which the memory was very fresh in the time of Shakespeare: but more probably to the method of cure then used for the diseases contracted in brothels. JOHNSON.
So in the comedy of *Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600:

"You are very moist, sir; did you sweat all this, I pray?"

"You have not the disease, I hope." STEEVENS.

³ *Enter Clown.*] As this is the first clown who makes his appearance in the plays of our author, it may not be amiss, from a passage in *Tarlton's News out of Purgatory*, to point out one of the ancient dresses appropriated to the character.

"—I sawe one attired in russet, with a button'd cap on his head, a great bag by his side, and a strong bat in his hand; so artificially attired for a clowne, as I began to call Tarlton's wonted shape to remembrance." STEEVENS.

⁴ —*What has he done?*

Clown. A woman.]

The ancient meaning of the verb to *do*, (though now obsolete) may be guess'd at from the following passages.

"*Chiron.* Thou hast undone our mother.

"*Aaron.* Villain, I've done thy mother." *Titus Andronicus.*

Again in the *Maid's Tragedy*, act II. *Evadne*, while undressing, says —

"I am soon undone.

Dula answers, "And as soon done."

Hence the name of *Over-done*, which Shakespeare has appropriated to his *bawd*. COLLINS.

Bawd.

Bawd. But what's his offence ?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him ?

Clown. No; but there's a woman with maid by him : You have not heard of the proclamation, have you ?

Bawd. What proclamation, man ?

Clown. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down :

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city ?

Clown. They shall stand for seed : they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down ?

Clown. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth ! What shall become of me ?

* —shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down ?]

This will be understood from the Scotch law of James's time, concerning *huirs* (whores) : " that courthoun women be put at " the utmost endes of townes, queire least perril of fire is." Hence *Ursula* the pig-woman, in *Bartholomew-Fair* : " I, I, gamesters, " mock a plain, plump, soft wench of the suburbs, do !" FARMER.

So in the *Malcontent* 1604, when *Altofront* dismisses the various characters at the end of the play to different destinations, he says to *Macquerelle* the bawd :

" ——— thou unto the suburbs."

Again in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611 :

" Some fourteen bawds, he kept her in the suburbs."

Again :

" ——— how liv'd you in the suburbs

And scap'd so many searches ?"

See *Martial*, where *summaniana* and *suburbana* are applied to prostitutes. STEEVENS.

All houses in the suburbs.] This is surely too general an expression, unless we suppose that all the houses in the suburbs were *bawdy-houses*. It appears too, from what the *bawd* says below, " But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down ?" that the clown had been particular in his description of the houses which were to be pulled down. I am therefore inclined to believe that we should read here, *all bawdy-houses*, or *houses of resort in the suburbs*. TYRWHITT.

18 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Clown. Come ; fear not you : good counsellors lack no clients : though you change your place, you need not change your trade ; I'll be your tapster still. Courage ; there will be pity taken on you : you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster ? Let's withdraw.

Clown. Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison : and there's madam Juliet.

[*Exeunt Bawd and Clown.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, and Officers ; Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world ?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, authority³,

Make

³ *Thus can the demi-god, Authority,*

Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight.—

The words of heaven ; — on whom it will, it will ;

On whom it will not, so : yet still 'tis just.]

The wrong pointing of the second line hath made the passage unintelligible. There ought to be a full stop at *weight*. And the sense of the whole is this : *The demi-god, Authority, makes us pay the full penalty of our offence, and its decrees are as little to be questioned as the words of heaven, which pronounces its pleasure thus, — I punish and remit punishment according to my own uncontrollable will ; and yet who can say, what dost thou ? — Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight, is a fine expression to signify paying the full penalty. The metaphor is taken from paying money by weight, which is always exact ; not so by tale, on account of the practice of diminishing the species.* WARBURTON.

I suspect that a line is lost. JOHNSON.

It may be read, *the sword of heaven.*

Thus can the demi-god, Authority,

Make

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 19

Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The words of heaven ;—on whom it will, it will ;
On whom it will not, so ; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio ? whence comes this restraint ?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty :
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint : Our natures do pursue,
(Like rats that ravin ⁴ down their proper bane)
A thirsty evil ; and, when we drink, we die ⁵.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an attestation, I would send for certain of my creditors : And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio ?

Claud. What, but to speak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is it ? murder ?

Claud. No.

Make us pay down for our offence, by weight—

The sword of heaven :—on whom, &c.

Authority is then poetically called *the sword of heaven*, which will spare or punish as it is commanded. The alteration is slight, being made only by taking a single letter from the end of the word, and placing it at the beginning.

This very ingenious and elegant emendation was suggested to me by the rev. Dr. Roberts, of Eton ; and it may be countenanced by the following passage in the *Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594 :

“ —In brief they are *the swords of heaven* to punish.”

Sir *W. Davenant*, who incorporated this play of *Shakespeare* with *Much ado about Nothing*, and formed out of them a Tragic-comedy called *The Law against Lovers*, omits the two last lines of this speech ; I suppose, on account of their seeming obscurity. STEEVENS.

⁴ Like rats that ravin, &c.] *Ravine* is an ancient word for prey. So in *Noah's Flood*, by Drayton :

“ as well of *ravine* as that chew the cud.” STEEVENS.

⁵ —when we drink we die. So in *Revenge for Honour*, by Chapman :

“ —like poison'd rats, which when they've swallow'd

“ The pleasing bane, rest not until they drink,

“ And can rest then much less, until they burst.” STEEVENS.

20 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Lucio. Lechery ?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, fir ; you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend :—Lucio, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—
Is lechery so look'd after ?

Claud. Thus stands it with me,—Upon a true contract,

⁶ I got possession of Julietta's bed ;
You know the lady ; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order : this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends ;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps ?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness⁷ ;
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know

⁶ *I got possession of Julietta's bed, &c.]* This speech is surely too indelicate to be spoken concerning Juliet, before her face, for she appears to be brought in with the rest, tho' she has nothing to say. The Clown points her out as they enter ; and yet, from Claudio's telling Lucio, *that he knows the lady, &c.* one would think she was not meant to have made her personal appearance on the scene. STEEVENS.

⁷ *—the fault and glimpse of newness ;]* *Fault* and *glimpse* have so little relation to each other, that both can scarcely be right : we may read *flash* for *fault* : or, perhaps we may read,

Whether it be the fault or glimpse —

That is, whether it be the seeming enormity of the action, or the glare of new authority. . Yet the same sense follows in the next lines. JOHNSON.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 21

He can command, let's it straight feel the spur :
 Whether the tyranny be in his place,
 Or in his eminence that fills it up,
 I stagger in : —But this new governor
 Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
 Which have, like unscour'd armour*, hung by the
 wall,

So long, that nineteen zodiacks have gone round*,
 And none of them been worn ; and, for a name,
 Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
 Freshly on me :—'tis, surely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is : and thy head stands so
 tickle† on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be
 in love, may figh it off. Send after the duke, and
 appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
 I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service :
 This day my sifter should the cloister enter,
 And there receive her approbation :
 Acquaint her with the danger of my state ;
 Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
 To the strict deputy ; bid herself assay him ;

* —like unscour'd armour.] So in *Trailus and Cressida* :

"Like rusty mail in monumental mockery." STEEVENS.

† So long that nineteen zodiacks have gone round,] The duke in
 the scene immediately following says,

Which for these fourteen years we have let slip.

The author could not so disagree with himself. 'Tis necessary to
 make the two accounts correspond. THEOBALD.

† so tickle.] i. e. ticklish. This word is frequently used by our
 old dramatic authors. So in *The true Tragedy of Marius and Scilla*,
 1594 :

" ——— lords of Asia

" Have stood on tickle terms."

Again, in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612 :

" ——— upon as tickle a pin as the needle of a dial."

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1610 :

" Now stands our fortune on a tickle point."

Again, in *Byron's Tragedy*, 1608 :

" ——— all his fways

" And tickle aptness to exceed his bounds." STEEVENS.

12 MEASURE FOR MEASURE,

I have great hope in that : for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect ;
Such as moves men ; beside, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade,

Lucio. I pray, she may : as well for the encourage-
ment of the like, which else would stand under griev-
ous imposition ; as for the enjoying of thy life, who
I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game
of tick-tack. I'll to her,

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio,

Lucio. Within two hours,——

Claud. Come, officer, away. [*Exeunt.*

* —— *prone and speechless dialect,*] I can scarcely tell what signification to give to the word *prone*. Its primitive and translated senses are well known. The authour may, by a *prone* dialect, mean a dialect which men are *prone* to regard, or a dialect natural and unforced, as those actions seem to which we are *prone*. Either of these interpretations are sufficiently strained ; but such distortion of words is not uncommon in our author. For the sake of an easier sense, we may read :

——— *In her youth*
There is a pow'r, and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men.

Or thus :

There is a prompt and speechless dialect. JOHNSON.

Prope, perhaps, may stand for *humble*, as a *prone* posture is a posture of supplication.

So in the *Opportunity*, by Shirley, 1640 :

“ You have *prostrate* language.”

The same thought occurs in the *Winter's Tale* :

“ The silence often of pure innocence

“ Persuades, when speaking fails.”

Sir W. Davenant, in his alteration of the play, changes *prone* to *sweet*. I mention some of his variations to shew that what appear difficulties to us, were difficulties to him, who living nearer the time of Shakespeare might be supposed to have understood his language more intimately, STEEVENS.

³ *Under grievous imposition :*] I once thought it should be *inquisition*, but the present reading is probably right. *The crime would be under grievous penalties imposed.* JOHNSON,

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A Monastery.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No; holy father; throw away that thought;—

Believe not that the dribbling dart of love

Can pierce a compleat bosom: why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd⁴;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to lord Angelo
(A man of stricture, and firm abstinence⁶)

⁴ Believe not, that the dribbling dart of love

Can pierce a compleat bosom: ————]

Think not that a breast compleatly armed can be pierced by the
dart of love that comes *flattering without force*. JOHNSON.

⁵ ———the *life remov'd*.] i. e. a life of retirement, a life
removed from the bustle of the world. STEEVENS.

⁶ *A man of stricture and firm abstinence*,] *Stricture* makes no
sense in this place. We should read,

A man of strict ure and firm abstinence,

i. e. a man of the *exactest conduct*, and practised in the subdual of
his passions. *Ure* an old word for use, practice: *fo'cure'd*, habi-
tuated to. WARBURTON.

Stricture may easily be used for *strictness*; *ure* is indeed an old
word, but, I think, always applied to things, never to persons.

JOHNSON.

Sir W. Davenant in his alteration of this play, reads, *strict-
ness*. *Ure* is sometimes applied to *persons* as well as to things.

So in the Old Interlude of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1598:

“So shall I be sure

“To keep him in *ure*.”

The same word occurs in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

“The crafty man oft puts these wrongs in *ure*.”

STEEVENS.

24. MEASURE FOR MEASURE,

My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd: Now, pious fir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting
laws,

(The needful bits and curbs for head-strong steeds?)
Which for these nineteen years we have let sleep^a;
Even

^a *The needful bits and curbs for head-strong steeds,]* In the copies,
The needful bits and curbs for head-strong weeds.

There is no matter of analogy or consonance in the metaphors here: and, though the copies agree, I do not think, the author would have talked of *bits and curbs* for *weeds*. On the other hand, nothing can be more proper, than to compare persons of *unbridled licentiousness* to head-strong *steeds*: and, in this view, *bridling the passions* has been a phrase adopted by our best poets. THEOBALD.

^b *Which for these nineteen years we have let sleep;]* In former editions,

Which for these fourteen years we have let slip.

For fourteen I have made no scruple to replace *nineteen*. The reason will be obvious to him who recollects what the Duke has said in a foregoing scene. I have altered the odd phrase of *letting the laws slip*: for how does it fort with the comparison that follows, of a lion in his cave that went not out to prey? But letting the laws *sleep*, adds a particular propriety to the thing represented, and accords exactly too with the simile. It is the metaphor too, that our author seems fond of using upon this occasion, in several other passages of this play:

The law hath not been dead, tho' it hath slept;
'Tis now awake.

And so, again:

— *but this new governor*
Awakes me, all th' enrolled penalties;
— *and for a name,*
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me. THEOBALD.

I once thought that the words *let slip* (which is the reading of the old copy, and, I believe right) related to the line immediately preceding—*the needful bits and curbs*, which we have suffered for many years to *hang loose*. But it is clear from a passage in *Twelfth Night* that these words should be referred to *laws*, “which for these nineteen years we have suffered to *pass unnoticed*”

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 23

Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey : Now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's fight,
For terror, not to use ; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd ⁹, than feared : so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead ;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose ;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace
To unloose this ty'd-up justice, when you pleas'd :
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful :
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike, and gall them,
For what I bid them do : For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my
father,

I have on Angelo impos'd the office ;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet, my nature never in the fight
To do it slander ² : And to behold his sway,

I will,

noticed—unobserved ;" for so the same phrase is used by *Sir Andrew Aguecheek* : " Let him *let the matter slip*, and I'll give him my horse grey Capulet." Again in *Marlow's Doctor Faustus* 1631 :

" Shall I *let slip* so great an injury."

Again in *A Mad World my Masters*, by Middleton, 1640 :

" Well, things must *slip* and sleep—I will dissemble."

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605 :

" My simplicity may make them think

" That ignorantly I will *let all slip*." MALONE.

⁹ Becomes more mock'd than fear'd : ———] *Becomes* was added by Mr. Pope to restore sense to the passage, some such word having been left out. STEEVENS.

¹ *Sith.*] i. e. since. STEEVENS.

² *To do it slander.* ———] The text stood :

So do in slander. ———

Sir

26 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
 Visit both prince and people : therefore, I prythee,
 Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
 How I may formally in person bear ³ me
 Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
 At our more leisure shall I render you ;
 Only, this one :—Lord Angelo is precise ;
 Stands at a guard⁴ with envy ; scarce confesses
 That his blood flows, or that his appetite
 Is more to bread than stone : Hence shall we see,
 If power change purpose, what our seemers be:

Sir Thomas Hamner has very well corrected it thus,

To do it slander.—————

Yet perhaps less alteration might have produced the true reading,

And yet my nature never, in the fight,

So doing slandered.—————

And yet my nature never ~~suffer~~ slander by doing any open acts of
 severity. JOHNSON.

The old text stood,

————— in the fight

To do in slander.

Hamner's emendation is in my opinion best.

So in *Hen. IV.* p. 1 :

"Do me no slander, Douglas, I dare fight." STEEVENS.

The words in the preceding line—*ambush* and *strike*, shew that
fight is the true reading. MALONE.

³ ——— in person bear,] Mr. Pope reads,

————— my person bear.

Perhaps a word was dropped at the end of the line, which originally stood thus,

How I may formally in person bear me,

Like a true friar.

So in the *Tempest* :

"————— some good instruction give

"How I may bear me here."

Sir W. Davenant reads, in his alteration of the play :

I may in person a true friar seem. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Stands at a guard*—————] Stands on terms of defiance.

JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE V.

A Nunery.

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

Isab. And have you nuns no farther privileges?

Nun. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sister-hood, the votarists of saint Clare.

Lucio. [*Within*] Ho! Peace be in this place!

Isab. Who's that which calls?

Nun. It is a man's voice: Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn:
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not shew your face;
Or, if you shew your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit Franc.*]

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets
you;
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woe me! For what?

Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab.

28 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Ifab. Sir, make me not your story.⁵

Lucio. 'Tis true:—I would not (though 'tis my familiar sin

With maids to seem the lapwing⁶, and to jest,

⁵ —make me not your story.] Do not, by deceiving me, make me a subject for a tale. JOHNSON.¹¹

Perhaps only, *Do not divert yourself with me, as you would with a story*, do not make me the subject of your drama. Benedict talks of becoming—the argument of his own scorn:

Sir W. Davenant reads —scorn instead of story. STEEVENS.

⁶ —'tis my familiar sin

With maids to seem the lapwing; ———]

The Oxford editor's note on this passage is in these words. *The lapwings fly, with seeming fright and anxiety, far from their nests, to deceive those who seek their young.* And do not all other birds do the same? But what has this to do with the infidelity of a general lover, to whom this bird is compared? It is another quality of the lapwing, that is here alluded to, viz. its perpetually flying so low and so near the passenger, that he thinks he has it, and then is suddenly gone again. This made it a proverbial expression to signify a lover's falshood: and it seems to be a very old one: for Chaucer, in his *Plowman's Tale*, says:

—And lapwings that well conith lie. WARBURTON.

The modern editors have not taken in the whole similitude here: they have taken notice of the lightness of a spark's behaviour to his mistress, and compared it to the lapwing's hovering and fluttering as it flies. But the chief, of which no notice is taken, is,

——— and to jest.

(See Ray's *Proverbs*) "The lapwing cries, tongue far from heart."⁷ i. e. most farthest from the nest, i. e. She is, as Shakespeare has it here

Tongue far from heart.

"The farther she is from her nest, where her heart is with her young ones, she is the louder, or perhaps all tongue." SMITH.

Shakespeare has an expression of the like kind, *Com. of Errors*, act. iv. sc. 3:

"*Adr.* Far from her nest the lapwing cries away,

"My heart prays for him, tho' my tongue do curse."

We meet with the same thought in John Lilly's comedy, intitled *Campaspe* (first published in 1591) act ii. sc. 2. from whence Shakespeare might borrow it:

"*Alex.* Not with Timoleon you mean, wherein you resemble the lapwing, who crieth most where her nest is not, and so, to lead me from espying your love for Campaspe, you cry Timoclea." GRAY.

Tongue

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 29

Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins so :
 I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and fainted ;
 By your renouncement, an immortal spirit ;
 And to be talked with in sincerity,
 As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth⁷, 'tis thus :

Your brother and his lover have embrac'd :
 As those that feed grow full ; as blossoming time⁸
 That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
 To teeming foison ; so her plenteous womb
 Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him ?—My cousin Juliet ?

Lucio. Is she your cousin ?

Isab. Adoptedly ; as school-maids change their names,

By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her⁹ !

Lucio. This is the point.

⁷ — Fewness and truth, &c.] i. e. in few words, and those true ones. *In few*, is many times thus used by Shakespeare. STEEVENS.

⁸ — as blossoming time
 That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
 To teeming foison ; so —]

As the sentence now stands, it is apparently ungrammatical. I read,

At blossoming time, &c.

That is, *As they that feed grow full, so her womb now, at blossoming time, at that time through which the seed time proceeds to the harvest*, her womb shows what has been doing. Lucio ludicrously calls pregnancy *blossoming time*, the time when fruit is promised, though not yet ripe. JOHNSON.

Instead of *that*, we may read—*doth* ; and, instead of *brings*, *bring*. STEEVENS.

⁹ O, let him marry her.] O is an insertion of the modern editors. I cannot relish it. If any word is to be inserted to fill up the metre, I should prefer, *Why*. TYRWHITT.

30 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

The duke is very strangely gone from hence ;
 Bore many gentlemen¹, myself being one,
 In hand, and hope of action : but we do learn
 By those that know the very nerves of state,
 His givings-out were of an infinite distance
 From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
 And with full line² of his authority,
 Govern's lord Angelo ; A man whose blood
 Is very snow-broth ; one who never feels
 The wanton stings and motions of the sense ;
 But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
 With profits of the mind, study and fast.
 He (to give fear to³ use and liberty,
 Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
 As mice by lions) hath pick'd out an act,
 Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
 Falls into forfeit : he arrests him on it ;
 And follows close the rigour of the statute,
 To make him an example : all hope is gone,
 Unless you have the grace⁴ by your fair prayer
 To soften Angelo : and that's my⁵ pith
 Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life ?

¹ *Bore many gentlemen*————

In hand and hope of action ;————]

To bear in hand is a common phrase for *to keep in expectation and dependance*, but we should read,

——with *hope of action*. JOHNSON.

² *—with full line—*] With full extent, with the whole length.

JOHNSON.

³ *—give fear to use—*] To intimidate *use*, that is, practices long countenanced by *custom*. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Unless you have the grace*——] That is, the acceptableness, the power of gaining favour. So when she makes her suit, the provost says :

Heaven give thee moving graces. JOHNSON.

⁵ ————pith

Of business————]

The inmost part, the main of my message. JOHNSON.

Lucio.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 31

Lucio. Has ⁶ censur'd him
Already ; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas ! what poor ability's in me
To do him good ?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power ! Alas ! I doubt,—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt : Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods ; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs
As they themselves would owe them ?

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But, speedily.

Isab. I will about it strait ;
No longer staying but to give the mother ⁶
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you :
Commend me to my brother : soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good fir, adieu.

⁶ —censur'd him,—] i. e. sentenced him.
So in *Othello* :

———“ to you, lord governor,

“ Remains the *censure* of this hellish villain.” STEEVENS.

⁷ —*would owe them.*] To *owe* signifies in this place, as in
many others, to possess, to have.

So in *Othello* :

———that sweet sleep

That thou *ow'dst* yesterday— STEEVENS.

⁸ —*the mother*] The abbess, or prioress. JOHNSON.

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Angelo's House.**Enter Angelo, Escalus, a Justice, Provost*, and Attendants.*

Ang. We must not make a scare-crow of the law;
Setting it up to fear¹ the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death²: Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know³, (whom I believe

* *Provost.*] A *provost* is generally the executioner of an army.
So in the *Famous History of Tho. Stukely*, 1605: Bl. L.

"*Provost*, lay irons upon him and take him to your charge."
Again, in the *Virgin Martyr* by Massenger:

"Thy *provost* to see execution done

"On these base Christians in Cæsarea." STEEVENS.

¹ —to fear the birds of prey,] To fear is to affright, to terrify.
So in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"—this aspect of mine

"Hath fear'd the valiant." STEEVENS.

² *Than fall, and bruise to death.*—] I should rather read, *fell*,
i. e. strike down. So in *Timon of Athens*:

"*All, save thee, I fell with curses.*" WARBURTON.

Fall is the old reading, and the true one. Shakespeare has
used the same verb active in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"—as easy may'st thou fall

"A drop of water. —"

i. e. let fall. So in *As You like it*:

"—the executioner

"*Falls* not the axe upon the humbled neck."

STEEVENS.

³ *Let but your honour know,*—] To know is here to examine, to
take cognisance. So in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"Therefore, fair *Hermia*, question your desires;

"Know of your truth, examine well your blood."

JOHNSON.

To

To be most strait in virtue)

That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him⁴,
And pull'd the law upon you:

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try: What's open made to
justice,

That justice seizes: What know the laws,
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
'For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I that censure him do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it, as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio

⁴ *Err'd in this point which now you censure him,*] Some word seems to be wanting to make this line sense. Perhaps, we should read:

Err'd in this point which now you censure him for,

STEEVENS.

⁵ — *'Tis very pregnant,*] 'Tis plain that we must act with bad as with good; we punish the faults, as we take the advantages, that lie in our way, and what we do not see we cannot note.

JOHNSON.

⁶ *For I have had——*] That is, because, by reason that I have had faults. JOHNSON.

14 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning :
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd ;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [*Exit Prov.*

Escal. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us
all!

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall :
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none ;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter

[*Some rise, &c.*] This line is in the first folio printed in Italics as a quotation. All the folios read in the next line :

Some run from brakes of ice, and answer none.

JOHNSON.

The old reading is perhaps the true one, and may mean, *some run away from danger, and stay to answer none of their faults, whilst others are condemned only on account of a single frailty.*

If this be true reading, it should be printed :

Some run from breaks [i. e. fractures] of ice, &c.

Since I wrote this, I have found reason to change my opinion. A *brake* anciently meant not only a *sharp bit*, a *snaffle*, but also the engine with which farriers confined the legs of such unruly horses as would not otherwise submit themselves to be shod, or to have a cruel operation performed on them. This, in some places, is still called a smith's *brake*. In this last sense, Ben Jonson uses the word in his *Underwoods* :

"And not think he had eat a *stake*,

"Or were set up in a *brake*."

And, for the former sense, see the *Silent Woman*, act IV. Again, for the latter sense, *Bussy de Ambois*, by Chapman :

"Or, like a strumpet, learn to set my face

"In an eternal *brake*."

Again, in *The Opportunity*, by Shirley, 1640 :

"He is fallen into some *brake*, some wench has tied him

"by the legs."

Again, in *Holland's Leaguer*, 1633 :

"—her I'll make

"A *stake*, to catch this courtier in a *brake*."

I offer these quotations, which may prove of use to some more fortunate conjecturer ; but am able myself to derive very little from them to suit the passage before us.

I likewise find from Holinshed, p. 670, that the *brake* was an engine of torture. "The said Hawkins was cast into the *Power*, and at length brought to the *brake*, called the Duke of Excester's daughter, by meanes of which pain he shewed many things," &c.

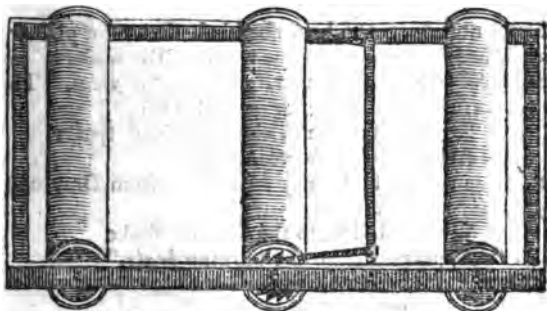
"mi-

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, Officers, &c.

Elb. Come, bring them away ; if these be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but use their

" When the dukes of Exeter and Suffolk (says Blackstone in his Comment. vol. IV. chap. xxv. p. 320, 321.) and other ministers of Hen. VI. had laid a design to introduce the civil law into this kingdom as the rule of government, for a beginning thereof they erected a rack for torture ; which was called in derision the Duke of Exeter's Daughter, and still remains in the Tower of London, where it was occasionally used as an engine of state, not of law, more than once in the reign of queen Elizabeth." See Coke's Instit. 35. Barrington, 69, 385. and Fuller's Worthies, p. 317.

A part of this horrid engine still remains in the Tower, and the following is the figure of it.



It consists of a strong iron frame about six feet long, with three rollers of wood within it : the middle of these, which has iron teeth at each end, is governed by two stops of iron, and was, probably, that part of the machine which suspended the powers of the rest, when the unhappy sufferer was sufficiently strained by the cords, &c. to begin confession. I cannot conclude this account of it without confessing my obligation to Sir Charles Frederick, who politely condescended to direct my enquiries, while his high command rendered every part of the Tower accessible to my researches.

I have since observed that, in Fox's Martyrs, edit. 1596, p. 1843, there is a representation of the same kind.

If Shakespeare alluded to this engine, the sense of the contested passage in Measure for Measure will be : *Some run more than once from engines of punishment, and answer no interrogatories ; while some are condemned to suffer for a single trespass.*

36 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

their abuses in common houses, I know no law : bring them away.

Ang. How now, fir ! What's your name ? and what's the matter ?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow ; I do lean upon justice, fir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors ? Well ; what benefactors are they ? are they not malefactors ?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are : but precise villains they are, that I am sure of ; and void of all profanation in the world, that good christians ought to have.

Esal. * This comes off well ; here's a wise officer.

It should not, however, be dissembled, that yet a plainer meaning may be deduced from the same words. By *brakes of vice* may be meant a collection, a number, a *thicket* of vices. The same image occurs in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, B. IV :

" Rushing into the thickest woods of spears

" And *brakes* of swords, &c."

That a *brake* meant a bush, may be known from Drayton's poem on *Moses and his Miracles* :

" Where God unto the Hebrew spake

" Appearing from the burning *brake*."

Again, in the *Mooncalf* of the same author :

" He brings into a *brake* of briars and thorn,

" And so entangles."

Mr. Tollet is of opinion that, by *brakes of vice*, Shakespeare means only the *thorny paths of vice*.

So in Ben Jonson's *Underwoods*, Whalley's Edit. vol. VI. p. 367 :

" Look at the false and cunning man, &c.—

" Crush'd in the snakey *brakes* that he had past."

STEEVENS.

* *This comes off well* ;] This is nimbly spoken ; this is volubly uttered. JOHNSON.

The same phrase is employed in *Timon of Athens* and elsewhere ; but in the present instance it is used ironically. The meaning of it, when seriously applied to speech, is — This is well delivered, this story is well told. STEEVENS.

Ang.

Ang. Go to : What quality are they of ? *Elbow* is your name ? Why dost thou not speak, *Elbow* ?

Clown. He cannot, fir ; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, fir ?

Elb. He, fir ? a tapster, fir ; parcel-bawd¹ ; one that serves a bad woman ; whose house, fir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs ; and now she professes a hot-house², which, I think, is a very ill-house too.

Escal. How know you that ?

Elb. My wife, fir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How ! thy wife ?

Elb. Ay, fir ; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman ;—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore ?

Elb. I say, fir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable ?

Elb. Marry, fir, by my wife ; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

¹ ——— *Why dost thou not speak, Elbow ?*] Says Angelo to the constable. ——— “ He cannot, fir, quoth the *Clown*, he's out at elbow.” I know not whether this quibble be generally observed : he is out at the word *elbow*, and out at the elbow of his coat. The *Constable*, in his account of master *Froth* and the *Clown*, has a stroke at the *puritans*, who were very zealous against the stage about this time : “ Precise villains they are, that I am sure of ; and void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.” *FARMER.*

— a tapster, fir ; parcel bawd ; —] This we should now express by saying, *he is half-tapster, half-bawd.* *JOHNSON.*

Thus in *K. Hen. IV.* : “ — a parcel-gilt goblet. *STEEVENS.*

² — she professes a hot-house ;] A hot-house is an English name for a bagnio :

“ Where lately harbour'd many a famous whore,

“ A purging-bill now fix'd upon the door,

“ Tells you it is a hot-house, so it may,

“ And still be a whore-house.” *Ben Jonson. JOHNSON.*

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, fir, by mistress Over-done's means³: but as she spit in his face, so she defy'd him.

Clown. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces? [*To Angelo.*]

Clown. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saving your honour's reverence) for stew'd prunes⁴; fir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, fir.

Clown. No, indeed, fir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: As I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clown. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clown. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were

³ *Ay, fir, by mistress Over-done's means:—*] Here seems to have been some mention made of Froth, who was to be accused, and some words therefore may have been lost, unless the irregularity of the narrative may be better imputed to the ignorance of the constable. JOHNSON.

⁴ *—stew'd prunes;—*] Stewed prunes were to be found in every brothel. See a note on the 3d scene of the 3d act of the First Part of *King Henry IV.* In the old copy *prunes* are spelt, according to vulgar pronunciation, *preuwyns*. STEEVENS.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE 39

past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clown. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? come me to what was done to her.

Clown. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clown. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave: And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father dy'd at Hallowmas:—Was't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

Froth. All-holland eve.

Clown. Why, very well; I hope here be truths: He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—'twas in the *Bunch of grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, Have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clown. Why, very well then;—I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave, And leave you to the hearing of the cause; Hoping, you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less: Good morrow to your lordship. [Exit Angelo.]

Now, sir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clown. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clown. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir; What did this gentleman to her?

40 MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Clown. I beseech you, fir, look in this gentleman's face:—Good master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose: Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, fir, very well.

Clown. Nay, I beseech you mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clown. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clown. I'll be suppos'd upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right: constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clown. By this hand, fir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest, thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clown. Sir, she was respected with him before he marry'd with her.

Elb. Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity?—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was marry'd to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer:—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal⁶, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

⁵ *Justice or Iniquity?*] These were, I suppose, two personages well known to the audience by their frequent appearance in the old moralities. The words therefore, at that time, produced a combination of ideas, which they have now lost. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Hannibal,*] Mistaken by the constable for *Cannibal*. JOHNSON.

Escal.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 41

Escal. If he took you a box o' of the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it : What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff ?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it :—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee ; thou art to continue now, thou varlet ; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend ? [*To Froth.*

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year ?

Froth. Yes, and't please you, sir ?

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir ?

[*To the Clown.*

Clown. A tapster ; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. You mistress's name ?

Clown. Mistress Over-done.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband ?

Clown. Nine, sir ; Over-done by the last.

Escal. Nine !—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters ; they will draw you¹, master Froth, and you will hang them : Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship : For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well ; no more of it, master Froth : fare-

¹ *they will draw you,*] *Draw* has here a cluster of senses. As it refers to the tapster, it signifies *to drain, to empty* ; as it is related to hang, it means *to be conveyed to execution on a hurdle*. In Froth's answer, it is the same as *to bring along by some motive or power*.

JOHNSON.

well.

42 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

well.—Come you hither to me, master tapster ; what's your name, master tapster ?

Clown. Pompey.

Escal. What dost thou ?

Clown. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you^a ; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being tapster ; Are you not ? come, tell me true ; it shall be the better for you.

Clown. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow, that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey ? by being a bawd ? What do you think of the trade, Pompey ? is it a lawful trade ?

Clown. If the law will allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey ; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clown. Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth in the city ?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clown. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then : If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you : it is but heading and hanging.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten years together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten years, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a bay^a : If you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

Escal.

^a —greatest thing about you.] This fashion, of which, perhaps, some remains were to be found in the age of Shakespeare, seems to have prevailed originally in that of Chaucer, who in the *Perseus Tale* speaks of it thus. "Som of hem shewen the bosse and the shape &c. in the wrapping of hir hosen, and eke the buttockes of hem behinde, &c." Greene in one of his pieces mentions the great bumme of Paris. STEEVENS.

^a I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a bay:] Mr. Theobald

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 43

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey : and in requital of your prophesy, hark you, — I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, so, not far dwelling where you do ; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you ; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt : so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clown. I thank your worship for your good counsel ; but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me ? No, no : let carman whip his jade ; The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*]

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow ; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable ?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time ; You say, seven years together ?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas ! it hath been great pains to you ! they do you wrong to put you so oft upon't : Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it ?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters :

Theobald found that this was the reading of the old books, and he follows it out of pure reverence for antiquity ; for he knows nothing of the meaning of it. He supposes *bay* to be that projection called a bay-window ; as if the way of rating houses was by the number of their bay-windows. But it is quite another thing, and signifies the squared frame of a timber house ; each of which divisions, or squares, is called a *bay*. Hence a building of so many bays. WARBURTON.

A *bay* of building is, in many parts of England, a common term, of which the best conception that I could ever attain, is, that it is the space between the main beams of the roof ; so that a barn crossed twice with beams is a barn of three *bays*. JOHNSON.

“ — that, by the yearly birth

“ The large-*bay'd* barn doth fill,” &c.

I forgot to take down the title of the work from which this instance is adopted. STEEVENS.

44 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

as they are chosen, they are glad to chuse me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house: Fare you well.
What's a clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:

But yet,—Poor Claudio!—There's no remedy.

Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Angelo's House.

Enter Provost, and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:

I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit. Servant.*] I'll know

His pleasure; may be, he will relent: Alas,

He hath but as offended in a dream!

All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he

To die for it!—

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

Prov.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 43

Prov. Lest I might be too rash :
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to ; let that be mine :
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.—
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet ?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitting place ; and that with speed.

[*Re-enter Servant.*]

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister ?

Prov. Ay, my good lord ; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sister-hood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*]
See you, the fornicatrefs be remov'd ;
Let her have needful, but not lavish means ;
There shall be order for it.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Prov. Save your honour !

Ang. Stay yet a while¹.—[*To Isab.*] You are wel-
come : What's your will ?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well ; what's your suit ?

Isab. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice ;
For which I would not plead, but that I must ;

¹ *Stay yet awhile.* ———] It is not clear why the provost is
bidden to stay, nor when he goes out. JOHNSON.

46 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

For which I must not plead, but that I am :
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well ; the matter ?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die :
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces !

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it !
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done :
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To find the faults, ' whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law !

I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour !

Lucio. [*To Isab.*] Give't not o'er so : to him again,
intreat him ;

Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown ;
You are too cold : if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it :
To him I say.

Isab. Must he needs die ?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes ; I do think that you might pardon
him,

And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would ?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no
wrong,

² *For which I must not plead, but that I am*

At war, 'twixt will, and will not.]

This is obscure ; perhaps it may be mended by reading :

For which, I must now plead ; but yet I am

At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Yet and yet are almost undistinguishable in a manuscript. Yet no
alteration is necessary, since the speech is not unintelligible as it
now stands. JOHNSON.

³ *To find the faults.]* The old copy reads—To fine, &c.

STEEVENS.

If

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 47

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse*
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold. [To *Isabel*.

Isabel. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again: Well believe this,
No ceremony that so great ones' longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does.

If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipt, like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were *Isabel*! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. [*Aside.*] Ay, touch him: there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy: How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you, as you are? Oh, think on that,

* ——— touch'd with that remorse.] *Remorse* in this place, as
in many others, is *pity*.

So in the 5th act of this play:

"My sisterly remorse confutes my honour,

"And I did yield to him."

Again, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

"The perfect image of a wretched creature,

"His speeches beg remorse."

See *Othello*, act. III. STEEVENS.

* ——— all the souls that were, ———] This is false divinity. We
should read, *are*. WARBURTON.

And

48 MEASURE FOR MEASURE

And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made⁶.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid ;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother :
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him ;—he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow ? Oh, that's sudden ! Spare him,
Spare him ;

He's not prepar'd for death ! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl, of season ; shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister.

To our gross selves ? Good, good my lord, bethink
you :

Who is it that hath died for this offence ?

There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept :
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man, that did the edict infringe⁷,
Had answer'd for his deed : now, 'tis awake ;
Takes note of what is done ; and, like a prophet⁸,

⁶ *And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.]*

This is a fine thought, and finely expressed. The meaning is,
that mercy will add such a grace to your person, that you will ap-
pear as amiable as a man come fresh out of the hands of his Creator.

WARBURTON.

I rather think the meaning is, *You will then change the severity
of your present character.* In familiar speech, *You would be quite
another man.* JOHNSON.

⁷ *If the first man, &c.]* The word *man* has been supplied by
the modern editors. I would rather read,

If he, the first, &c. TYRWHITT.

⁸ *Like a prophet,*

Looks in a glass—]

This alludes to the fopperies of the *berril*, much used at that time
by cheats and fortune-tellers to predict by. WARBURTON.

See *Macbeth*, act IV.

So again in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612 :

“ How long have I beheld the devil in chrysal ? ”

STEEVENS.

Looks

Looks in a glass that shews what future evils,
(Either now²; or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born)
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end¹:

Isab. Yet shew some pity²:

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfy'd;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first, that gives this sentence;
And he; that suffers: Oh, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous,
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does; Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting³, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but
thunder.—

Merciful heaven!

Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt

² *Either now—*] Thus the old copy. Modern Editors read
—*Or now—* STEEVENS.

¹ *But ere, they live, to end.*] This is very sagaciously substituted
by sir Thomas Hanmer, for,

But here they live— JOHNSON.

² ———*shew some pity.*

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;

For then I pity those I do not know,]

This was one of Hale's memorials. *When I find myself swayed to
mercy, let me remember, that there is a mercy likewise due to the coun-
try.* JOHNSON.

³ *pelting*]—i. e. paltry.

This word I meet with in *Mother Bombie*, 1594:

“—will not shrink the city for a *pelting* jade.”

STEEVENS.

50 MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Split't the unwedgeable and gnarled oak⁴,
 Than the soft myrtle : O, but man ! proud man,
 (Drest in a little brief authority ;
 Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
 His glassy essence) like an angry ape,
 Plays such fantastick tricks before high heaven,
 As make the angels weep⁵ ; who, with our spleens,
 Would all themselves laugh mortal⁶.

Lucio. Oh, to him, to him, weech : he will re-
 lent ;

He's coming ; I perceiv't.

Prov. Pray heaven she win him !

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself⁷ :

Great

* ——— gnarled oak, } *Gnarra* is the old English word for a knot
 in wood.

So in *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602 :

" Till by degrees the tough and gnarly trunk

" Be riv'd in sunder."

Again, Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, late edit. v. 1979 :

" With knotty, knarty barrein trees old." STEEVENS.

⁵ *As make the angels weep ; —*] The notion of angels weeping
 for the sins of men is rabbinical, — *Ob peccatum flentes angelos indu-*
sunt Hebraeorum magistri. — Grotius ad *Lucam*. WARBURTON.

⁶ ——— who, with our spleens,

Would all themselves laugh mortals.]

Mr. Theopald says the meaning of this is, *that if they were en-*
dowed with our spleens and perishable organs, they would laugh them-
selves out of immortality : which amounts to this, that if they were
 mortal, they would not be immortal. Shakespeare meant no such
 nonsense. By *spleens*, he meant that peculiar turn of the human
 mind, that always inclines it to a spiteful, unseasonable mirth.
 Had the angels *that*, says Shakespeare, they would laugh them-
 selves out of their immortality, by indulging a passion which does
 not deserve that prerogative. The ancients thought, that immoderate
 laughter was caused by the bigness of the spleen.

WARBURTON.

⁷ *We cannot weigh our brother with yourself :]* In former edi-
 tions,

We cannot weigh our brother with ourself.

Why not ? Though this should be the reading of all the copies, 'tis
 as plain as light, it is not the author's meaning. Isabella would
 say, there is so great a disproportion in quality betwixt lord An-
 gelo and her brother, that their actions can bear no comparison, or
 equal-

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 51

Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. Art advis'd o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top: Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not found a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. [*To Isab.*]
Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle, my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me:—Come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: Good my lord,
turn back,

equality, together: but her brother's crimes would be aggravated,
Angelo's frailties extenuated, from the difference of their degrees
and state of life. *WARBURTON.*

The old reading is right. *We* mortals, proud and foolish, cannot
prevail on our passions to weigh or compare *our brother*, a being of
like nature and like frailty, *with ourself*. We have different
names and different judgments for the same faults committed by
persons of different condition. *JOHNSON.*

* *That my sense breeds with it.*—] Thus all the folios. Some
later editor has changed *breeds* to *bleeds*, and Dr. Warburton
blames poor Mr. Theobald for recalling the old word, which yet
is certainly right. *My sense breeds with her sense*, that is, new
thoughts are stirring in my mind, new conceptions are hatched in
my imagination. So we lay to brood over thought. *JOHNSON.*

Sir *W. Davenant's* alteration favours the sense of the old read-
ing:

—She speaks such sense
As with my reason breeds such images
As she has excellently form'd.— *STEEVENS.*

52 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Ang. How! bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share
with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels¹ of the tested gold²,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise; prayers from preserved souls³,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow.

Lucio. Go to; 'tis well; [*Aside to Isabel.*] away.

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. Amen:

For I am that way going to temptation, [*Aside.*
Where prayers cross³.

Isab.

¹ ——— fond *shekels*] *Fond*, means very frequently in our author *foolish*. It signifies in this place *valued or prized by folly*.
STEEVENS.

² ——— tested *gold*,] i. e. attested, or marked with the standard stamp. WARBURTON.

Rather cupelled, brought to the *test*, refined. JOHNSON.

All gold that is *tested* is not marked with the standard stamp. The verb has a different sense, and means tried by the cuppell, which is called by the refiners a *test*. Vide Harris's *Lex. Tech.* Voce CUPPELL. Sir J. HAWKINS.

³ ——— preserved *souls*,] i. e. preserved from the corruption of the world. The metaphor is taken from fruits preserved in sugar. WARBURTON.

So in *The Amorous War*, 16—:

“ You do not reckon us ’mongst marinade;

“ Quinces and apricots? or take us for

“ Ladies preserved?” STEEVENS.

³ *I am that way going to temptation,*
Where prayers cross.]

Which way Angelo is going to temptation, we begin to perceive; but how *prayers cross* that way, or cross each other, at that way, more than any other, I do not understand.

Isabella prays that his *honour* may be safe, meaning only to give him his title; his imagination is caught by the word *honour*: he feels.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. Save your honour! [*Ex. Lucio and Isabella.*]

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—

What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That lying, by the violet, in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. 'Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? having waste ground
enough,

Shall

feel that his honour is in danger, and therefore, I believe, answers thus:

I am that way going to temptation;

Which your prayers cross.

That is, I am tempted to lose that honour of which thou implorest the preservation. The temptation under which I labour is that which thou hast unknowingly thwarted with thy prayer. He uses the same mode of language a few lines lower. *Isabella*, parting, says:

Save your honour!

Angelo catches the word—*Save it! From what?*

From thee; even from thy virtue!— JOHNSON.

The best method of illustrating this passage will be to quote a similar one from the *Merchant of Venice*. Act III. sc. 1:

“Sal. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

“Sola. Let me say *Amen* betimes, lest the devil cross thy prayer.”

For the same reason *Angelo* seems to say *Amen* to *Isabella's* prayer; but, to make the expression clear, we should read perhaps—Where prayers are crossed. TYRWHITT.

* ——— it is I,

That lying, by the violet, in the sun, &c.]

I am not corrupted by her, but by my own heart, which excites foul desires under the same benign influences that exalt her purity, as the carrion grows putrid by those beams which encrease the fragrance of the violet. JOHNSON.

5 ——— can it be,

That modesty may more betray our sense

Than woman's lightness?]

54 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
 And pitch our evils there? Oh, fie, fie, fie!
 What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?
 Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
 That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:
 Thieves for their robbery have authority,
 When judges steal themselves. What? do I love her;
 That I desire to hear her speak again,
 And feast upon her eyes? what is't I dream on?
 Oh, cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
 With saints dost bait thy hook! most dangerous
 Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
 To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
 With all her double vigour, art and nature,
 Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
 Subdues me quite:—Ever, till now,
 When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how?
 [Exit.

So in *Promos and Cassidore*, 1578:

"I do protest her modest words hath wrought in me a maze,
 "Though she be faire, she is not deckt with garish shewes for
 "gaze.

"Hir bewtie lures, her lookes cut off fond suits with chail
 "disdain.

"O God, I feele a sodaine change, that doth my freedome
 "chayne.

"What didst thou say? fie, *Promos* fie, &c." STEEVENS.

"And pitch our evils there?" So in *K. Henry VIII*:

"Nor build their evils on the graves of great men."

Neither of these passages appear to contain a very elegant allusion. STEEVENS.

—[*I smil'd, and wonder'd how.*] As a day must now intervene between this conference of Isabella with Angelo, and the next, the act might more properly end here; and here, in my opinion, it was ended by the poet. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Prison.

Enter Duke, habited like a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost ! so, I think, you are.

Prov. I am the provost : What's your will, good friar ?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison : do me the common right
To let me see them ; and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were
needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one ; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flaws of her own youth^s,
Hath blister'd her report : She is with child ;
And he that got it, sentenc'd : a young man

^s *Who falling in the flaws of her own youth,*

Hath blister'd her report : ———]

Who doth not see that the integrity of the metaphor requires we
should read :

——— *flames of her own youth ?* WARBURTON.

Who does not see that, upon such principles, there is no end
of correction ? JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson did not know, nor perhaps Dr. Warburton either,
that Sir W. Davenant reads *flames* instead of *flaws* in his *Law
against Lovers*, a play almost literally taken from *Measure for
Measure*, and *Much ado about Nothing*. FARMER.

Shakespeare has *flaming youth* in *Hamlet*, and Greene, in his
Never too Late, 1616, says—" he measured the *flames of youth*
by his own dead cinders." *Blister'd her report*, is *disfigured her
fame*. *Blister* seems to have reference to the *flames* mentioned in
the preceding line. A similar use of this word occurs in *Hamlet* :

" ——— takes the rose

" From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

" And sets a *blister* there." STEEVENS.

36 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—

I have provided for you; stay a while, [To Juliet.
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your
conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd
him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so daughter: But lest you do
repent⁹,

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—

⁹ ——— But lest you do repent,] Thus the old copy. The modern editors, led by Mr. Pope, read:

————— But repent you not.

But lest you do repent is only a kind of negative imperative—
Ne te poeniteat,—and means, repent not on this account.

STEEVENS.

I think that a line at least is wanting after the first of the Duke's speech. It would be presumptuous to attempt to replace the words; but the sense, I am persuaded, is easily recoverable out of Juliet's answer. I suppose his advice, in substance, to have been nearly this. "Take care, lest you repent [not so much of your fault, as it is an evil,] as that the sin hath brought you to this shame." Accordingly, Juliet's answer is explicit to this point:

"I do repent me, as it is an evil,

"And take the shame with joy." TYRWHITT.

Which

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 17

Which sorrow is always towards ourselves, not
.. heaven;

Shewing, we would not spare heaven¹, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest².

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him;

Grace go with you! *benedicite*. [Exit.]

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! Oh, injurious love³,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV,

Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo⁴.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and
pray

To several subjects; heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst

¹ *Shewing we'd not spare heaven,*] The modern editors had
changed this word into *seek*. STEEVENS.

² *There rest.*] Keep yourself in this temper. JOHNSON.

³ ——— *Oh, injurious love,*] Her execution was respited on ac-
count of her pregnancy, the effects of her love: therefore she calls
it *injurious*; not that it brought her to shame, but that it hindered
her freeing herself from it. Is not this all very natural? yet the
Oxford editor changes it to *injurious law*. JOHNSON.

I know not what circumstance in this play can authorize a sup-
position that Juliet was respited *on account of her pregnancy*; as
her life was in no danger from the law, the severity of which
was exerted only on the seducer. I suppose she means that a pa-
rent's love for the child she bears is *injurious*, because it makes
her careful of her life in her present shameful condition.

Mr. Tollet explains the passage thus. "Oh, love, that is in-
jurious in expediting Claudio's death, and that respites me a life,
which is a burthen to me worse than death!" STEEVENS.

⁴ *Enter Angelo.*] *Bromos*, in the play already quoted, has like-
wise

58 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Whilst my intention^s, hearing not my tongue,
 Anchors on Isabel : Heaven is in my mouth,
 As if I did but only chew its name ;
 And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
 Of my conception : The state, whereon I studied,
 Is like a good thing, being often read,
 Grown fear'd and tedious^s ; yea, my gravity,
 Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
 Could I, with boot⁷, change for an idle plume
 Which the air beats for vain. Oh place ? oh form !
 How often dost thou with thy^s case, thy habit,

wife a soliloquy previous to the second appearance of *Cassandra*.
 It begins thus :

" Do what I can, no reason coolets desire,
 " The more I strive my fond affectes to tame,
 " The hotter (oh) I feel a burning fire
 " Within my breast vainè thoughts to forge and frame, &c."

STEEVENS.

^s *Whilst my intention, —*] Nothing can be either plainer or
 exacter than this expression. But the old blundering folio having
 it, *invention*, this was enough for Mr. Theobald to prefer autho-
 rity to sense. WARBURTON.

Intention (if it be the true reading) has, in this instance more
 than its common meaning. It signifies eagerness of desire.

So in the *Merry Wives* :

" ——— course o'er my exteriors, with such greediness of in-
 tention."

By *invention*, however, I believe the poet means *imagination*.

STEEVENS.

^s *Grown fear'd and tedious ; —*] We should read *fear'd* ;
 i. e. old. So Shakespeare uses *in the fear*, to signify old age.

WARBURTON.

I think *fear'd* may stand. What we go to with reluctance may
 be said to be *fear'd*. JOHNSON.

⁷ *— with boot,*] *Boot* is profit, advantage, gain. So in
M. Kyffin's translation of the *Andria* of Terence, 1588 : " You
 obtained this at my hands, and I went about it while there was
 any boot."

Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599 :

" Then list to me : Saint Andrew be my boot,
 " But I'll raze thy castle to the very ground."

STEEVENS.

^s *— case, —*] For outside ; garb ; external shew. JOHNSON.

Wrench

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 39

Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art but blood:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's crest,

Enter

• *Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? ———]*

Here Shakespeare judiciously distinguishes the different operations of high place upon different minds. Fools are frightened, and wise men are allured. Those who cannot judge but by the eye, are easily awed by splendour; those who consider men as well as conditions, are easily persuaded to love the appearance of virtue dignified with power. JOHNSON,

• *Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's crest.]*

i. e. Let the most wicked thing have but a virtuous pretence, and it shall pass for innocent, This was his conclusion from his preceding words:

————— *do form!*
*How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? ———*

But the Oxford editor makes him conclude just counter to his own premises; by altering it to,

Is't not the devil's crest?

So that, according to this alteration, the reasoning stands thus.—False seeming wrenches awe from fools, and deceives the wise. Therefore, *Let us but write good angel on the devil's horn*, (i. e. give him the appearance of an angel;) and what then? *Is't not the devil's crest?* (i. e. he shall be esteemed a devil.)

WARBURTON.

I am still inclined to the opinion of the Oxford editor. Angelo, reflecting on the difference between his seeming character, and his real disposition, observes, that he *would change his gravity for a plume*. He then digresses into an apostrophe, *O dignity, how dost thou impose upon the world!* then returning to himself, *Blood*, says he, *thou art but blood*, however concealed with appearances and decorations. Title and character do not alter nature, which is still corrupt, however dignified:

*Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;
Is't not?—or rather—'Tis yet the devil's crest.*

It may however be understood, according to Dr. Warburton's explanation. O place, how dost thou impose upon the world by false appearances! so much, that if we *write good angel on the devil's horn*, 'tis not taken any longer to be the devil's crest. In this sense,

Blood

60 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there ?

Serv. One Isabel, a sifter, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [*Solus.*] Oh heavens !
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart ?
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness ?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons ;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive : and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king ?

Quit

Blood, thou art but blood !

is an interjected exclamation. JOHNSON.

A Hebrew proverb seems to favour Dr. Johnson's reading :

— 'Tis yet the devil's crest.

" A nettle standing among myrtles doth notwithstanding retain the name of a nettle." STEEVENS.

" —to my heart.] Of this speech there is no other trace in *Promos and Cassandra*, than the following :

" Both hope and dreade, at once my harte doth tuch."

STEEVENS

" *The gen'ral subjects to a well-wish'd king,*] So the later editions : but the old copies read :

The general subject to a well-wish'd king.

The *general subject* seems a harsh expression, but *general subjects* has no sense at all ; and *general* was, in our authour's time, a word for *people*, so that the *general* is the *people*, or *multitude*, *subject* to a king. So in *Hamlet* : "*The play pleased not the million : 'twas caviare to the general.*" JOHNSON.

Mr. Malone observes, that the use of this phrase "*the general*" for the *people*, continued so late as to the time of lord Clarendon.—"as rather to be consented to, than that *the general* should suffer." Clar. Hist. B. v. p. 530, 8vo. Edit. I therefore adhere to the old reading, with only a slight change in the punctuation.

The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit, &c.

i. e. the *generality* who are *subjects*, &c.

Twice in *Hamlet* our author uses *subject* for *subjects* :

" So nightly toils the *subject* of the land." act I. c. i.

Again,

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 61

Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid ?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better
please me,
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot
live.

Isab. Even so ?—Heaven keep your honour !

[*Going.*

Ang. Yet may he live a while ; and, it may be,
As long as you, or I : Yet he must die.

Again, act I. sc. 2 :

“ The lists and full proportions, all are made

“ Out of his *subject*.”

The *general subject* however may mean the *subjects in general*.

So in *As you Like it*. act II. sc. 7 :

“ Wouldst thou disgorge into the *general world*.”

STEEVENS.

So the duke had before (act I. scene 2.) expressed his dislike of
popular applause.

“ I'll privily away. I love the people,

“ But do not like to stage me to their eyes.

“ Though it do well, I do not relish well

“ Their loud applause and *awe's* vehement :

“ Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,

“ That does affect it.”

I cannot help thinking that Shakespeare, in these two passages
intended to flatter that unkingly weakness of James the first, which
made him so impatient of the crowds that flocked to see him, espe-
cially upon his first coming, that, as some of our historians say,
he restrained them by a proclamation. Sir Symonds D'Ewes, in
his *Memoirs of his own Life* *, has a remarkable passage with
regard to this humour of James. After taking notice, that the
king going to parliament, on the 30th of January, 1620-1, “ spake
lovingly to the people, and said God bless ye, God bless ye ;”
he adds these words, “ contrary to his former hasty and passionate
custom, which often, in his sudden distemper, would bid a pox or
a plague on such as flocked to see him.” TYRWHITT.

* A manuscript in the British Museum.

Isab.

62 MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Isab. Under your sentence :

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you, that in his reprieve,
Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fi, these filthy vices ! It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their sawcy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid : 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made ;
As to put metal in restrained means,
To make a false one.

Isab.

* ——— 'tis all as easy] *Easy* is here put for light or trifling. 'Tis, says he, as light or trifling a crime to do so, as so, &c. Which the Oxford editor not apprehending, has altered it to *just* ; for 'tis much easier to conceive what Shakespeare should say, than what he does say. So just before, the poet said, with his usual licence, their *sawcy sweetness*, for *sawcy indulgence of the appetite*. And this, forsooth, must be changed to *sawcy lewdness*, though the epithet confines us, as it were, to the poet's word.

WARBURTON.

3 Falsely to take away a life true made,] *Falsely* is the same with *dishonestly*, *illegally* : so *false*, in the next line, is *illegal*, *illegitimate*. JOHNSON.

6 ——— in restrained means,] In forbidden moulds. I suspect means not to be the right word, but I cannot find another.

JOHNSON.

I should suspect that the author wrote,

————— in restrained mints,

as the allusion is still to *coining*. Sir W. Davenant omits the passage. STEEVENS.

On reading this passage, it seemed probable to me that Shakespeare, having already illustrated this thought by an allusion to *coining*, would not give the same image a second time ; and that he wrote

As to put *mettle* in restrained means.

On looking into the folio I found my conjecture confirmed, for that is the original reading. It is likewise supported by a similar expression in *Timon* :

" ——— thy father, that poor rag,

" Put stuff to some the beggar, and compounded thee

" Poor rogue hereditary."

The

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 63

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth ?

Ang. Say you so ? then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, That the most just law
Now took your brother's life ; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
As she that he hath stain'd ?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul ; Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for account.

Isab. How say you ?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that ; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this,—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life :
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life ?

Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

The sense is clear, and *means* may stand without alteration.—
'Tis as easy wickedly to deprive a man born in wedlock of life, as to
have unlawful commerce with a maid in order to give life to an illegitimate child. The thought is simply, that murder is as easy as fornication, and it is as improper to pardon the latter as the former.—The words—to make a false one—evidently referring to life, shew that the preceding line is to be understood in a natural and not in a metaphorical sense. MALONE.

['Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.] I would have it considered, whether the train of the discourse does not rather require Isabel to say :

'Tis so set down in earth, but not in heaven.

When she has said this, *Then*, says Angelo, *I shall poze you quickly.* Would you, who, for the present purpose, declare your brother's crime to be less in the sight of heaven, than the law has made it ; would you commit that crime, light as it is, to save your brother's life ? To this she answers, not very plainly in either reading, but more appositely to that which I propose :

I had rather give my body, than my soul. JOHNSON.

Ang.

64 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poize of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your, answer?

Ang. Nay, but hear me :
Your sense pursues not mine : either you are ignorant ;
Or seem so, craftily ; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself : as these black masks
Proclaim an ensfield beauty ten times louder

Than

* *Pleas'd you to do't, at peril, &c.*] The reasoning is thus : Angelo asks, whether there might not be a charity in sin to save this brother. Isabella answers, that if Angelo will save him, she will stake her soul that it were charity, not sin. Angelo replies, that if Isabella would save him at the hazard of her soul, it would be not indeed no sin, but a sin to which the charity would be equivalent.

JOHNSON.

* *And nothing of your, answer.*] I think it should be read,

And nothing of yours, answer.

You, and whatever is yours, be exempt from penalty. JOHNSON.

And nothing of your answer, means, and make no part of those for which you shall be called to answer. STEEVENS.

This passage would be clear, I think, if it were pointed thus :

To have it added to the faults of mine,

And nothing of your, answer.

So that the substantive *answer* may be understood to be joined in construction with *mine* as well as *your*. The faults of mine answer are the faults which I am to answer for. TYRWHITT.

* *Proclaim an ensfield beauty—*] An *ensfield beauty* is a shield-ed beauty, a beauty covered as with a shield. STEEVENS.

— as these black masks

Proclaim an *ensfield* beauty, &c.

This should be written *en-shell'd*, or *in-shell'd*, as it is in *Coriolanus*, Vol. VII. p. 411 :

“ Thrusts forth his horns again into the world

“ That were *in-shell'd* when Marcius stood for Rome.”

These

Than beauty could displayed.—But mark me ;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross :
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain ².

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that ³, nor any other,
But in the loss of question ⁴) that you, his sister,
Find.

These *Masks* must mean, I think, the *Masks of the audience* ; however improperly a compliment to them is put into the mouth of Angelo. As Shakespeare would hardly have been guilty of such an indecorum to flatter a common audience, I think this passage affords ground for supposing that the play was written to be acted at court. Some strokes of particular flattery to the king I have already pointed out ; and there are several other general reflections, in the character of the duke especially, which seem calculated for the royal ear. TYRWHITT.

Sir *W. Davenant* reads—as a black mask ; but I am afraid Mr. Tyrwhitt is too well supported in his first supposition, by a passage at the beginning of *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,

“ Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair.”

STEEVENS.

² *Accountant to the law upon that pain.*] Pain is here for penalty, punishment. JOHNSON.

³ *(As I subscribe not that,—)* To subscribe means, to agree to. Milton uses the word in the same sense.

So in Marlow's *Lust's Dominion*, 16— :

“ Subscribe to his desires.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *But in the loss of question*—] The loss of question I do not well understand, and should rather read,

But in the loss of question.

In the agitation, in the discussion of the question. To *lose* an argument is a common phrase. JOHNSON.

But in the loss of question. This expression I believe means, but in idle supposition, or conversation that tends to nothing, which may therefore, in our author's language, be call'd the loss of question.

Thus in *Coriolanus*. act III. sc. 1 :

“ The which shall turn you to no other harm,

“ Than so much loss of time.”

Question, in Shakespeare, often bears this meaning. So in his *Tarquin and Lucrece* :

66 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the ' all-binding law ; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else let him suffer ;
What would you do ?

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myself :
That is, Were I under the terms of death,
The impresson of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way :
Better it were, a brother dy'd at once⁶,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

“ And after supper, long he *questioned*

“ With modest Lucrece, &c.” STEEVENS.

The following passages add strength to Dr. Johnson's conjecture :

“ I could *test* woe for woe until to-morrow,

“ But then we'd wake the wolf with bleating sorrow.”

Acolastus his Afterwit, 1606.

“ Whether it were a *question* mov'd by chance

“ Or spitefully of purpose (I being there

“ And your own countryman) I cannot tell ;

“ But when much *toffing*

“ Had bandied both the king and you, as pleas'd

“ Those that took up the rackets”——

Noble Spanish Soldier, by Rowley, 1634. MALONE.

“ Of the all-binding law ; ——] The old editions read :

—— all-building law, ——

from which the editors have made *all-bolding* ; yet Mr. Theobald has *binding* in one of his copies. JOHNSON.

“ —— a brother died at once,] Perhaps we should read :

Better it were, a brother died for once

Than that a sister, by redeeming him,

Should die for ever. JOHNSON.

Ang.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 67

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignominy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses : lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant ;
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O pardon me, my lord ; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we
mean :

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he¹,
² Owe, and succeed by weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves ;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms³.

Women

¹ *If not a feodary, but only he, &c.*] This is so obscure, but the allusion so fine, that it deserves to be explained. A *feodary* was one that in the times of vassalage held lands of the chief lord, under the tenure of paying rent and service : which tenures were called *feuda* amongst the Goths. Now, says Angelo, " we are all frail ; yes, replies Isabella ; if all mankind were not *feodaries*, who owe what they are to this tenure of *imbecility*, and who succeed each other by the same tenure, as well as my brother, I would give him up." The comparing mankind, lying under the weight of original sin, to a *feodary*, who owes *suit* and *service* to his lord, is, I think, not ill imagined. WARBURTON.

Shakespeare has the same allusion in *Cymbeline* :

" ——— senseless bauble,

" Art thou a *feodary* for this act ?"

Again, in the prologue to Marston's *Sophonisba*, 1606 :

" For seventeen kings were Carthage *feodars*."

The old copy reads—*thy* weakness. STEEVENS.

² Owe, and succeed—] To owe is, in this place, to own, to bold, to have possession. JOHNSON.

...³ ——— glasses ———

Which are as easy broke as they make forms.]

68 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar
 ' In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
 For we are as soft as our complexions are,
 And credulous to false prints².

Ang. I think it well:

And from this testimony of your own sex,
 (Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger,
 Than faults may shake our frames) let me be bold,—
 I do arrest your words; Be that you are,
 That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
 If you be one (as you are well express'd
 By all external warrants) shew it now,
 By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
 Let me intreat you, speak the former language³.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet;
 And you tell me, that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't⁴,
 Which seems a little fouler than it is⁵,
 To pluck on others.

Ang.

Would it not be better to read,

—————take forms. JOHNSON.

² *In profiting by them.* —————] In imitating them, in taking
 them for examples. JOHNSON.

³ *And credulous to false prints.*] i. e. take any impression.

WARBURTON.

⁴ —————*speak the former language.*] We should read *formal*,
 which he here uses for plain, direct. WARBURTON.

Isabella answers to his circumlocutory courtship, that she has
 but *one tongue*, she does not understand this new phrase, and desires
 him to talk his *former language*, that is, to talk as he talked before.

JOHNSON.

⁵ *I know your virtue hath a licence in't,*] Alluding to the licences
 given by ministers to their spies, to go into all suspected compa-
 nies, and join in the language of malecontents. WARBURTON.

⁶ *Which seems a little fouler, &c.*] So in *Promos and Cassandra*:

“*Caf.* Renowned lord, you use this speech (I hope) your thrall
 “to trye,

“If otherwise, my brother's life so deare I will not bye.”

“*Pro.*

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 69

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words exprefs my purpose.

Ifab. Ha ! little honour to be much believed,
And moft pernicious purpose !—Seeming, seeming
ing⁶ !—

I will proclaim thee, Angelo ; look for't :
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an out-ftretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Ifabel ?
My unfoild name, the austerenefs of my life,
⁷ My vouch againft you, and my place i' the ftate,
Will fo your accusation over-weigh,
That you fhall ftifle in your own report,
And fmell of calumny⁸. I have begun ;
And now I give my fenfual race the rein :
Fit thy content to my fharp appetite ;
Lay by all nicety, and proluxious blufhes⁹,

That

“ *Pro.* Fair dame, my outward looks my inward thoughts be-
“ way,

“ If you miftruft, to fearch my harte, would God you had a
“ keye.” STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— *Seeming, seeming !*—] Hypocrify, hypocrify ; coun-
terfeit virtue. JOHNSON.

⁷ *My vouch againft you,*—] The calling his denial of her
charge his *vouch*, has fomething fine. *Vouch* is the testimony one
man bears for another. So that, by this, he infinuates his au-
thority was fo great, that his *denial* would have the fame credit
that a *vouch* or testimony has in ordinary cafes. WARBURTON.

I believe this beauty is merely imaginary, and that *vouch againft*
means no more than denial. JOHNSON.

⁸ *That you fhall ftifle in your own report,*

And fmell of calumny.]

A metaphor from a lamp or candle extinguifhed in its own greafe,
STEEVENS.

⁹ — and *prolixious blufhes.*] The word *prolixious* is not pe-
culiar to Shakefpeare. I find it in *Mofes his Birth and Miracles*,
by Drayton :

“ Moft part by water, more *prolixious* was, &c.”

Again, in the Dedication to *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is Up.* 1598 :

“ — rarifier of *prolixious* rough barbarifm, &c.”

70 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,¹
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance: answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

[Exit.

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approval
Bidding the law make court'ry to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow, as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture² of the blood,
Yet hath he in him³ such a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down

Again, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599:

"——well known unto them by his *prolixious* sea-wandering."

STEEVENS.

¹ —— *die the death*,] This seems to be a solemn phrase for death inflicted by law. So in *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Prepare to die the death." JOHNSON.

It is a phrase taken from scripture, as is observed in a note on the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. STEEVENS.

The phrase is a *good phrase*, as Shallow says, but I do not conceive it to be either of *legal* or *scriptural* origin. Chaucer uses it frequently. See *Cant. Tales*, ver. 607.

"They were adradde of him, as of *the detb*." ver. 1222.

"*The detb* he feleth thurgh his herte smite." It seems to have been originally a mistaken translation of the French *La Mort*.

TYRWHITT.

² —— *prompture* ——] Suggestion, temptation, instigation.

JOHNSON.

³ —— *such a mind of honour*,] This, in Shakespeare's language may mean, *such an honourable mind*, as he uses elsewhere *mind of love*, for *loving mind*. Thus in *Philaster*:

"——I had thought, thy mind

"Had been of honour." STEEVENS.

On

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 71

On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
 Before his sifter should her body stoop
 To such abhorr'd pollution.
 Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die :
 More than our brother is our chastity.
 I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
 And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Prison.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from lord
 Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
 But only hope :
 I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death⁴; either death, or life,
 Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with
 life,—

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,
 That none but fools would keep⁵: a breath thou art,
 Ser-

⁴ *Be absolute for death*; —] Be determined to die, without
 any hope of life. *Horace*, —

“—*The hour, which exceeds expectation will be welcome.*”

JOHNSON.

⁵ *That none but fools would keep*: —] But this reading is
 not only contrary to all sense and reason; but to the drift of this
 moral discourse. The duke, in his assumed character of a friar,
 is endeavouring to instil into the condemned prisoner a resignation
 of mind to his sentence; but the sense of the lines in this reading,
 is a direct persuasive to *suicide*: I make no doubt, but the poet
 wrote,

That none but fools would reck: —

72 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Servile to all the skiey influences
 That do this habitation⁶, where thou keep'st,
 Hourly afflict : merely, thou art death's fool⁷ ;
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
 And yet runnest toward him still : Thou art not
 noble ;
 For all the accommodations, that thou bear'st,

i. e. care for, be anxious about, regret the loss of. So in the tragedy of *Tancred and Gismunda*, act IV. sc. 3 :

“ ——— Not that she recks this life ——— ”

And Shakespeare, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ Recking as little what betideth me — ” WARBURTON.

The meaning seems plainly this, that *none but fools would wish to keep life* ; or, *none but fools would keep it*, if choice were allowed, A sense, which whether true or not, is certainly innocent,

JOHNSON.

Keep in this place, I believe, may not signify *preserve*, but *care for*. “ No lenger for to liven I ne *kepe*,” says Æneas in Chaucer's *Dido* queen of Carthage ; and elsewhere. “ That I *kepe* not rehearsed be : ” i. e. which I *care not* to have rehearsed.

Again, in the *Knights Tale*, late edit. ver. 2240 :

“ I *kepe* nought of armes for to yelpe.”

Again, in a *Mery Jests of a Man called Howleglat*, bl. l. no date :

“ Then the parson bad him remember that he had a soule for to *kepe*, and he preached and taught to him the use of confession, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *That do this habitation*, — } This reading is substituted by Sir Thomas Hanmer, for

That dost ——— JOHNSON.

⁷ ——— *merely thou art death's fool* ;

For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,

And yet runnest toward him still : —]

In those old farces called *Moralities*, the *fool* of the piece, in order to shew the inevitable approaches of death, is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid him ; which, as the matter is ordered, bring the *fool* at every turn, into his very jaws. So that the representations of these scenes would afford a great deal of good *mirth* and *morals* mixed together. And from such circumstances, in the genius of our ancestors publick diversions, I suppose it was, that the old proverb arose, of *being merry and wise*. WARBURTON.

Such another expression as *death's fool*, occurs in *The Honest Lawyer*, a comedy, by S. S. 1616 :

“ Wilt thou be a *fool of fate* ? who can

“ Prevent the destiny decreed for man ? ” STEEVENS.

Are

Are nurs'd by baseness¹: Thou art by no means va-
llant;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm²: Thy best of rest is sleep³,

And

¹ *Are nurs'd by baseness*:—] Dr. Warburton is undoubtedly mis-
taken in supposing that by *baseness* is meant *self-love* here assigned
as the motive of all human actions. Shakespeare only meant to
observe, that a minute analysis of life at once destroys that splen-
dour which dazzles the imagination. Whatever grandeur can dis-
play, or luxury enjoy, is procured by *baseness*, by offices of which
the mind shrinks from the contemplation. All the delicacies of
the table may be traced back to the stables and the dung-hill, all
magnificence of building was hewn from the quarry, and all the
pomp of ornament dug from among the damps and darkness of
the mine. JOHNSON.

This is a thought which Shakespeare delights to express.
So in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ———our *dungy earth* alike
“ Feeds man as beast.”

Again:

“ Which sleeps, and never palates more the *dung*,
“ *The beggars nurse, and Caesar's*.” STEEVENS.
² ———*the soft and tender fork*
Of a poor worm:—]

Worm is put for any creeping thing or *serpent*. Shakespeare sup-
poses falsely, but according to the vulgar notion, that a serpent
wounds with his tongue, and that his tongue is *forked*. He con-
founds reality and fiction, a serpent's tongue is *soft* but not *forked*
nor hurtful. If it could hurt, it could not be soft. In the *Mid-*
summer Night's Dream he has the same notion:

“ ———With doubler tongue
“ Than thine, O serpent, never adder stung.” JOHNSON.

Shakespeare might have caught this idea from old tapestries or
paintings, in which the tongues of serpents and dragons always
appear barbed like the point of an arrow. STEEVENS.

³ ———*Thy best of rest is sleep,*
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more.—]

Evidently from the following passage of Cicero: “*Habes somnum*
imaginem mortis, eamque quotidie induis, & dubitas quin sensus in
morte nullus sit cum in ejus simulacro videas esse nullum sensum.” But
the Epicurean insinuation is, with great judgment, omitted in the
imitation. WARBURTON.

Here Dr. Warburton might have found a sentiment worthy of
his animadversion. I cannot without indignation find Shakespeare
say—

And that thou oft provok'st ; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. ² Thou art not thyself ;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust : Happy thou art not ;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get ;
And what thou hast, forget'st : Thou art not certain ;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects ³,
After the moon : If thou art rich, thou art poor ;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee : Friend hast thou none ;
For thy own bowels, which do call thee fire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo ⁴, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner : Thou hast nor youth,
nor age ⁵ ;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,

saying, that *death is only sleep*, lengthening out his exhortation by a sentence which in the friar is impious, in the reasoner is foolish, and in the poet trite and vulgar. JOHNSON.

This was an oversight in Shakespeare; for in the second scene of the fourth act, the Provost speaks of the desperate Barnardine, as one who regards death only as a *drunken sleep*. STEEVENS.

² —*Thou art not thyself;*] Thou art perpetually repaired and renovated by external assistance, thou subsistest upon foreign matter, and hast no power of producing or continuing thy own being. JOHNSON.

3 —strange effects.] For effects read affects; that is, affections, passions of mind, or disorders of body variously affected. So in *Othello*: "The young affects." JOHNSON.

⁴ — *serpigo*,] The *serpigo* is a kind of tetter. STEEVENS.

5 ——— Thou hast nor youth, nor age ;

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,

Dreaming on both:—]

This is exquisitely imagined. When we are young, we busy ourselves in forming schemes for succeeding time, and miss the gratifications that are before us; when we are old, we amuse the languor of age with the recollection of youthful pleasures or performances; so that our life, of which no part is filled with the business of the present time, resembles our dreams after dinner, when the events of the morning are mingled with the designs of the evening. JOHNSON.

Dream-

Dreaming on both : for all thy blessed youth⁶
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms

⁶ —for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou'rt old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, &c.]

The drift of this period is to prove, that neither youth nor age can be said to be really enjoyed, which, in poetical language, is,—*We have neither youth nor age.* But how is this made out? That age is not enjoyed he proves, by recapitulating the infirmities of it, which deprive that period of life of all sense of pleasure. To prove that youth is not enjoyed, he uses these words,

— for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld;—

Out of which, he that can deduce the conclusion, has a better knack at logic than I have. I suppose the poet wrote,

—For pall'd, thy blazed youth
Becomes assuaged; and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld;—

i. e. when thy youthful appetite becomes palled, as it will be in the very enjoyment, the blaze of youth is at once assuaged, and thou immediately contractest the infirmities of old age; as particularly the palsy and other nervous disorders, consequent on the inordinate use of sensual pleasures. This is to the purpose; and proves youth is not enjoyed, by shewing the short duration of it.

WARBURTON.

Here again I think Dr. Warburton totally mistaken. Shakespeare declares that man has *neither youth nor age*; for in youth, which is the *happiest* time, or which might be the happiest, he commonly wants means to obtain what he could enjoy; he is dependent on *palsied eld*: must beg alms from the coffers of hoary avarice; and being very niggardly supplied, becomes as aged, looks like an old man, on happiness which is beyond his reach. And, when he is old and rich, when he has wealth enough for the purchase of all that formerly excited his desires, he has no longer the powers of enjoyment;

—has neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make his riches pleasant.—

I have explained this passage according to the present reading, which may stand without much inconvenience; yet I am willing to persuade my reader, because I have almost persuaded myself, that our author wrote,

—for all thy blasted youth
Becomes as aged—JOHNSON.

Of

76 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Of palsied eld⁷; and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty⁸
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lye hid more thousand deaths⁹: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find, I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: Let it come on.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? Come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

⁷ *palsied eld*;] *Eld* is generally used for old age, decrepitude. It is here put for old people, persons worn out with years.

So in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1604:

"Let colder *eld* their strong objections move."

Again, in our author's *Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"The superstitious idle-headed *eld*."

Gower uses it for age as opposed to youth:

"His *elde* had turned into youth."

De Confessione Amantis, lib. v. fol. 106. STEEVENS.

⁸ —*heat, affection, limb, nor beauty*] But how does beauty make riches pleasant? We should read *bounty*, which completes the sense, and is this; thou hast neither the pleasure of enjoying riches thyself, for thou wantest vigour; nor of seeing it enjoyed by others, for thou wantest *bounty*. Where the making the want of *bounty* as inseparable from old age as the want of *health*, is extremely satirical, though not altogether just. WARBURTON.

I am inclined to believe, that neither man nor woman will have much difficulty to tell how *beauty makes riches pleasant*. Surely this emendation, though it is elegant and ingenious, is not such as that an opportunity of inserting it should be purchased by declaring ignorance of what every one knows, by confessing insensibility of what every one feels. JOHNSON.

⁹ —*more thousand deaths*:—] For this sir T. Hanmer reads:

—*a thousand deaths*:—

The meaning is not only *a thousand deaths*, but *a thousand deaths* besides what have been mentioned. JOHNSON.

Claud.

Claud. Most holy fir, I thank you.

Ifab. My business is a word or two, with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you,

Prov. As many as you please,

Duke. Bring them to speak where I may be conceal'd,

Yet hear them'. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*]

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Ifab. Why, as all comforts are; most good in deed':

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger':

There-

* *Bring them to speak where I may be concealed,
Yet hear them.*]

Thus the modern editions. The old copy, published by the players, gives the passage thus:

Bring them to hear me speak, where I may be conceal'd.

I believe we should read:

Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be conceal'd. STEEVENS.

The second folio authorizes the reading of the modern editions.

TYRWHITT.

* *— as all comforts are; most good in deed:]* If this reading be right, Isabella must mean that she brings something better than words of comfort, she brings an assurance of deeds. This is harsh and constrained, but I know not what better to offer. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads;

— in deed. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads:

"Why,

"As all comforts are: most good, most good indeede."

I believe the old reading, as explained by Dr. Johnson, is the true one. So in *Macbeth*:

"We're yet but young in deed." STEEVENS.

* *— an everlasting leiger:*

Therefore your best appointment —]

Leiger is the same with *resident*. *Appointment*; preparation; act of fitting, or state of being fitted for any thing. So in old books, we have a knight well appointed; that is, well armed and mounted or fitted at all points. JOHNSON.

The

78 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Therefore your best appointment ⁴ make with speed ;
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy ?

Ifab. None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any ?

Ifab. Yes, brother, you may live ;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance ?

Ifab. Ay, just, perpetual durance ; a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope ⁵.

Claud. But in what nature ?

Ifab. In such a one as (you consenting to't)
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Ifab. Oh, I do fear thee, Claudio ; and I quake,

The word *lieger* is thus used in the Comedy of *Look about You*,
1600 :

“ Why do you stay, Sir?—

“ Madam, as *leiger* to solicit for your absent love.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ —your best appointment—] The word *appointment*, on this occasion, should seem to comprehend confession, communion, and absolution. “ Let him (says *Escalus*) be furnish'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation.” The King in *Hamlet*, who was cut off prematurely, and without such preparation, is said to be *dis-appointed*. *Appointment*, however, may be more simply explained by the following passage in *The Antipodes*, 1638 :

“ ————your lodging

“ Is decently *appointed*.” i. e. prepar'd, furnished.

STEEVENS.

⁵ —a restraint,—

To a determin'd scope.]

A confinement of your mind to one painful idea ; to ignominy, of which the remembrance can neither be suppressed nor escaped.

JOHNSON.

Left

Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven winters, more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die ?
The sense of death is most in apprehension ;
And the poor beetle ⁶, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame ?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness ? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride ⁷,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother ; there my father's
grave
Did utter forth a voice ! Yes, thou must die :
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-fainted deputy,—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew ⁸,
⁹ As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil ;

His

⁶ *The poor beetle, &c.]* The reasoning is, *that death is no more than every being must suffer, though the dread of it is peculiar to man ; or perhaps, that we are inconsistent with ourselves, when we so much dread that which we carelessly inflict on other creatures, that feel the pain as acutely as we.* JOHNSON.

⁷ ——— *I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in my arms.]*

So in the first part of *Feronimo, or the Spanish Tragedy*, 1605 :

“ ——— night

“ That yawning beldam, with her jetty skin,

“ 'Tis she I hug as mine effeminate bride.” STEEVENS.

⁸ — *follies doth emmew.]* Forces follies to lie in cover without daring to show themselves. JOHNSON.

⁹ *As falcon doth the fowl,—]* In whose presence the follies of youth are afraid to shew themselves, as the fowl is afraid to flutter while the falcon hovers over it.

So in the Third Part of *K. Henry VI* :

“ ——— not he that loves him best,

“ The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,

“ Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shakes his bells.”

80 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?

Isab.

To *ennew* is a term in falconry used by B. and Fletcher, in
The Knights of Malta:

"——— I have seen him scale

" As if a falcon had run up a train,

" Clashing his warlike pinions, his steel'd cuirass,

" And, at his pitch, *ennew* the town below him."

STEEVENS.

His filth within being cast.—] To *cast* a pond is to empty it
of mud.

Mr. Upton reads:

His pond within being cast, he would appear

A filth as deep as hell. JOHNSON.

* The princely Angelo? ———

—princely guards! ———]

The stupid editors, mistaking *guards* for satellites, (whereas it
here signifies *lace*) altered *priestly*, in both places, to *princely*.
Whereas Shakespeare wrote it *priestly*, as appears from the words
themselves,

——'Tis the cunning livery of hell,

The damned'st body to invest and cover

With priestly guards. ———

In the first place we see that *guards* here signifies *lace*, as referring
to *livery*, and as having no sense in the signification of *satellites*.
Now *priestly guards* means *sanctity*, which is the sense required.
But *princely guards* means nothing but *rich lace*, which is a sense
the passage will not bear. Angelo, indeed, as *deputy*, might be
called the *princely* Angelo: but not in this place, where the im-
mediately preceding words of,

This out-ward-fainted deputy,

demand the reading I have here restored. WARBURTON.

The first folio has, in both places, *prenzic*, from which the
other folios made *princely*, and every editor may make what he
can. JOHNSON.

Princely guards mean no more than the ornaments of royalty,
which Angelo is supposed to assume during the absence of the
duke. The stupidity of the first editors is sometimes not more in-
jurious to Shakespeare, than the ingenuity of those who suc-
ceeded them.

In the old play of *Cambyfes* I meet with the same expression,
Sifammes is left by *Cambyfes* to distribute justice while he is absent;
and in a soliloquy says:

" Now may I wear the brodered *garde*,

" And lye in downe bed fort."

Again,

Isab. Oh, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. Oh, heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, for this rank offence,

So to offend him still: This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou dy'st to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shall not do't.

Isab. Oh, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin*.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose?
When he would force it, sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Again, the queen of *Cambyfes* says:

"I do forsake these broder'd gaudes

"And all the facions new." STEEVENS.

* —for this rank offence,] *For*, Hanmer. In other editions,
from. JOHNSON.

—from this rank offence,] I believe means from the time of
my committing this offence, you might persist in sinning with
safety. The advantages you would derive from my having such a
secret of his in my keeping, would ensure you from further harm
on account of the same fault, however frequently repeated.

STEEVENS.

* —as a pin.] So in *Hamlet*:

"I do not set my life at a pin's fee." STEEVENS.

* When he would force it,—] Put it in force. WARBURTON.

The meaning seems to me just the reverse, *When he, so wise,*
would offer violence to the law, would transgress it, surely the trans-
gression cannot be in me a sin. The next speech of Claudio shews
that such is the meaning. MALONE.

82 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Claud. If it were damnable⁶, he, being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd⁷? Oh Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lye in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit⁸
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside

⁶ *If it were damnable, &c.*] Shakespeare shows his knowledge of human nature in the conduct of Claudio. When Isabella first tells him of Angelo's proposal, he answers, with honest indignation, agreeably to his settled principles,

Thou shalt not do't.

But the love of life being permitted to operate, soon furnishes him with sophistical arguments, he believes it cannot be very dangerous to the soul, since Angelo, who is so wise, will venture it.

JOHNSON.

⁷ *Be perdurably fin'd.*] *Perdurably* is tastingly. So in *Othello*:

" — cables of *perdurable* toughness." STEEVENS.

⁸ — *delighted spirit*] i. e. the spirit accustomed here to ease and delights. This was properly urged as an aggravation to the sharpness of the torments spoken of. The Oxford editor not apprehending this, alters it to *dilated*. As if, because the spirit in the body is said to be imprisoned, it was crowded together likewise; and so by death not only set free, but expanded too; which, if true, would make it the less sensible of pain. WARBURTON.

This reading may perhaps stand, but many attempts have been made to correct it. The most plausible is that which substitutes,

—— *the benighted spirit,*

alluding to the darkness always supposed in the place of future punishment.

Perhaps we may read,

—— *the delinquent spirit,*

a word easily changed to *delighted* by a bad copier, or unskilful reader. *Delinquent* is proposed by Thirlby in his manuscript.

JOHNSON.

I think with Dr. Warburton, that by the *delighted spirit* is meant, *the soul once accusom'd to delight*, which of course must render the sufferings, afterwards described, less tolerable. Thus our author calls youth, *blest*, in a former scene, before he proceeds to shew its wants and its inconveniencies. STEEVENS.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 83

In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
 To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
 And blown with restless violence round about
 The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
 Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
 Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
 The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
 That age, ach, penury, and imprisonment
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise
 To what we fear of death.

Isab.

—[*lawless and incertain thoughts*] Conjecture sent out to wander without any certain direction, and ranging through all possibilities of pain. JOHNSON.

[*To what we fear of death,*] Most certainly the idea of the "spirit bathing in fiery floods," or of residing "in thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," is not original to our poet; which is the whole that is wanted for the argument: but I am not sure that they came from the Platonick hell of Virgil. The monks also had their hot and their cold hell, "the fyrste is fyre that ever brenneth, and never gyveth lighte," says an old homily:—"The seconde is passyng cold, that yf a greate hylle of fyre were cast therin, it shold torne to yce." One of their legends, well remembered in the time of Shakespeare, gives us a dialogue between a bishop and a soul tormented in a piece of ice which was brought to cure a *brenning beate* in his foot: take care, that you do not interpret this the *gout*, for I remember Menage quotes a canon upon us,

"Si quis dixerit episcopum *podagrâ* laborare, anathema sit."

Another tells us of the soul of a monk fastened to a rock, which the winds were to blow about for a twelvemonth, and purge of its enormities. Indeed this doctrine was before now introduced into poetick fiction, as you may see in a poem, "where the lover declareth his pains to exceed far the pains of hell," among the many miscellaneous ones subjoined to the works of Surrey: of which you will soon have a beautiful edition from the able hand of my friend Dr. Percy. Nay, a very learned and inquisitive brother-antiquary hath observed to me, on the authority of Blefkenius, that this was the ancient opinion of the inhabitants of Iceland, who were certainly very little read either in the poet or the philosopher.

FARMER.

Lazarus, in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, is represented to have seen these particular modes of punishment in the infernal regions:

"Secondly, I have seen in hell a floud frozen as ice, wherein the envious men and women were plunged unto the navel, and

84 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sifter, let me live :

What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. Oh, you beast!

Oh, faithless coward! Oh, dishonest wretch!

Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?

Is't not a kind of incest², to take life

From thine own sifter's shame? What should I
think?

Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair!

For such a warped slip of wilderness³

Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance⁴;

Die; perish! might but my bending down

Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:

I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,

No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. Oh, fie, fie, fie!

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade⁵:

Mercy

then suddenly came over them a right cold and great wind that
grieved and pained them right sore, &c." STEEVENS.

² *Is't not a kind of incest,*—] In Isabella's declamation there
is something harsh, and something forced and far-fetched. But
her indignation cannot be thought violent, when we consider her
not only as a virgin, but as a nun. JOHNSON.

³ ——— *a warped slip of wilderness*] *Wilderness* is here used
for *wildness*, the state of being disorderly. So in the *Maid's Tra-*
gedy:

“ And throws an unknown *wilderness* about me.”

Again, in old *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:

“ But I in *wilderness* totter'd out my youth.”

The word, in this sense, is now obsolete, though employed by
Milton:

“ The paths, and bowers, doubt not, but our joint hands

“ Will keep from *wilderness* with ease.” STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— *take my defiance*:] *Defiance* is *refusal*. So in *Romeo*
and Juliet:

“ I do *defy* thy commiseration.” STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— *but a trade*:] A custom; a practice; an established habit.

So

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 85

Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd :

'Tis best that thou dy'st quickly.

Claud. Oh hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sifter, but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you : the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure ; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs ; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [*To Claudio aside.*] Son, I have over-heard what hath past between you and your sifter. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her ; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures : she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is most glad to receive : I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true ; therefore prepare yourself to death : Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible⁶ : to-morrow you

So we say of a man much addicted to any thing, *he makes a trade of it.* JOHNSON.

⁶ *Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible :*] A condemned man, whom his confessor had brought to bear death with decency and resolution, began anew to entertain hopes of life. This occasioned the advice in the words above. But how did these hopes *satisfy* his resolution ? or what harm was there, if they did ? We must certainly read, *Do not falsify your resolution with hopes that are fallible.* And then it becomes a reasonable admonition. For hopes of life, by drawing him back into the world, would naturally elude or weaken the virtue of that *resolution* which was raised only on motives of religion. And this his confessor had reason to warn him of. The term *falsify* is taken from fencing, and signifies the pretending to aim a stroke in order to draw the adversary off his guard. So Fairfax :

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you must die ; go to your knees, and make ready,

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon, I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

[*Exit Claud. Re-enter Provost.*]

Duke. Hold you there : Farewell, Provost, a word with you,

Prov. What's your will, father ?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone : Leave me a while with the maid ; my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time *.

[*Exit Prov.*]

Duke. The hand, that hath made you fair, hath made you good : the goodness, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness ; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair. The assault, that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding ; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo : How would you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother ?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him : I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But oh, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo ! if ever he returns, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss : yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation ; he made trial of you only.—Therefore fasten your ear on my advifings ; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself

“ *Now strikes he out, and now he falsifieth.* ” WARBURTON.

The sense is this. Do not rest with satisfaction on hopes that are fallible. There is no need of alteration. STEEVENS.

[*Hold you there :*] Continue in that resolution, JOHNSON.

* *In good time.*] i. e. a la bonne heure, so be it, very well.

STEEVENS.

believe,

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believe, that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further; I have spirit to do any thing, that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name,

Duke. Her should this Angelo have marry'd; was affianc'd to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wreck'd at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this beset to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and finew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband⁹, this well-seeming Angelo?

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; swallow'd his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which yet she wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

⁹ ——— her combinate husband,] *Combinat* is betrothed, settled by contract. STEEVENS.

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Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal : and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection ; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo ; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience ; agree with his demands to the point ; only refer yourself to this advantage ¹,—first, that your stay with him may not be long ; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it ; and the place answer to convenience ; this being granted in course, now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place ; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence : and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled ². The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it ?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already ; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke.

¹ *only refer yourself to this advantage,*] This is scarcely to be reconciled to any established mode of speech. We may read, *only reserve yourself to, or only reserve to yourself this advantage.*

JOHNSON.

² *the corrupt deputy scaled.*] *To scale the deputy* may be, *to reach him, notwithstanding the elevation of his place ; or it may be, to strip him and discover his nakedness, though armed and concealed by the investments of authority.* JOHNSON.

To scale, as may be learn'd from a note to *Coriolanus*, act I. sc. i, most certainly means, *to disorder, to disconcert, to put to flight*. An army routed is called by Hollinshed, an army *scaled*. The word

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Duke. It lies much in your holding up : Haste you speedily to Angelo ; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's ; there, at the moated grange³ resides this dejected Mariana : at that place call upon me ; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort : Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

The Street.

Re-enter Duke as a Friar, Elbow, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard⁴.

Duke. Oh, heavens ? what stuff is here ?

Clown. 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries⁵, the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd

word sometimes signifies to *diffuse* or *disperse* ; at others, as I suppose in the present instance, to *put into confusion*. STEEVENS.

³ ———the moated grange] A grange is a solitary farm-house. So in *Othello* :

“ ———this is Venice,

“ My house is not a grange.” STEEVENS.

⁴ bastard.] A kind of sweet wine, then much in vogue, from the Italian, *bastardo*. WARBURTON.

See a note on *Hen. IV.* p. I. act II, sc. iv. STEEVENS.

⁵ since of two usuries, &c.] Here a satire on usury turns abruptly to a satire on the person of the usurer, without any kind of preparation. We may be assured then, that a line or two, at least, have been lost. The subject of which we may easily discover, a comparison between the two usurers ; as, before, between the two usuries. So that, for the future, the passage should be read with asterisks thus — by order of law, * * * a furr'd gown, &c.

WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer corrected this with less pomp, then since of two usurers the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed, by order of law, a furr'd gown, &c. His punctuation is right, but

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allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, fir :—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother⁶ father : What offence hath this man made you, fir ?

Elb. Marry, fir, he hath offended the law ; and, fir, we take him to be a thief too, fir ; for we have found upon him, fir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, firrah ; a bawd, a wicked bawd !
The evil that thou caus'est to be done,
That is thy means to live : Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back,
From such a filthy vice : say to thyself,—
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live⁷.

Canst

but the alteration, small as it is, appears more than was wanted, *Usury* may be used by an easy licence for the *professors of usury*.

JOHNSON,

⁶ *father* :] This word should be expunged. JOHNSON,
If *father* be retained, we may read :

Duke. And you, good brother,

Elb. Father—

Duke. What offence, &c. STEEVENS.

I am neither for expunging the word *father*, nor for separating it from its present connexions. In return to Elbow's blundering address of *good father friar*, i. e. *good father brother*, the duke humorously calls him, in his own style, *good brother father*. This would appear still clearer in French. *Dieu vous benisse, mon pere frere.—Et vous aussi, mon frere pere*. There is no doubt that our *friar* is a corruption of the French *frere*. TYRWHITT,

⁷ *I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.*] The old editions have,

I drink, I eat away myself, and live.

This is one very excellent instance of the sagacity of our editors, and it were to be wished heartily, that they would have obliged us with their physical solution, how a man can eat away himself, and live. Mr. Bishop gave me that most certain emendation, which I have substituted in the room of the former foolish reading ;

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Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go, mend, go, mend.

Clown. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, fir; but yet, fir, I would prove——

Duke. Nay, if the devil hath given thee proofs for sin,

Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer;
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, fir; he has given him warning; the deputy cannot abide a whore-maſter: if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
Free from all faults, as faults from seeming free*!

Enter

ing; by the help whereof, we have this easy ſenſe: that the clown ſed himſelf, and put cloaths on his back, by exerciſing the vile trade of a bawd. THEOBALD,

* *That we were all, as ſome would ſeem to be,*

Free from all faults, as faults from ſeeming free!]

i. e. as faults are deſtitute of all comelineſs or ſeeming. The firſt of theſe lines refers to the deputy's ſanctified hypocrify; the ſecond to the clown's beaſtly occupation. But the latter part is thus ill expreſſed for the ſake of the rhyme. *WARBURTON.*

Sir T. Hanmer reads,

Free from all faults, as from faults ſeeming free.

In the interpretation of Dr. Warburton, the ſenſe is trifling, and the expreſſion harſh. To wiſh *that men were as free from faults, as faults are free from comelineſs* [inſtead of *void of comelineſs*] is a very poor conceit. I once thought it ſhould be read:

O that all were, as all would ſeem to be,

Free from all faults, or from falſe ſeeming free.

So in this play:

O place, O power—how doſt thou

Wrench aſwe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls

To thy falſe ſeeming.

But now I believe that a leſs alteration will ſerve the turn:

Free from all faults, or faults from ſeeming free;

that men were really good, or that their faults were known, that men were free from faults, or faults from hypocrify. So Iſabella calls Angelo's hypocrify, *ſeeming, ſeeming.* *JOHNSON.*

I think we ſhould read with Hanmer:

Free from all faults, as from faults ſeeming free.

i. e.

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Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist⁹, a cord, fir.

Clown. I spy comfort; I cry, bail: here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? what, at the heels of Cæsar? art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman¹, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket

i. e. *I wish we were all as good as we appear to be*; a sentiment very naturally prompted by his reflection on the behaviour of Angelo. Hammer has only transposed a word to produce a convenient sense. STEEVENS.

⁹ *His neck will come to your waist, a cord, fir.*—] That is, his neck will be tied, like your waist, with a rope. The friars of the Franciscan order, perhaps of all others, wear a hempen cord for a girdle. Thus Buchanan:

“*Fac gemant suis,*

“*Variata terga funibus.*” JOHNSON.

¹ *Pygmalion's images, newly made woman,*] i. e. come out cured from a salivation. WARBURTON.

Surely this expression is such as may authorise a more delicate explanation. By *Pygmalion's images, newly made woman*, I believe, Shakespeare meant no more than—Have you no women now to recommend to your customers, as fresh and untouched as *Pygmalion's* statue was, at the moment when it became flesh and blood? The passage may, however, contain some allusion to a pamphlet printed in 1598, called—*The Metamorphosis of Pygmalion's Image, and certain Satires*. I have never seen it, but it is mentioned by Ames, p. 568; and whatever its subject might be, we learn from an order signed by the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of London, that this book was commanded to be burnt. The order is inserted at the end of the second volume of the entries belonging to the Stationers' Company. STEEVENS.

“Is there none of *Pygmalion's* images newly made woman, to be had now?” If *Marston's Metamorphosis of Pygmalion's Image* be alluded to, I believe it must be in the argument.—“The maide (by the power of Venus) was metamorphosed into a living woman.” FARMER.

There may, however, be an allusion to a passage in Lyly's *Woman in the Moone*, 1597. The inhabitants of *Utopia* petition

Nature

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pocket and extracting it clutch'd? what reply? ha? what say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain? ha? what say'st thou, trot? is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? is it sad, and few words? or how? the trick of it?

Nature for females, that they may, like other beings, propagate their species. *Nature* grants their request, and "they draw the curtains from before *Nature's* shop, where stands an image clad, and some unclad, and they bring forth the cloathed image, &c."

STEEVENS.

² —[*what say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain?*] This nonsense should be thus corrected, *It's not down i' the last reign*, i. e. these are severities unknown to the old duke's time. And this is to the purpose. **WARBURTON.**

Dr. Warburton's emendation is ingenious, but I know not whether the sense may not be restored with less change. Let us consider it. Lucio, a prating fop, meets his old friend going to prison, and pours out upon him his impertinent interrogatories, to which, when the poor fellow makes no answer, he adds, *What reply? ha? what say'st thou to this? tune, matter, and method,—is't not? drown'd i' th' last rain? ha? what say'st thou, trot? &c.* It is a common phrase used in low raillery of a man crest-fallen and dejected, that *he looks like a drown'd puppy*. Lucio, therefore, asks him, whether he was *drown'd in the last rain*, and therefore cannot speak. **JOHNSON.**

He rather asks him whether his *answer* was not drown'd in the last rain, for Pompey returns *no answer* to any of his questions: or, perhaps, he means to compare Pompey's miserable appearance to a *drown'd mouse*. So in *K. Henry VI.* p. I. sc. ii:

"Or piteous they will look, like *drown'd mice*." STEEVENS.

³ [*what say'st thou, trot?*] It should be read, I think, *what say'st thou to't?* the word *trot* being seldom, if ever, used to a man.

Old *trot*, or *trat*, signifies a decrepid old woman, or an old *drab*. In this sense it is used by Gawin Douglas, *Virg. Æn.* b. iv:

"Out on the old *trat*, aged dame or wyffe." GRAY.

So in *Wily Beguiled*, 1613: "Thou toothless old *trot* thou."

Again, in *Mucedorus*, 1668:

"But if the old *trot*

"Should come for her pot."

Again, in the *Wife Woman of Hogsden*, 1638:

"What can this witch, this wizard, or old *trot*."

STEEVENS.

Trot, or as it is now often pronounced, honest *trout*, is a familiar address to a man among the provincial vulgar. **JOHNSON.**

⁴ [*Which is the way?*] *What is the mode now?* **JOHNSON.**

Duke.

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Duke. Still thus, and thus! still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? procures she still? ha?

Clown. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub⁵.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd: an unshunn'd consequence; it must be so: Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clown. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why 'tis not amiss, Pompey: farewell; go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how⁶?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: Commend me to the prison, Pompey: You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Clown. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear⁷. I will pray, Pompey, to encrease your

⁵ *in the tub.*] The method of cure for venereal complaints is grossly called the *powdering tub*. JOHNSON.

It was so called from the method of cure. See the notes on "—the *tub-fast* and the *diet*"—in *Timon*, act IV. STEEVENS.

⁶ *go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?*] It should be pointed thus, *Go, say I sent thee thither for debt, Pompey; or how*—i. e. to hide the ignominy of thy case, say, I sent thee to prison for debt, or whatever other pretence thou fanciest better. The other humorously replies, *For being a bawd, for being a bawd*, i. e. the true cause is the most honourable. This is in character. WARBURTON.

I do not perceive any necessity for the alteration. Lucio first offers him the use of his name to hide the seeming ignominy of his case; and then very naturally desires to be informed of the true reason why he was ordered into confinement. STEEVENS.

⁷ *—it is not the wear.*] i. e. it is not the fashion. STEEVENS.

bondage;

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bondage : if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more : Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey ? ha ?

Elb. Come your ways, fir ; come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, fir ?

Lucio. Then, Pompey ? not now.—What news abroad, friar ? what news ?

Elb. Come your ways, fir, come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey,—go :

[*Exeunt Elbow, Clown, and Officers.*]

What news, friar, of the duke ?

Duke. I know none ; Can you tell me of any ?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia ; other some, he is in Rome : But where is he, think you ?

Duke. I know not where : but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence ; he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him : something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice⁹, and severity must cure it.

Lucio.

⁸ *Go,—to kennel, Pompey,—go :*] It should be remembered, that *Pompey* is the common name of a dog, to which allusion is made in the mention of a *kennel*. JOHNSON.

⁹ *It is too general a vice,*] The occasion of the observation was *Lucio's* saying, that it ought to be treated with a little more lenity ; and his answer to it is,—*The vice is of great kindred*. Nothing can be more absurd than all this. From the occasion, and the answer, therefore, it appears, that Shakespeare wrote, *It is too gentle a vice*, which signifying both *indulgent* and *well-bred*, *Lucio* humorously takes it in the latter sense. WARBURTON.

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Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred ; it is well ally'd : but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation ; Is it true, think you ?

Duke. How should he be made then ?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him :—some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes :—But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice ; that I know to be true : and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible ¹.

Duke. You are pleasant, fir ; and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take away the life of a man ? Would the duke, that is absent, have done this ? ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand : he had some feeling of the sport ; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women ² ; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio.

It is too general a vice. Yes, replies Lucio, the vice is of great kindred ; it is well ally'd : &c. As much as to say, Yes, truly, it is general ; for the greatest men have it as well as we little folks. A little lower he taxes the Duke personally with it. EDWARDS:

¹ *and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.*] In the former editions :—*and he is a motion generative ; that's infallible.* This may be sense ; and Lucio, perhaps, may mean, that though Angelo have the organs of generation, yet that he makes no more use of them, than if he were an inanimate puppet. But I rather think our author wrote,—*and he is a motion ungenerative, because* Lucio again in this very scene says,—*this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency.* THEOBALD.

A motion generative certainly means a puppet of the masculine gender ; a thing that appears to have those powers of which it is not in reality possessed. STEEVENS.

² *much detected for women ;*] This appears so like the language of Dogberry, that at first I thought the passage corrupt, and wished to read *suspected*. But perhaps *detected* had anciently the same

Lucio. Oh, fir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty;—and his use was, to put a ducket in her clack-dish: the duke had crotchets in him: He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

same meaning. So in an old collection of tales, entitled, *Wits, Fitts, and Fancies*, 1595: "—An officer whose daughter was detected of dishonestie, and generally so reported.—" That *detected* is there used for *suspected*, and not in the present sense of the word, appears, I think, from the words that follow—and generally so reported, which seem to relate not to a *known* but *suspected* fact. MALONE.

clack-dish:] The beggars, two or three centuries ago, used to proclaim their want by a wooden-dish with a moveable cover, which they clacked to shew that their vessel was empty. This appears from a passage quoted on another occasion by Dr. Gray.

Dr. Gray's assertion may be supported by the following passage in an old comedy, called *The Family of Love*, 1608:

"Can you think I get my living by a bell and a *clack-dish*?"

"By a bell and a *clack-dish*? how's that?"

"Why, by begging, fir, &c."

Again, in Henderfon's Supplement to Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseid*:

"Thus shalt thou go begging from hous to hous,

"With cuppe and clappir, like a Lazarous."

And by a stage direction in the 2d Part of *K. Edw. IV.* 1619:

"Enter Mrs. Blague very poorly, begging with her basket and a *clap-dish*."

Again, in *Buffy D'Ambois*, 1641:

"That affects royalty, rising from a *clap-dish*."

Again, in Green's *Tu quoque*, 1599:

"Widow, hold your *clap-dish*, fasten your tongue."

Again, in the *Honest Whore*, by Decker, 2d Part, 1630:

"You'd better get a *clap-dish*, and say you are proctor to some spital-houfe." Again, in Drayton's Epistle from *Elinor Cobham*, to *Duke Humphrey*:

"Worse now than with a *clap-dish* in my hand."

There is likewise an old proverb to be found in Ray's Collection, which alludes to the same custom:

"He *claps his dish* at a wrong man's door." STEEVENS.

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Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his⁴: A thy fellow was the duke: and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No — pardon; — 'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand, — The greater file of the subject⁵ held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the⁶ business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testified in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear, to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier: Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may) let me desire you to make your answer before him: If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am

⁴ — an inward of his:] *Inward* is intimate. So in Daniel's *Hymen's Triumph*, 1623:

“ You two were wont to be most *inward* friends.”

Again, in *Marston's Malecontent*, 1604:

“ Come we must be *inward*, thou and I all one.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ *The greater file of the subject*] The larger list, the greater number. JOHNSON. So in *Macbeth*: — “ the valued *file*.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ *the business he hath helmed,*] *The difficulties he hath steer'd through.* A metaphor from navigation. STEEVENS.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 99

bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. Oh, you hope, the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceiv'd in me, friar. But no more of this: Canst thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again: this ungenitur'd agent⁷ will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answer'd; he would never bring them to light: Would he were return'd! marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untruffing. Farewell, good friar; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on fridays.⁸ He's now past it; yet⁹, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she

⁷—ungenitur'd agent] This word seems to be form'd from *genitoirs*, a word which occurs in Holland's Pliny, tom. ii. p. 321, 560, 589, and comes from the French *genitoires*, the *genitals*. TOLLETT.

⁸ eat mutton on Fridays.] A wench was called a *laced mutton*.

THEOBALD.

So in *Doctor Faustus*, 1604, Lechery says:

"I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton better than an ell of Friday stockfish." STEEVENS.

⁹ *He is now past it; yet,*] Sir Thomas Hanmer, *He is not past it yet.* This emendation was received in the former edition, but seems not necessary. It were to be wished, that we all explained more, and amended less. JOHNSON.

100 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

smelt brown bread and garlick: say, that I said so.
Farewell. [Exit.]

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes: What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? this would make mercy swear¹, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time, he promis'd her marriage; his child is a year and quarter old, come Philip and Jacob; I have kept it myself; and see, how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence:—let him be call'd before us.—Away with her to prison: Go to; no more words. [Exeunt with the Bawd.]
Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd, Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnish'd

¹ *mercy swear, and play the tyrant,*] We should read *swerve*, i. e. deviate from her nature. The common reading gives us the idea of a ranting whore. WARBURTON.

There is surely no need of emendation. We say at present, Such a thing is enough to make a parson swear, i. e. deviate from a proper respect to decency, and the sanctity of his character.

The idea of *swearing* agrees very well with that of a tyrant in our ancient mysteries. STEEVENS.

I do not much like *mercy swear*, the old reading: or *mercy swerve*, Dr. Warburton's correction. I believe it should be, *this* would make mercy severe. FARMER.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 101

with divines, and have all charitable preparation : if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar has been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Elsa. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you !

Elsa. Of whence are you ?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now

To use it for my time : I am a brother
Of gracious order, lately come from the see *,
In special business from his holiness.

Elsa. What news abroad i' the world ?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it : novelty is only in request ; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure ; but security enough, to make fellowships accurs'd : Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke ?

Elsa. One, that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to ?

Elsa. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice : a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous ; and let me desire to know, how you find Claudio prepar'd ? I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles

* ———— from the see] The folio reads :
from the sea. JOHNSON.

102 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

himself to the determination of justice : yet had he fram'd to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life ; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die,

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty ; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed—justice³.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well ; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner : Fare you well. [Exit.

Duke. Peace be with you !
He, who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe ;
Pattern in himself to know⁴,
Grace to stand, and virtue go ;

³ — *he is indeed—justice.*] Summum jus, summa injuria.
STEEVENS.

⁴ *Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go ;]*

These lines I cannot understand, but believe that they should be read thus :

Patterning *himself* to know,
In *grace* to stand, in *virtue* go ;

To *pattern* is to *work after a pattern*, and, perhaps, in Shakespeare's licentious diction, simply to *work*. The sense is, *he that bears the sword of heaven should be holy as well as severe ; one that after good examples labours to know himself, to live with innocence, and to act with virtue.* JOHNSON.

This passage is very obscure, nor can be cleared without a more licentious paraphrase than any reader may be willing to allow. *He that bears the sword of heaven should be not less holy than severe : should be able to discover in himself a pattern of such grace as can avoid temptation, together with such virtue as dares venture abroad into the world without danger of seduction.* STEEVENS.

More

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 103

More nor less to others paying,
 Than by self-offences weighing.
 Shame to him, whose cruel striking
 Kills for faults of his own liking!
 Twice treble shame on Angelo,
 To weed my vice, and let his grow⁵!
 Oh, what may man within him hide,
 Though angel on the outward side!
 How may that likeness, made in crimes⁶,
 Making practice on the times,

Draw

⁵ *To weed my vice, and let his grow!*] i. e. to weed faults out of my dukedom, and yet indulge himself in his own private vices.

STEEVENS.

⁶ *How may likeness made in crimes,
 Making practice on the times,
 To draw with idle spider's strings
 Most pond'rous and substantial things!]*

Thus all the editions read corruptly; and so have made an obscure passage in itself, quite unintelligible. Shakespeare wrote it thus,

*How may that likeness, made in crimes,
 Making practice on the times,
 Draw———*

The sense is this, How much wickedness may a man hide *within*, though he appear an angel *without*. How may *that likeness made in crimes*, i. e. by hypocrisy; [a pretty paradoxical expression, *an angel made in crimes*] by imposing upon the world [thus emphatically expressed, *making practice on the times*] draw with its false and feeble pretences [finely called *spider's strings*] the most pondrous and substantial matters of the world, as riches, honour, power, reputation, &c. WARBURTON.

The *Revisal* reads thus,

*How may such likeness trade in crimes,
 Making practice on the times,
 To draw with idle spider's strings
 Most pond'rous and substantial things;*

meaning by *pond'rous and substantial things*, pleasure and wealth.

STEEVENS.

*How may that likeness made in crimes,
 Making practice of the times,
 Draw with idle spiders' strings
 Most pond'rous and substantial things?*

i. e. How may the making it a practice of letting great rogues break through the laws with impunity, and hanging up little ones

104 MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Draw with idle spiders' strings
Most pond'rous and substantial things !
Craft against vice I must apply :
With Angelo to-night shall lye
His old betrothed, but despis'd ;
So disguise shall, by the disguis'd ,
Pay with falshood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting, [Exit,

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Grange.

Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.

S O N G.

*Take, oh, take those lips away ,
That so sweetly were forsworn ;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mis-lead the morn :*

But

for the same crimes ; draw away in time with idle spiders strings,
(for no better do the cords of the law become, according to the
old saying ; *Leges similes araneorum telis*, to which the allusion is)
justice and equity, the most ponderous and substantial bases, and
pillars of government. When justice on offenders is not done,
law, government, and commerce are overthrown. SMITH.

⁷ *So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,*] *So disguise shall by means
of a person disguised, return an injurious demand with a counterfeit
person.* JOHNSON.

⁸ *Take, oh, take &c.*] This is part of a little song of Shake-
speare's own writing, consisting of two stanzas, and so extremely
sweet, that the reader won't be displeased to have the other.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,

Which thy frozen bosom bears,

On whose tops, the pinks that grow,

Are of those that April wears.

But my poor heart first set free,

Bound in those icy chains by thee. WARBURTON,

This

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 105

*But my kisses bring again,
bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
seal'd in vain.*

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick
away ;

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent,—

Enter Duke.

I cry you mercy, fir ; and well could wish,
You had not found me here so musical :
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe ?

Duke. 'Tis good : though musick oft hath such a
charm,

To make bad, good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body enquir'd for me
here to day ? much upon this time, have I promis'd
here to meet.

Mari. You have not been enquir'd after : I have
sat here all day.

This song is entire in Beaumont's *Bloody Brother*, and in Shake-
speare's poems. The latter stanza is omitted by Mariana, as not
suits a female character. THEOBALD.

Though Sewell and Gildon have printed this among Shake-
speare's poems, they have done the same to so many other pieces,
of which the real authors are since known, that their evidence is
not to be depended on. It is not found in Jaggard's edition of
our author's sonnets, which was printed during his life-time.

Our poet, however, has introduced one of the same thoughts
in his 142d sonnet :

“ ———— not from those lips of thine

“ That have prophan'd their scarlet ornaments,

“ And seal'd false bonds of love, as oft as mine.”

STEEVENS.

“ My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.” Though the
musick soothed my sorrows, it had no tendency to produce light
merriment. JOHNSON.

Enter

106: MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Enter Isabel.

Duke. I do constantly¹ believe you :
The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little ; may be, I will call upon you anon for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [Exit.

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy ?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick² ;
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd ;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate³ ;
That makes his opening with this bigger key ;
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads ;
There have I made my promise to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night⁴.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way ?

¹ ————constantly———] Certainly ; without fluctuation of mind. JOHNSON.

So in the *Merchant of Venice* :

“ Could so much turn the constitution

“ Of any constant man.” STEEVENS.

² ————circummur'd with brick,] Circummured, walled round.
“ He caus'd the doors to be mured and cas'd up.”

Painter's Palace of Pleasure. JOHNSON.

³ —a planched gate,] i. e. a gate made of boards. *Planche*, Fr.
A plancher is a plank. So in *Lylly's Maid's Metamorphosis*, 1600 :

“ ————upon the ground doth lie

“ A hollow plancher.” ———

Again, in *Drayton's Polyolbion*, Song 3 :

“ ———and fowls from planchers sprong.”

i. e. barnacles breeding on the planks of ships.

Again, in *Sir Arthur Gorges' translation of Lucan*, 1614 :

“ Yet with his hooves doth beat and rent

“ The planched floore, the barres and chaines.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ *There have I, &c.*] In the old-copy the lines stand thus,

There have I made my promise upon the

Heavy middle of the night, to call upon him. STEEVENS.

Isab.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 107

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't ;
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept⁵, he did shew me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none ; but only a repair i' the dark ;
And that I have possess'd him⁶, my most stay
Can be but brief : for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me⁷ ; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well born up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this :—What, ho ! within ! come forth !

Re-enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid ;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you ?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do ; and have
found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear :
I shall attend your leisure ; but make haste ;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't please you walk aside ?

[*Exeunt. Mar. and Isab.*]

⁵ *In action all of precept, —*] i. e. shewing the several turnings of the way with his hand ; which action contained so many precepts, being given for my direction. *WARBURTON.*

I rather think we should read,

In precept all of action, —

that is, *in direction given not by words, but by mute signs.* *JOHNSON.*

⁶ *I have possess'd him, —*] I have made him clearly and strongly comprehend. *JOHNSON.*

⁷ *That stays upon me ;*] So in *Macbeth* :

"Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure." *STEEVENS.*

Duke.

108 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Duke. O place and greatness^s, millions of false^s
eyes

Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests^s
Upon thy doings! thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies!—Welcome: How
agreed?

Re-enter Mariana and Isabel.

Isab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my intreaty too.

* *O place and greatness*,——] It plainly appears, that *this* fine speech belongs to *that* which concludes the preceding scene, between the Duke and Lucio. For they are absolutely foreign to the subject of this, and are the natural reflections arising from that. Besides, the very words:

Run with these false and most contrarious quests, evidently refer to Lucio's scandals just preceding: which the Oxford editor, in his usual way, has emended, by altering *these* to *their*.——But that some time might be given to the two women to confer together, the players, I suppose, took part of the speech, beginning at *No might nor greatness*, &c. and put it here, without troubling themselves about its pertinency. However, we are obliged to them for not giving us their own impertinency, as they have frequently done in other places. WARBURTON.

I cannot agree that these lines are placed here by the players. The sentiments are common, and such as a prince, given to reflection, must have often present. There was a necessity to fill up the time in which the ladies converse apart, and they must have quick tongues and ready apprehensions, if they understood each other while this speech was uttered. JOHNSON.

* —*false eyes*] That is, Eyes insidious and traiterous.

JOHNSON.

So in Chaucer's *Sompnours Tale*, late Edit. v. 7633:

“ Ther is ful many an eye, and many an ere,

“ Awaiting on a lord, &c.” STEEVENS.

* —*contrarious quests*] Different reports, running counter to each other. JOHNSON.

So in *Othello*:

“ The senate has sent out three several *quests*.” STEEVENS.

Isab.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 109

Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all :
He is your husband on a pre-contract :
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin ;
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit¹. Come, let us go ;
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow².

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

² *Doth flourish the deceit.* ———] A metaphor taken from embroidery, where a coarse ground is filled up, and covered with figures of rich materials and elegant workmanship.

WARBURTON.

Flourish is ornament in general. So in another play of Shakespeare :

“ ———empty trunks o'er-flourish'd by the devil.”

STEEVENS,

³ ———for yet our tithe's to sow.] As before, the blundering editors have made a prince of the priestly Angelo, so here they have made a priest of the prince. We should read *tillth*, i. e. our tillage is yet to make. The grain, from which we expect our harvest, is not yet put into the ground. WARBURTON.

The reader is here attacked with a petty sophism. We should read *tillth*, i. e. our tillage is to make. But in the text it is *to sow* ; and who has ever said that his tillage was to sow ? I believe *tythe* is right, and that the expression is proverbial, in which *tythe* is taken, by an easy metonymy, for *harvest*. JOHNSON :

Dr. Warburton did not do justice to his own conjecture ; and no wonder therefore, that Dr. Johnson has not.—*Tillth* is provincially used for *land till'd*, prepared for sowing. Shakespeare, however, has applied it before in its usual acceptation.

FARMER.

Dr. Warburton's conjecture may be supported by many instances in Markham's *English Husbandman*, 1635 : “ After the beginning of March you shall begin to sowe your barley upon that ground which the year before did lye fallow, and is commonly called your *tillth*, or fallow field.” In p. 74 of this book, a corruption, like our author's, occurs. “ As before, I said beginne to fallow your *tithe* field ;” which is undoubtedly misprinted for *tillth* field. TOLLET.

Tillth

110 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

SCENE II.

Changes to the Prison.

Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, firrah : Can you cut off a man's head ?

Clown. If the man be a batchelor, fir, I can : but if he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, fir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine : Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper : if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves ; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpity'd whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind ; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson ! where's Abhorson, there ?

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, fir ?

Tilth is used for *crop* or *harvest* by Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. v. fol. 93. b.

“ To sowe cockill with the corne,

“ So that the *tilth* is nigh forlorne,

“ Which Christ *sew* first his owne honde.”

Shakespeare uses the word *tilth* elsewhere :

“ ——— her plenteous womb

“ Expresseth its full *tilth* and husbandry.”

Again,

“ Bourn, bound of land, *tilth*, vineyard, none.”

but my quotation from Gower shews that to *sew tilth* was a phrase once in use. STEEVENS.

Prov.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 111

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution : if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you ; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him : he cannot plead his estimation with you, he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, fir ? fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery ⁴.

Prov. Go to, fir ; you weigh equally ; a feather will turn the scale. *Exit.*

Clown. Pray, fir, by your good favour (for, surely, fir, a good favour ⁵ you have, but that you have a hanging look) do you call, fir, your occupation a mystery ?

Abhor. Ay, fir ; a mystery.

Clown. Painting, fir, I have heard say, is a mystery ; and your whores, fir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery : but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine ⁶.

Abhor.

⁴ *discredit our mystery.*] I think it just worth while to observe, that the word *mystery*, when used to signify a trade or manual profession, should be spelt with an *i*; and not a *y*, because it comes not from the Greek, *μυστήρια*, but from the French, *meffier*.

WARBURTON.

⁵ *— a good favour*] *Favour* is countenance. So in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ ———— why so tart a favour

“ To publish such good tidings.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.*

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clown. Proof. ————

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Clown. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough : if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough : so every true man's apparel fits your thief.] Thus it stood in all the editions till Mr. Theobald's, and was, methinks, not very difficult to be understood. The plain and humorous sense of the speech is this. Every true man's apparel, which the thief robs him of, fits the thief. Why ? Because, if it be too little for the thief,

112 MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clown. Proof.

Abhor.

thief, the true man thinks it big enough: i. e. a purchase too good for him. So that this fits the thief in the opinion of the true man. But if it be too big for the thief, yet the thief thinks it little enough; i. e. of value little enough. So that this fits the thief in his own opinion. Where we see, that the pleasantry of the joke consists in the equivocal sense of *big enough*, and *little enough*. Yet Mr. Theobald says, he can see no sense in all this, and therefore alters the whole thus.—

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Clown. If it be too little for your true man, your thief thinks it big enough: if it be too big for your true man, your thief thinks it little enough.

And for his alteration gives this extraordinary reason.—*I am satisfied the poet intended a regular syllogism; and I submit it to judgment, whether my regulation has not restored that wit and humour, which was quite lost in the depravation.*—But the place is corrupt, though Mr. Theobald could not find it out. Let us consider it a little. The Hangman calls his trade a mystery: the clown cannot conceive it. The Hangman undertakes to prove it in these words, *Every true man's apparel, &c.* but this proves the thief's trade a mystery, not the hangman's. Hence it appears, that the speech, in which the Hangman proved his trade a mystery, is lost. The very words it is impossible to retrieve, but one may easily understand what medium he employed in proving it: without doubt, the very same the Clown employed to prove the thief's trade a mystery; namely, *that all sorts of clothes fitted the hangman.* The Clown, on hearing this argument, replied, I suppose, to this effect: *Why, by the same kind of reasoning, I can prove the thief's trade too to be a mystery.* The other asks how, and the Clown goes on as above, *Every true man's apparel fits your thief; if it be too little, &c.* The jocular conclusion from the whole, being an insinuation that *thief* and *hangman* were rogues alike. This conjecture gives a spirit and integrity to the dialogue, which, in its present mangled condition, is altogether wanting: and shews why the argument of *every true man's apparel, &c.* was in all editions given to the Clown, to whom indeed it belongs; and likewise that the present reading of that argument is the true.

WARBURTON.

Clown. Sir, it is a mystery, &c.] If Dr. Warburton had attended to the argument by which the Bawd proves his own profession to be a mystery, he would not have been driven to take refuge in the groundless supposition, “that part of the dialogue had been lost or dropped.”

The

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 113

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief?

Clown. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftner ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, firrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

The argument of the Hangman is exactly similar to that of the Bawd. As the latter puts in his claim to the whores, as members of his occupation, and, in virtue of their painting, would enroll his own fraternity in the mystery of painters; so the former equally lays claim to the thieves, as members of his occupation, and, in their right, endeavours to rank his brethren, the hangmen, under the mystery of fitters of apparel or taylors. The reading of the old editions is therefore undoubtedly right; except that the last speech, which makes part of the Hangman's argument, is, by mistake, as the reader's own sagacity will readily perceive, given to the Clown or Bawd. I suppose, therefore, the poet gave us the whole thus:

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clown. *Proof.* —

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough: if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough; so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

I must do Dr. Warburton the justice to acknowledge, that he hath rightly apprehended, and explained the force of the Hangman's argument. *REVISAL.*

[—fits your thief.] So in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, the Hangman says:

"Here is nyne and twenty futes of apparell for my share."

True man, in the language of ancient times, is always placed in opposition to *thief*. *STEEVENS.*

[—ask forgiveness.] So in *As You Like It*:

"—The common executioner,

"Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,

"Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,

"But first begs pardon." *STEEVENS.*

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Abbor. Come on, bawd ; I will instruct thee in my trade ; follow.

Cloven. I do desire to learn, fir ; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare⁹ : for, truly fir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn. [Exit.]

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio :
One has my pity ; not a jot the other,
Being a murthrer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death :
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine ?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour

When it lies starkly¹ in the traveller's bones :
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him ?
Well, go, prepare yourself. [Exit Claud.] But, hark,
what noise ? [Knock within.]

Heaven give your spirits comfort !—By and by ;—
I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Invellop you, good provost ! Who call'd here of late ?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung ?

Duke. Not Isabel ?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then², ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio ?

⁹ —yare:] i. e. handy. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ His ships are yare, yours heavy.” STEEVENS.

¹ —starkly—] Stiffly. These two lines afford a very pleasing image. JOHNSON.

² They will then,] Perhaps *she* will then. SIR J. HAWKINS.

Duke.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 115

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd

Even with the stroke³ and line of his great justice;

He doth with holy abstinence subdue

That in himself, which he spurs on his power

⁴ To qualify in others: were he meal'd⁵

With that, which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;

But this being so, he's just.—Now are they come.—

[Knock. Provost goes out.]

This is a gentle provost; Seldom, when

The steeld goaler is the friend of men.—

How now? what noise? that spirit's possess'd with haste⁶,

That wounds the unresisting postern with these strokes.

Pro-

³ *Even with the stroke*——] *Stroke* is here put for the *stroke* of a pen or a line. JOHNSON.

⁴ *To qualify*——] To temper, to moderate, as we say wine is qualified with water. JOHNSON. So in *Othello*;

"I have drank but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too." STEEVENS.

⁵ *——were he meal'd*] Were he sprinkled; were he defiled. A figure of the same kind our author uses in *Macbeth*:

"The blood-bolter'd Banquo." JOHNSON.

So in the *Philosopher's Satires*, by Robert Anton:

"As if their perriwigs to death they gave
To meal them in some gaily dead man's grave."

STEEVENS.

⁶ *——That spirit's possess'd with haste,*

That wounds the unresisting postern with these strokes.]

The line is irregular, and the *unresisting postern* so strange an expression, that want of measure, and want of sense, might justly raise suspicion of an error; yet none of the latter editors seem to have supposed the place faulty, except sir Tho. Hanmer, who reads:

——the unresisting postern.

The three folios have it:

——unresisting postern.

out of which Mr. Rowe made *unresisting*, and the rest followed him. Sir Thomas Hanmer seems to have supposed *unresisting* the word in the copies, from which he plausibly enough extracted *unresisting*, but

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Provost returns, speaking to one at the door.

Prov. There must he stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,
You something know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the publick ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess.

but he grounded his emendation on the very syllable that wants
authority. What can be made of *unfisting* I know not; the best
that occurs to me is *unfeeling*. JOHNSON.

—————*unresisting postern*—————]

I should think we might safely read:

—————*unlist'ning postern, or unshifting postern.*

The measure requires it, and the sense remains uninjured.

STEEVENS.

' ——— *siege of justice,*] i. e. *seat of justice.* *Siege, Fr. So*
Othello:

" ——— I fetch my birth

" From men of royal *siege.*"

STEEVENS.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.]

The Provost has just declared a fixed opinion that the execution
will not be countermanded, and yet, upon the first appearance of
the Messenger, he immediately guesses that his errand is to bring
Claudio's pardon. It is evident, I think, that the names of the
speakers are misplaced. If we suppose the Provost to say:

This is his lordship's man,

it is very natural for the Duke to subjoin,

And

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Mess. My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [Exit Messenger.]

Duke. This is his pardon; purchas'd by such sin,
[Aside.]

For which the pardoners himself is in :
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority :
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That, for the fault's love, is the offender friended.—
Now, fir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, be-like, thinking me remiss in my office, awakens me with this unwanted putting on: methinks, strangely; for he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Provost reads the letter.

Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at you peril.

What say you to this, fir?

And here comes Claudio's pardon.

The Duke might believe, upon very reasonable grounds, that Angelo had now sent the pardon. It appears that he did so, from what he says to himself, while the Provost is reading the letter:

This is his pardon; purchas'd by such sin, — TYRWHITT.

When, immediately after the Duke had hinted his expectation of a pardon, the Provost sees the Messenger, he supposes the Duke to have *known something*, and changes his mind. Either reading may serve equally well. JOHNSON.

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Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nurs'd up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him; And, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not deny'd by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal².

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence he would not; drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very often awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming warrant for it; it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard, Claudio, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath

² *desperately mortal.*] This expression is obscure. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *mortally desperate*. *Mortally* is in low conversation used in this sense, but I know not whether it was ever written. I am inclined to believe, that *desperately mortal* means *desperately mischievous*. Or *desperately mortal* may mean a man likely to die in a *desperate* state, without reflection or repentance. JOHNSON.

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sentenc'd him : To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days respite ; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what ?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack ! how may I do it ? having the hour limited ; and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo ? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disguiser : and you may add to it. Shave the head, ¹ and tie the beard ; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so barb'd ² be-

¹ *and tie the beard ;*] The *Revival* recommends Mr. Simpson's emendation, *DIE the beard*, but the present reading may stand. Perhaps it was usual to *tie up* the beard before decollation. Sir T. More is said to have been ludicrously careful about this ornament of his face. It should, however, be remembered, that it was the custom *to die beards*. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Bottom says :

“ I will discharge it either in your straw-colour'd beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple in grain, &c.”
Again, in the old comedy of *Ram Alley*, 1611 :

“ What colour'd beard comes next by the window ?

“ A black man's, I think.

“ I think, a red ; for that is most in fashion.”

Again, in the *Silent Woman* : “ I have fitted my divine and canonist, *dye'd their beards and all*.”

Again, in the *Alchemist* : “ — he had *dy'd his beard*, and all.”
Again, “ To *dye your beard*, and umber o'er your face.”

STEEVENS.

A beard tied would give a very new air to that face, which had never been seen but with the beard loose, long, and squalid.

JOHNSON.

² — *to be so barb'd*] The old copy reads—*so bar'd*.

STEEVENS.

fore his death : you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father ; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy ?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing ?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that ?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look, you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke ; You know the character, I doubt not ; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke ; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure ; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing, that Angelo knows not : for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor ; perchance, of the duke's death ; perchance, entering into some monastery ; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ³. Look, ⁴the unfolding star calls up the shepherd : Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be : all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head : I will give him a present

³ *nothing of what is writ.*] We should read—*here writ*—the Duke pointing to the letter in his hand. WARBURTON.

⁴ *the unfolding star calls up the shepherd.*]

“ The star, that bids the shepherd fold,

“ Now the top of heav'n doth hold.” *Milton's Masque.*

STEEVENS.

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thrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. *[Exeunt,*

SCENE IV.

Enter Clown.

Clown. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think, it were mistress Over-done's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here young master Rash⁵; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger⁶, ninescore and seventeen pounds; of which he made

⁵ *First, here's young master Rash; &c.*] This enumeration of the inhabitants of the prison affords a very striking view of the practices predominant in Shakespear's age. Besides those whose follies are common to all times, we have four fighting men and a traveller. It is not unlikely that the originals of the pictures were then known. JOHNSON.

⁶ *a commodity of brown paper and old ginger,*] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read, *brown pepper*. The following passage in *Michaelmas Term*, Com. 1607, will justify the original reading:

"I know some gentlemen in town have been glad, and are glad at this time, to take up commodities in hawk's-hoods and brown paper."

Again, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600:

"—another that ran in debt, in the space of four or five year, above fourteen thousand pound in lute-strings and grey-paper." Again, in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636:

"—to have been so bit already

"With taking up commodities of brown paper,

"Buttons past fashion, silks, and fattins,

"Babies and children's fiddles, with like trash

"Took up at a dear rate, and sold for trifles."

Again, in *Greene's Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, 1620:

"For the merchant, he delivered the iron, tin, lead, hops, sugars, spices, oyls, brown paper, or whatever else, from six months to six months. Which when the poor gentleman came to sell again, he could not make threescore and ten in the hundred besides the usury." Again, in *Greene's Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592: "—so that if he borrow an hundred pound, he shall

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made five marks, ready money : marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at the suit of master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young master Deep-vow, and master Copper-spur, and master Starve-lacky the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd lusty Pudding, and master Forthright ' the tilter, ' and brave master Shoe-tye the

shall have forty in silver, and threescore in wares, as lutestrings, hobbyhorses, or *brown paper*, or cloath, &c."

Again, in the *Spanish Curate* of B. and Fletcher :

" Commodities of pins, *brown papers*, packthread."

Again, in Gascoigne's *Steele Glasfe* :

" To teach young men the trade to sell *brown paper*."

STEEVENS.

A commodity of *brown paper*. Mr. Steevens supports this rightly, Fennor asks, in his *Comptor's Commonwealth*, " suppose the *commodities* are delivered after Signior *Untbrift* and Master *Broaker* have both sealed the bonds, how must those hobby-horses, *reams of brown paper*, Jewes trumpes and bables, babies and rattles be folde?" FARMER.

¹ *master Forthright*] The old copy reads *Forthblight*; but should not *Forthblight* be *Forthright*, alluding to the line in which the thrust is made? JOHNSON,

Shakespeare uses this word in the *Tempest* :

" Through *fortbrights* and meanders,"

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*, act III. sc. iii :

" Or hedge aside from the direct *fortbright*." STEEVENS,

[* and brave master Shooty the great traveller,] Thus the old copy ; but as most of these are compound names, I suspect that this was originally written, master *Shoe-tye*. At this time *Shoe-strings* were generally worn. So in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631 :

" I think your wedding *shoes* have not been oft untied."

Again, in Randolph's *Muses Looking Glass*, 1638 :

" Bonding his supple hams, kissing his hands,

" Honouring *shoe-strings*."

As he was a traveller, it is not unlikely that he might be solicitous about the minutiz of dress, and the epithet *brave* seems to countenance the supposition. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's supposition is strengthen'd by Ben Jonson's Epigram upon *English Monsieur*, vol. vi. p. 253 :

That

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the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabb'd
Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our
trade, and are now in for the Lord's sake^o,

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither,

Clown. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be
hang'd, master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*Within*] A pox o' your throats! Who
makes that noise there? What are you?

Clown. Your friends, sir; the hangman: You
must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away you rogue, away; I am
sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly
too.

Clown. Pray, master Barnadine, awake till you are
executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out,

Clown. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear
his straw rustle,

"That so much scarf of France, and hat, and feather,

"And shoe, and tye, and garter, should come hither."

TOLLET.

Mr. Steevens is certainly right, for so this compounded word
was anciently spelt. So in Crashaw's poems, 1679:

"To gaudy tire or glist'ring *shoo-ty*." MALONE.

"*in for the Lord's sake.*"] i. e., to beg for the rest of their lives,

WARBURTON.

I rather think this expression intended to ridicule the puritans,
whose turbulence and indecency often brought them to prison,
and who considered themselves as suffering for religion.

It is not unlikely that men imprisoned for other crimes, might
represent themselves to casual enquirers, as suffering for puritan-
ism, and that this might be the common cant of the prisons. In
Donne's time, every prisoner was brought to jail by suretiship.

JOHNSON.

The word *in* has been supplied by some of the modern editors.
The phrase which Dr. Johnson has justly explained, is used in
A New Trick to cheat the Devil, 1636: "—I held it wife a deed
charity, and did it *for the Lord's sake.*" STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, firrah?

Clown. Very ready, fir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, fir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh, the better, fir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, fir, here comes your ghostly father; Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, fir, you must: and therefore, I beseech you, look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to day for any man's persuation.

Duke. But hear you,——

Barnar. Not a word; if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [Exit.]

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: Oh, gravel heart!—
After him, fellows; bring him to the block',

[Exeunt Abhorson and Clown.]

Prov.

After him, fellows:——] Here is a line given to the Duke, which

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Prov. Now, fir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And, to transport him² in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There dy'd this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head,
Just of his colour; What if we do omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd;
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: See, this be done,
And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done,—Put them
In secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To the under generation³, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov.

which belongs to the Provost. The Provost, while the Duke is lamenting the obduracy of the prisoner, cries out:

After him, fellows, &c.

and when they are gone out, turns again to the Duke. JOHNSON.

I do not see why this line should be taken from the Duke, and still less why it should be given to the Provost, who, by his question to the Duke in the next line, appears to be ignorant of every thing that has passed between him and Barnardine.

TYRWHITT.

² — to transport him—] To remove him from one world to another. The French *trépas* affords a kindred sense. JOHNSON.

³ To the under generation,—] So sir Thomas Hanmer, with true judgment. It was in all the former editions:

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Prov. I am your free dependent.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo. [Exit Provost.]

Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publickly : him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city ; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-balanced form⁴,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head ; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it : Make a swift return ;
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed.

[Exit.]

Isab. [Within.] Peace, ho, be here !

Duke. The tongue of Isabel :—She's come to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither :
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected⁵.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Ho, by your leave.—

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious
daughter.

To yonder ———

y. under and yonder were confounded. JOHNSON.

The old reading is not yonder but yond. STEEVENS.

⁴ ———weal-balanced form,] Thus the old copy. Mr. Heath thinks that well-balanced is the true reading ; and Hanmer was of the same opinion. STEEVENS.

⁵ When it is least expected.] A better reason might have been given. It was necessary to keep Isabella in ignorance, that she might with more keenneſs accuſe the deputy. JOHNSON.

Isab.

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Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world;
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other:

Shew your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

Isab. Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes:

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark, what I say; which you shall find
By every syllable, a faithful verity:
The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your
eyes;

One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carry'd
Notice to Escalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your
wisdom

In that good path, that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom⁶ on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to friar Peter give;
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours,
I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,

• ———your bosom———] Your wish; your heart's desire.

JOHNSON.

I am

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I am combined⁷ by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend⁸ you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even!

Friar, where is the provost?

Duke. Not within, fir.

Lucio. Oh, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart;
to see thy eyes so red: thou must be patient: I am
fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not
for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would
set me to't: But they say the duke will be here to-
morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I lov'd thy brother:
if the old⁹ fantastical duke of dark corners had been
at home, he had liv'd. *[Exit Isabella.]*

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden
to your report; but the best is, he lives not in them¹.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as
I do: he's a better woodman², than thou tak'st him
for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye
well.

⁷ *I am combined by a sacred vow,*] I once thought this should
be confined, but Shakespeare uses *combine* for to bind by a pact or
agreement, so he calls Angelo the *combinate* husband of Mariana.

JOHNSON.

⁸ *Wend you*] To *wend* is to go. So in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon *wend*." STEEVENS.

⁹ *If the old &c.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, the odd *fantastical*
duke, but *old* is a common word of aggravation in ludicrous
language, as, *there was old revelling*. JOHNSON.

¹ *—he lives not in them.*] i.e. his character depends not on
them. STEEVENS.

² *woodman,*] That is, *buntzman*, here taken for a hunter of
girls. JOHNSON.

So in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Falstaff asks his mistresses:

— "Am I a woodman? ha!" STEEVENS.

Lucio.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 129

Lucio. Nay, tarry ; I'll go along with thee ; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, fir, if they be true ; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing ?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I : but I was fain to forswear it ; they would else have marry'd me to the totten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest : Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end : if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it : Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions shew much like to madness ; pray heaven, his wisdom be not tainted ! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there ?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entring, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street ?

Escal. He shews his reason for that : to have a dispatch of complaints ; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well ; I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd : Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your house :

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K

Give

130 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Give notice to such men of fort and suit³,
As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, fir: fare you well.

[*Exit.*

Ang. Good night.—

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant⁴,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd,
The law against it!—But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me? Yet reason dares her?
no⁵:

For

³ ———[*fort and suit,*] Figure and rank. JOHNSON.

⁴ ———[*makes me unpregnant,*] In the first scene the Duke says that *Escalus* is *pregnant*, i. e. ready in the forms of law. *Unpregnant* therefore, in the instance before us, is *unready, unprepared*. STEEVENS.

⁵ —*Yet reason dares her? no:*] The old folio impressions read:

—————*Yet reason dares her No.*

And this is right. The meaning is, the circumstances of our case are such, that she will never venture to contradict me: *dares her* to reply *No* to me, whatever I say. WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald reads:

—————*Yet reason dares her note.*

Sir Thomas Hanmer:

—————*Yet reason dares her: No.*

Mr. Upton:

—————*Yet reason dares her—No,*

which he explains thus: *Yet*, says Angelo, *reason will give her courage—No*, that is, *it will not*. I am afraid *dare* has no such signification. I have nothing to offer worth insertion. JOHNSON.

To *dare* has two significations; to *terrify*, as in *The Maid's Tragedy*:

“ ———those mad mischiefs

“ *Would dare a woman.*”

Again, in *The Gentleman Usher* by Chapman:

“ A cast of falcons on their merry wings

“ *Daring* the stooped prey that shifting flies.”

Dr. Warburton says, that the meaning is, “ the circumstances of our case are such, that she will never venture to contradict me.” It should, however, be remembered, that Angelo had no accusation to prefer against Isabella, so that I know not what assertion of his she could be expected to contradict. I would read:

—————yet reason dares her *not*,

For my authority, &c.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 131

For my authority bears a credent bulk⁶,
 That no particular scandal once can touch,
 But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
 Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
 Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,
 By so receiving a dishonour'd life,
 With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet he had
 liv'd!

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
 Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not?
[Exit.]

In *K. Henry IV. P. I.* to *dare* is to *challenge* or *call forth*:

“ Unless a brother should a brother *dare*

“ To gentle exercise, &c.”

The meaning will then be, —

—*Yet reason does not challenge, call forth, or incite her to appear against me, for my authority is above the reach of her accusation.*

“ It *dares* me,” in the North, signifies it *pains* or *grieves* me; but that sense is not easily applicable to the passage in question.

STEEVENS.

⁶ — *my authority bears a credent bulk,*

That no particular slander &c.]

Credent is *creditable*, *inforcing credit*, not *questionable*. The old English writers often confound the active and passive adjectives. So Shakespeare, and Milton after him, use *inexpressive* for *inexpressible*.

Particular is *private*, a French sense. No scandal from any private mouth can reach a man in my authority. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads—*bears of*—I suppose for—*bears off*, i. e. carries along with it. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *we would, and we would not.*] Here undoubtedly the act should end, and was ended by the poet; for here is properly a cessation of action, and a night intervenes, and the place is changed, between the passages of this scene, and those of the next. The next act beginning with the following scene, proceeds without any interruption of time or change of place. JOHNSON.

132 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

SCENE V.

Changes to the Fields without the Town.

Enter Duke in his own habit, and Friar Peter.

Duke. These³ letters at fit time deliver me.

[*Giving letters.*]

The Provost knows our purpose, and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;
Though sometimes you do blench² from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,
And tell him, where I stay : give the like notice
Unto Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate ;
But send me Flavius first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well. [Exit Friar.]

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius ; thou hast made good
haste :

Come, we will walk : There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loth ;
I would say the truth ; but to accuse him so,
That is your part : yet I'm advis'd to do it ;
He says, to vail full purpose¹.

Mari.

³ *These letters*——] Peter never delivers the letters, but tells his story without any credentials. The poet forgot the plot which he had formed. JOHNSON.

² ——*you do blench from this to that.*] To *blench* is to start off, to fly off. STEEVENS.

¹ *He says, to vail full purpose.*] Thus the old copies. I don't know

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 133

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physick,
That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, friar Peter—

Isab. Oh, peace; the friar is come.

Enter Friar Peter.

Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most
fit,

Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
He shall not pass you: Twice have the trumpets
sounded;

The generous³ and gravest citizens

Have

know what idea our editors formed to themselves of *vailing full*
purpose; but, I'm persuaded, the poet meant, as I have restored,
viz. to a purpose that will stand us in stead, that will-profit us.

THEOBALD.

He says, to vail full purpose.] Mr. Theobald alters it to,

He says, t' availful purpose;

because he has no idea of the common reading. A good reason!
Yet the common reading is right. *Full* is used for *beneficial*;
and the meaning is, *He says, it is to bide a beneficial purpose, that*
must not yet be revealed. WARBURTON.

To vail full purpose, may, with very little force on the words,
mean, *to bide the whole extent of our design,* and therefore the read-
ing may stand; yet I cannot but think Mr. Theobald's altera-
tion either lucky or ingenious. To interpret words with such
laxity, as to make *full* the same with *beneficial*, is to put an end,
at once, to all necessity of emendation, for any word may then
stand in the place of another. JOHNSON.

² *Enter Friar Peter.*] This play has two Friars, either of whom
might singly have served. I should therefore imagine, that Friar
Thomas, in the first act, might be changed, without any harm,
to Friar Peter; for why should the Duke unnecessarily trust two
in an affair which required only one. The name of Friar Tho-
mas is never mentioned in the dialogue, and therefore seems ar-
bitrarily placed at the head of the scene. JOHNSON.

³ *The generous, &c.*] i. e. the most noble, &c. *Generous* is
here used in its Latin sense. "*Virgo generosa et nobilis.*" Cicero.
Shakespeare uses it again in *Othello*:

134 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Have hent the gates⁴, and very near upon
The duke is entring; therefore hence, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

A publick Place near the City.

*Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, and
Citizens, at several doors.*

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you,
Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal
grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made enquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul

“——— the generous islanders

“By you invited——” STEEVENS.

* *Have hent the gates, —*] Have seized or taken possession of
the gates. JOHNSON.

So in Sir A. Gorges’ translation of the 4th B. of Lucan;

“——— did prevent

“His foes, ere they the hills had bent.”

So in T. Heywood’s *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

“Lament the Roman land

“The king is from thee bent.”

Again, in the bl. l. *Romance of Syr Eglamour of Artoys*, no date:

“But with the childe homewarde gan ryde

“That fro the gryffon was bent.”

Again, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Guy of Warwick*,
b. i. no date:

“Some by the arms bent good Guy, &c.”

Again, “And some by the bridle him bent.”

Spenser often uses the word *bend* for to seize or take, and *overbend*
for to *overtake*. STEEVENS.

Cannot

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 135

Cannot but yield you forth to publick thanks,
Fore-running more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. Oh, your desert speaks loud ; and I should
wrong it,

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion : Give me your hand,
And let the subjects see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus ;
You must walk by us on our other hand ;—
And good supporters are you. [*As the Duke is going out,*

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time ; speak loud, and kneel
before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke ! 'vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid !
Oh worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice !

Duke. Relate your wrongs : In what ? by whom ?
be brief :

Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice ;
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. Oh, worthy duke,

' —vail your regard] That is, withdraw your thoughts from
higher things, let your notice descend upon a wronged woman.
To vail, is to lower. JOHNSON.

This is one of the few expressions which might have been borrowed from the old play of *Promos and Cassandra*, 1598 :

“ —vail thou thine ears.”

So in Stanyhurst's translation of the 4th Book of Virgil's *Æneid* :

“ —Pbrygio liceat servire marito.”

“ Let Dido vail her heart to bed-fellow Trojan.”

STEEVENS.

136 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

You bid me seek redemption of the devil :
Hear me yourself ; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you : hear me, oh, hear me,
here.

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm :
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. By course of justice !

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak :
That Angelo's forsworn ; is it not strange ?
That Angelo's a murderer ; is't not strange ?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin violater ;
Is it not strange, and strange ?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange :
Nay, it is ten times true ; for truth is truth⁶
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her :—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness : make not impos-
sible

That which but seems unlike : 'tis not impossible,
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem⁷ as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,

⁶ ——— truth is truth

To the end of reckoning.]

That is, truth has no gradations ; nothing which admits of en-
crease can be so much what it is, as *truth is truth*. There may
be a *strange* thing, and a thing *more strange*, but if a proposition
be *true*, there can be none *more true*. JOHNSON.

⁷ —as *shy*, as *grave*, as *just*, as *absolute*,] As *shy* ; as reserved,
as abstracted : as *just* ; as nice, as exact : as *absolute* ; as complete
in all the round of duty. JOHNSON.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 137

As Angelo ; even so may Angelo,
 'In all his dressings, characts', titles, forms,
 Be an arch villain : believe it, royal prince,
 If he be less, he's nothing ; but he's more,
 Had I more name for badness,

Duke. By mine honesty,
 If he be mad, (as I believe no other)
 Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
 Such a dependency of thing on thing,
 As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. Gracious duke,
 Harp not on that ; nor do not banish reason¹
 For inequality : but let your reason serve
 To make the truth appear, where it seems hid ;
 Not hide the false, seems true².

Duke. Many that are not mad,
 Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you
 say ?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
 Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
 To lose his head ; condemn'd by Angelo :
 I, in probation of a sisterhood,
 Was sent to by my brother ; One Lucio
 Was then the messenger ;—

¹ *In all his dressings, &c.*] In all his semblance of virtue, in all his habiliments of office. JOHNSON.

² — *characts*, —] i. e. characters. See *Dugdale, Orig. Jurid.* p. 81.—“ That he use ne hide, no charme, ne *careste*.”

TYRWHITT.

So in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, B. i :

“ With his *careste* would him enchaunt.”

Again, “ And read his *careste* in the wise.” B. v. fol. 103.

Again, “ Through his *carestes* and figures.” B. vi. fol. 140.

Again, “ And his *careste* as he was taught,

“ He rad, &c.” STEEVENS.

¹ ———— *do not banish reason*

For inequality : ————]

Let not the high quality of my adversary prejudice you against me. JOHNSON.

² And *hide the false, seems true.*] We should read,

Not *hide* ———— WARBURTON.

Lucio.

138 MEASURE, FOR MEASURE.

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace :
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord ;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then ;
Pray you, take note of it : and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself ; take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right ; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed,

Isab. I went

To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it ;

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again : the matter ;—Proceed,

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me³, and how I reply'd ;

(For

³ *How he refell'd me, —*] To *refel* is to refute.

“ *Refellere et coarguere mendacium.*” Cicero pro Ligario.

Ben Jonson uses the word :

“ Friends, not to *refel* you,

“ Or any way quell you.”

The modern editors changed the word to *repel*. Again, in *The Second Part of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601 :

“ Therefore go on, young Bruce, proceed, *refell*

“ The allegation.”

Again, in *The Tragedy of Mariam*, 1613 :

“ Her skin will every curtleaxe edge *refell*.”

“ The reason's strong and not to be *refell'd*.”

J. Markham's Arcadia, 1607.

Again,

(For this was of much length) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter :
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible ⁴ intemperate lust,
Release my brother ; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse ⁵ confutes my honour,
And I did yield to him : But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting ⁶, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely !

Isab. Oh, that it were as like, as it is true ⁷ !

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch ⁸, thou know'st not
what thou speak'st ;

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice ⁹ : First, his integrity

Again, in *Eliaflo Libidinoso* :

" Thou hast so many precepts to *refell* that thou hast always
followed."

Again, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613 :

" Will strive by word or action to *refell*." STEEVENS.

⁴ *To his concupiscible, &c.*] Such is the old reading. The modern editors unauthoritatively substitute *concupiscent*. STEEVENS.

⁵ *My sisterly remorse*] i. e. pity. STEEVENS.

⁶ *His purpose surfeiting*] Thus the old copy. We might read *surfeiting*, but the former word is too much in the manner of Shakespeare to be rejected. So in *Othello* :

" ——— my hopes not *surfeited* to death." STEEVENS.

⁷ *Oh, that it were as like, as it is true!*] *Like* is not here used for *probable*, but for *seemly*. She catches at the Duke's word, and turns it to another sense ; of which there are a great many examples in Shakespeare, and the writers of that time. WARBURTON.

I do not see why *like* may not stand here for *probable*, or why the lady should not wish, that since her tale is true, it may obtain belief. If Dr. Warburton's explication be right, we should read,

O ! that it were as likely, as 'tis true !

Like I have never found for *seemly*. JOHNSON.

⁸ ——— *fond wretch*,] *Fond wretch* is *foolish wretch*. So in another play of our author :

" 'Tis *fond* to wail inevitable strokes." STEEVENS,

⁹ *In hateful practice* : —] *Practice* was used by the old writers for any unlawful or insidious stratagem. So again :

" *This must needs be practice*."

and again :

" *Let me have way to find this practice out*." JOHNSON.
Stands

140 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Stands without blemish :—next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself : if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off : Some one hath set you on ;
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

Ifab. And is this all ?

Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience ; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance !—Heaven shield your grace from
woe,

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go !

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone :—An officer—
To prison with her ;—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us ? This needs must be a practice^a.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither ?

Ifab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick,

Duke. A ghostly father, belike : Who knows that
Lodowick ?

Lucio. My lord, I know him ; 'tis a meddling friar ;
I do not like the man : had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me ? this' a good friar be-
like !

And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute !—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that
friar

^a *In countenance !—*] i. e. in partial favour. WARBURTON.

^a —practice.] *Practice* in Shakespeare, very often means
shameful artifice, unjustifiable stratagem. So in *K. Lear* :

“ ———— This is *practice*, Gloucester.”

Again, in *K. John* :

“ It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand,

“ The *practice* and the purpose of the king.” STEEVENS.

I saw

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 141

I saw them at the prison : a sawcy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Peter. Blessed be your royal grace !
I have stobd by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd : First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute ;
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that friar Lodowick, which she speaks of ?

Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy ;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary medler ,
As he's reported by this gentleman ;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously ; believe it.

Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear himself ;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever : Upon his mere request ³,
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo) came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false ; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whenever he's convented ⁴. First, for this woman ;
(To

³ —*nor a temporary medler,*] It is hard to know what is meant by a *temporary* medler. In its usual sense, as opposed to *perpetual*, it cannot be used here. It may stand for *temporal*: the sense will then be, *I know him for a holy man, one that meddles not with secular affairs.* It may mean *temporising*: *I know him to be a holy man, one who would not temporise, or take the opportunity of your absence to defame you.* Or we may read :

Not scurvy, nor a tamperer and medler :
not one who would have *tampered* with this woman to make her a false evidence against your deputy. JOHNSON.

⁴ —*his mere request,*] i. e. his *absolute* request. Thus in *Hamlet* :

“ ———things rank and gross in nature

“ Possess it *merely*.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *Whenever he's conven'd* —] The first folio reads, *convented*,
and

142 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

(To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly^o and personally accus'd)
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.
Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?—
O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo⁷;

In

and this is right: for to *convene* signifies to assemble; but *convent*, to cite, or summons. Yet, because *convented* hurts the measure, the Oxford editor sticks to *conven'd*, though it be nonsense, and signifies, *Whenever he is assembled together*. But thus it will be, when the author is thinking of one thing and his critic of another. The poet was attentive to his sense, and the editor quite throughout his performance, to nothing but the measure; which Shakespeare having entirely neglected, like all the dramatic writers of that age, he has spruced him up with all the exactness of a modern measurer of syllables. This being here taken notice of once for all, shall, for the future, be forgot, as if it had never been.

WARBURTON.

To *convent* is no uncommon word. So in *Woman's a Weather-cock*, 1612:

“ ——— left my looks

“ Should tell the company *convented* there, &c.”

To *convent* and to *convene* are derived from the same Latin verb, and have exactly the same meaning. STEEVENS.

^o So vulgarly—] Meaning either so *grossly*, with such *indecency* of invective, or by so *mean* and inadequate witnesses. JOHNSON.

Vulgarly, I believe, means *publickly*. The *vulgar* are the *common people*. Daniel uses *vulgarly* for *among the common people*:

“ ——— and which pleases *vulgarly*.” STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— Come, cousin Angelo,

In this I will be partial;]

In former editions,

——— Come, cousin Angelo,

In this I'll be impartial; be you judge

Of your own cause——

Surely this Duke had odd notions of impartiality, to commit the decision of a cause to the person accused. He talks much more rationally in the character of the Friar:

——— The duke's unjust,

Thus to retort your manifest appeal;

And put your trial in the villain's mouth,

Whom here you come t' accuse.———

I think,

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 143

In this I will be impartial ; be you judge
Of your own-cause.—Is this the witness, friar ?

[*Isabella is carried off, guarded.*

Enter

I think, there needs no stronger authority to convince, that
the poet must have wrote, as I have corrected,

In this I will be partial ; — THEOBALD.

“ ———— Come, Cousin Angelo,

“ In this I’ll be *impartial* : be you judge

“ Of your own cause.”

Surely, says Mr. Theobald, this duke had odd notions of impartiality !—He reads therefore, “ *I will be partial*,” and all the editors follow him : even Mr. Heath declares the observation unanswerable. But see the uncertainty of criticism ! *impartial* was sometimes used in the sense of *partial*. In the old play of *Sweetnam the Woman-hater*, Atlanta cries out, when the judges decree against the women :

“ You are *impartial*, and we do appeal

“ From you to judges more indifferent.” FARMER.

So in Marston’s *Antonio and Mellida*, 2d Part, 1602 :

“ ———— There’s not a beauty lives

“ Hath that *impartial* predominance

“ O’er my affects, as your enchanting graces.”

Again, in the first edit of *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597 :

“ Cruel, unjust, *impartial* destinies !”

Again, “ ———— this day, this unjust, *impartial* day.”

Again, in *Montaigne’s Essays*, translated by Florio, 1632 :

“ —I am very prodigal of cappings, especially in summer.—
I wish that some princes that I know would be more sparing and *impartial* dispensers of them, for being so indiscreetly employed they have no force at all ; if they be without regard, then they are without effect.”

In support of the old reading, and in confirmation of Mr. Farmer’s observation, it may be remarked, that the writers who were contemporary with Shakespeare, when they would express what we now call *impartial*, generally use the word *unpartial*. Thus Marston in the play above quoted :

“ I tell you, Lady, had you view’d us both

“ With an *unpartial* eye.”——

So Speed, in his *Hist. of Great Britain*, 1614, speaking of the death of queen Elizabeth, says — “ The God of peace called her to a far higher glory by his *unpartial* messenger, Death.” Again, in Marston’s Preface to *The Fawne*, 1606 :—“ And rather to be *unpartially* beloved of all, than factiously to be admired of a few.” Again, in Heywood’s *Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas*, 1637 :

——the

Enter Mariana, veil'd.

First, let her shew her face ; and, after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord ; I will not shew my face,
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd ?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid ?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then ?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why you are nothing then :—
Neither maid, widow, nor wife ?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk ; for many of
them

Are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow : I would, he had some
cause.

To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess, I ne'er was marry'd ;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid :
I have known my husband ; yet my husband knows
not,

That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord ; it can be no
better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, 'would thou wert
so too.

“ ———the sun we find

“ *Unpartially* to shine on all mankind.”

And indeed, I believe, it will be found, that the ancient English privative *un*, was in our author's time generally used ; and that *in* or *im*, which modern writers have substituted in its place, was then frequently used as an augmentative or intensive particle. Thus *impartial* was used for *very partial*, and *indifferent* for *very different*. See a note on the *Taming of a Shrew*, act IV. sc. i. MALONE.

* *Neither maid, widow, nor wife ?*] This is a proverbial phrase to be found in Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

Lucio.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord :

She, that accuses him of fornication,
In self same manner doth accuse my husband ;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me ?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No ? you say, your husband. [*To Mariana.*

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse⁹ :—Let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me ; now I will unmask.

[*Unveiling.*

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which, once thou swor'st, was worth the looking on :
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine : this is the body,
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house,
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman ?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman ;
And, five years since, there was some speech of marriage

Betwixt myself and her : which was broke off,

⁹ *This is a strange abuse :—*] *Abuse* stands in this place for *deception*, or *puzzle*. So in *Macbeth* :

“ —my *strange* and *self* abuse,
means, *this strange* deception of *myself*. JOHNSON.

146. MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Partly, for that her promised proportions¹
 Came short of composition; but, in chief,
 For that her reputation was disvalu'd
 In levity: since which time, of five years,
 I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
 Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince,
 As there comes light from heaven, and words from
 breath,
 As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
 I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly
 As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
 But tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house,
 He knew me as a wife: As this is true,
 Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
 Or else for ever be confix'd here,
 A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile 'till now;
 Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
 My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive,
 * These poor informal women are no more

But

¹ ——— her promised proportions

Came short of composition; ———]

Her fortune, which was promised proportionate to mine, fell short of the composition, that is, contract or bargain. JOHNSON.

² These poor informal women ———] i. e. women who have ill concerted their story. *Formal* signifies frequently, in our authour, a thing put into form or method: so *informal*, out of method, ill concerted. How easy is it to say, that Shakespeare might better have wrote *informing*, i. e. *accusing*. But he who (as the Oxford editor) thinks he did write so, knows nothing of the character of his stile. WARBURTON.

I once believed *informal* had no other or deeper signification than *informing*, *accusing*. The *scope* of justice, is the full extent; but think, upon farther enquiry, that *informal* signifies *incompetent*, not qualified to give testimony. Of this use there are precedents to be found, though I cannot now recover them. JOHNSON.

Informal signifies out of their senses. In the *Comedy of Errors*, we meet with these lines:

“ ——— I will

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 147

But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on : Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart ;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar ; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone ! think'st thou thy
oaths,

Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation³ ?—You, lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin ; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.—
There is another friar, that set them on ;
Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my lord ; for he, in-
deed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint :
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.—
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth⁴,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,

- " —I will not let him stir,
- " Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
- " With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
- " To make of him a formal man again."

Formal, in this passage, evidently signifies in *his senses*. The lines are spoken of Antipholus of Syracuse, who is behaving like a madman. Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

- " Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
- " Not like a formal man." STEEVENS.

³ *That's seal'd in approbation* ?—] When any thing subject to counterfeits is tried by the proper officers and approved, a stamp or seal is put upon it, as among us on plate, weights, and measures. So the Duke says, that Angelo's faith has been tried, *approved*, and *seal'd* in testimony of that *approbation*, and, like other things so *sealed*, is no more to be called in question. JOHNSON.

⁴ —to hear this matter forth,] To hear it to the end ; to search it to the bottom. JOHNSON.

148 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

In any chastisement : I for a while
Will leave you ; stir not you, till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers. [Exit.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.—Signior
Lucio, did not you say, you knew that friar Lodo-
wick to be a dishonest person ?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum* : honest in no-
thing, but in his cloaths ; and one that hath spoke
most villainous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall intreat you to abide here till he
come, and enforce them against him : We shall find
this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again ; I
would speak with her : Pray you, my lord, give me
leave to question ; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you ?

Lucio. Marry, fir, I think, if you handled her pri-
vately, she should sooner confess ; perchance, pub-
lickly she'll be ashamed.

*Enter Duke in the Friar's habit, and Provost. Isabella
is brought in.*

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way ; for women are light at
midnight^s.

Escal. Come on, mistress ; here's a gentlewoman
denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of ;
here with the Provost.

Escal. In very good time :—speak not you to him,
'till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

^s —are light at midnight.] This is one of the words on
which Shakespeare chiefly delights to quibble. Thus Portia in
the *Merchant of Venice* :

“ Let me give *light*, but let me not be *light*.” STEEVENS.

Escal.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 149

Escal. Come, fir; Did you set these women on to slander lord Angelo? they have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil⁶

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne:—

Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke's in us; and we will hear you speak:

Look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least:—But, oh, poor souls, Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?

Good night to your redress: Is the duke gone?

Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust, Thus to retort your manifest appeal⁷,

And put your trial in the villain's mouth,

Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he, I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!

Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women

To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,

And in the witness of his proper ear,

To call him villain?

And then to glance from him to the duke himself,

To tax him with injustice?—Take him hence;

To the rack with him:—We'll touze you joint by joint,

But we will know this purpose:—What? unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke

Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he

⁶ —let the devil, &c.] Shakespeare was a reader of Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny; and in the vth book and 8th chapter, might have met with this idea. "The Augylæ do no worship to any but to the devils beneath." STEEVENS.

⁷ —To retort your manifest appeal;] To refer back to Angelo the cause in which you appealed from Angelo to the Duke.

150 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Dare rack his own; his subject I am not,
Nor here provincial⁷: My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
'Till it o'er-run the stew; laws, for all faults;
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop⁸,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to
prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior
Lucio?

Is this the man, that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman
bald-pate: Do you know me?

⁷ *Nor here provincial:]* Nor here *accountable*. The meaning seems to be, I am not one of his natural subjects, nor of any dependent province. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,]* Barber's shops were, at all times, the resort of idle people:

*"Fonstrina erat quædam: hic solebamus ferè
"Plerumque eam opperiri——"*

Which Donatus calls *apta sedes otiosis*. Formerly with us, the better sort of people went to the barber's shop to be trimmed; who then practised the under parts of surgery: so that he had occasion for numerous instruments, which lay there ready for use; and the idle people, with whom his shop was generally crowded, would be perpetually handling and misusing them. To remedy which, I suppose, there was placed up against the wall a table of forfeitures, adapted to every offence of this kind; which, it is not likely, would long preserve its authority. WARBURTON.

This explanation may serve till a better is discovered. But whoever has seen the instruments of a chirurgeon, knows that they may be very easily kept out of improper hands in a very small box, or in his pocket. JOHNSON.

The forfeits in a barber's shop are brought forward by Mr. Kenrick with a parade worthy of the subject. FARMER.

It was formerly part of a barber's occupation to *pick the teeth and ears*. So in the old play of *Herod and Antipater*, 1623, Tryphon the barber enters with a case of instruments, to each of which he addresses himself separately:

"Toothpick, dear toothpick; carpick, both of you

"Have been her sweet companions!—&c." STEEVENS.

Duke.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 151

Duke. I remember you, fir, by the sound of your voice : I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notably, fir.

Lucio. Do you so, fir? And was the duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward², as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, fir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report : you, indeed, spoke so of him ; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow ! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the duke, as I love myself.

Ang. Hark ! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal : Away with him to prison :—Where is the provost? —Away with him to prison ; lay bolts enough upon him : let him speak no more :—away with those giglots too¹, and with the other confederate companion.
[*The Provost lays hands on the Duke.*]

Duke. Stay, fir ; stay a while.

Ang. What ! resists he ? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, fir ; come, fir ; come, fir : foh, fir ; Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal ! you must be hooded, must you ? show your knave's visage, with

² ———— *and a coward,*] So again afterwards :

“ *You, firrah, that know me for a fool, a coward,*

“ *One all of luxury*———”

But Lucio had not, in the former conversation, mentioned *cowardice* among the faults of the duke.—Such failures of memory are incident to writers more diligent than this poet. JOHNSON.

¹ ———— *these giglots too,*] A *giglot* is a wanton wench. So in *K. Henry VI.* P. I:

“ ———— young Talbot was not born

“ To be the pillage of a *giglot* wench.” STEEVENS.

152 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour!² Will't not off?

[Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.

Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e'er mad'st a duke.—

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three :—
Sneak not away, fir; [to Lucio.] for the friar and you
Must have a word anon :—lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging,

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you
down.— [To Escalus.

We'll borrow place of him :—Sir, by your leave :

[To Angelo,

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? if thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernable,
When I perceive, your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes³: Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession;

² *Show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour: will't not off?*] This is intended to be the common language of vulgar indignation. Our phrase on such occasions is simply; *Show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged*. The words *an hour* have no particular use here, nor are authorised by custom. I suppose it was written thus, *Show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged—an' bow? will't not off?* In the midland counties, upon any unexpected obstruction or resistance, it is common to exclaim *an' bow?*

JOHNSON.

Show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour:] Dr. Johnson's alteration is wrong. In the *Alchemist*, we meet with
“a man that has been *strangled an hour*.”

“What, Piper, ho! *be hang'd a-while*,” is a line of an old madrigal. FARMER.

³ *my passes*:] i. e. what has past in my administration.

STEEVENS.

Imme-

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 153

Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana :—

Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman ?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—

Do you the office, friar ; which consummate,
Return him here again ;—Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.*]

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,

Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel :

Your friar is now your prince : As I was then
Advertising, and holy ⁴ to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. Oh, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel :
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us ⁵.
Your brother's death, I know, fits at your heart :
And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life ; and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him be so lost : Oh, most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with flower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose ⁶ : But, peace be with him !

⁴ *Advertising and holy*] Attentive and faithful. JOHNSON.

⁵ ——— *be you as free to us.*] Be as generous to us, pardon us as we have pardoned you. JOHNSON.

⁶ *That brain'd my purpose : ———*] We now use in conversation a like phrase. *This it was that knocked my design on the head.* Dr. Warburton reads :

————baned my purpose. JOHNSON.

That

154 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear : make it your comfort,
So, happy is your brother.

Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-marry'd man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon him
For Mariana's sake : But as he adjudg'd your brother,
(Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity ; and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependant, for your brother's life)
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue⁷,
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure ;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*⁸.
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested ;
Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee van-
tage⁹ :

We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like
haste ;—

Away with him.

Mari. Oh, my most gracious lord,
I hope, you will not mock me with a husband !

⁷ ——— even from his proper tongue,] Even from Angelo's own tongue. So above.

" In the witness of his proper ear

" To call him villain." JOHNSON.

⁸ So in the Third Part of *K. Henry VI* :

" *Measure for Measure* must be answered." STREVS.

The following lines in an old tragedy entitled—*A Warning for faire Women*, 1599 ; (but apparently written some years before) might have furnished Shakespeare with the title of this play :

" The trial now remains as shall conclude,

" *Measure for Measure*, and lost blood for blood."

MALONE.

⁹ ——— denies thee waniage:] Takes from thee all opportunity, all expedient of denial. WARBURTON.

Duke.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 155

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband :

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit ; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choak your good to come ; for his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do enstate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. Oh, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him ; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my liege— [Kneeling

Duke. You do but lose your labour ;—
Away with him to death.—Now, fir, to you.

[To Lucio.

Mari. Oh, my good lord !—Sweet Isabel, take my part ;

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you, all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her :
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me ;
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults ;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad ; so may my husband.
Oh, Isabel ! will you not lend a knee ?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

^a *Against all sense you do importune her :*] The meaning required is, against all reason and natural affection ; Shakespeare, therefore, judiciously uses a single word that implies both ; *sense* signifying both reason and affection. JOHNSON.

The same expression occurs in the *Tempest*. ACT II :

“ You cram these words into my ears, against

“ The stomach of my *sense*.” STEEVENS.

Isab.

156 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Ifab. Most bounteous sir, [Kneeling.]
 Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
 As if my brother liv'd : I partly think,
 A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
 'Till he did look on me¹ ; since it is so,
 Let him not die : my brother had but justice,
 In that he did the thing for which he dy'd :
 For Angelo,
 His act did not o'ertake his bad intent² ;
 And must be bury'd but as an intent,
 That perish'd by the way : thoughts are no subjects ;
 Intent, but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable ; stand up, I say.—
 I have bethought me of another fault :—
 Provost, how came it, Claudio was beheaded
 At an unusual hour ?

² *Till he did look on me ;*] The duke has justly observed that Isabel is importuned against all sense to solicit for Angelo, yet here against all sense she solicits for him. Her argument is extraordinary.

*A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
 'Till he did look on me ; since it is so,
 Let him not die.*

That Angelo had committed all the crimes charged against him, as far as he could commit them, is evident. The only *intent* which *his act did not overtake*, was the defilement of Isabel. Of this Angelo was only intentionally guilty.

Angelo's crimes were such, as must sufficiently justify punishment, whether its end be to secure the innocent from wrong, or to deter guilt by example ; and I believe every reader feels some indignation when he finds him spared. From what extenuation of his crime, can Isabel, who yet supposes her brother dead, form any plea in his favour ? *Since he was good 'till he looked on me, let him not die.* I am afraid our varlet poet intended to inculcate, that women think ill of nothing that raises the credit of their beauty, and are ready, however virtuous, to pardon any act which they think incited by their own charms. JOHNSON.

"How oft the sight of power to do ill deeds,
 Makes ill deeds done ?" *K. John.* STEEVENS.

³ *His act did not o'ertake his bad intent ;*] So in *Macbeth* :
 "The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
 Unless the deed go with it." STEEVENS.

Prov.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 157

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private mes-
sage.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office :
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord :
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not ;
Yet did repent me, after more advice⁴ :
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have dy'd,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he ?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would, thou had'st done so by Claudio.—
Go, fetch him hither ; let me look upon him.

Exit Provost.

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure :
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy ;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio, and Julietta.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine ?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man :—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according : Thou'rt condemn'd ;
But, for those earthly faults⁵, I quit them all ;

⁴ —after more advice :] i. e. after more mature consideration.

STEEVENS.

⁵ —for those earthly faults,] Thy faults, so far as they are
punishable on earth, so far as they are cognisable by temporal
power, I forgive. JOHNSON.

I pray

158 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

I pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come :—Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's
that ?

Prov. This is another prisoner, that I sav'd,
Who should have dy'd when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio, as himself.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake
[*To Isab.*

Is he pardon'd; And, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say, you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.
By this, lord Angelo perceives he's safe⁶;
Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye :—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well⁷:
Look, that you love you wife⁸; her worth, worth
yours⁹.—

I find an apt remission in myself;
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon¹;—
You,

⁶ ———*perceives he's safe*;] It is somewhat strange, that Isabel is not made to express either gratitude, wonder, or joy at the sight of her brother. JOHNSON.

⁷ ———*your evil quits you well*:] *Quits you, recompenses, requites you.* JOHNSON.

⁸ *Look that you love your wife*;] So in *Promos*, &c.

"Be loving to good Cassandra, thy wife." STEEVENS.

⁹ ———*her worth, worth yours.*] Sir T. Hanmer reads,
Her worth works yours.

This reading is adopted by Dr. Warburton, but for what reason? How does her *worth work Angelo's worth*? it has only contributed to *work* his pardon. The words are, as they are too frequently, an affected gingle, but the sense is plain. *Her worth, worth yours*; that is, her value is equal to your value, the match is not unworthy of you. JOHNSON.

¹ ———*here's one in place I cannot pardon*;] After the pardon of two murderers, Lucio might be treated by the good duke with less harshness; but perhaps the poet intended to show, what is too often seen, that *men easily forgive wrongs which are not committed against themselves.* JOHNSON.

If this note had not been written before the conclusion of the play was read, it would have been found that the Duke only
meant

You, firrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
[To Lucio.]

One all of luxury, an afs, a mad-man;
Wherein have I deserved so of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to
the trick²: if you will hang me for it, you may, but
I had rather it would please you, I might be whip'd.

Duke. Whip'd first, fir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city;
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself, there's one
Whom he begot with child) let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whip'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me
to a whore! your highness said even now, I made
you a duke; good my lord, do not recompence me,
in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits³:—Take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to
death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a prince deserves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.—

meant to frighten Lucio, whose final sentence is to marry the
woman whom he had wronged, on which all his other punish-
ments are remitted. STEEVENS.

² ———according to the trick:] To my custom, my habitual
practice. JOHNSON.

³ —thy other forfeits:] Thy other punishments. JOHNSON.
To forfeit anciently signified to commit a carnal offence. So in
the History of Hebias Knight of the Swanne, bl. l. no date. "—to
affirme by an untrue knight, that the noble queen Beatrice had
forfayted with a dogge." Again, in the 12th Pageant of the Co-
ventry Collection of Mysteries, the Virgin Mary tells Joseph:

"I dede nevyr forfete with man I wys."

MS. Cott. Vesp. D. viii. STEEVENS.

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Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo;
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much good-
ness⁴:

There's more behind, that is more gratefully.—
Thanks, provost, for thy care, and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place:—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;
The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:—
So bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.
[*Exeunt*⁶.

⁴ *Thanks good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:]* I have always thought that there is great confusion in this concluding speech. If my criticism would not be censured as too licentious, I should regulate it thus:

Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness.

Thanks, Provost, for thy care and secrecy;

We shall employ thee in a worthier place.

Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home

The head of Ragozine for Claudio's.

Ang. Th' offence pardons itself.

Duke. There's more behind

That is more gratefully. Dear Isabel,

I have a motion, &c. JOHNSON.

⁵ ———*that is more gratefully.]* i. e. *to be more rejoiced in;*— meaning, I suppose, that there is another world, where he will find yet greater reason to rejoice in consequence of his upright ministry. *Escalus* is represented as an ancient nobleman, who, in conjunction with *Angelo*, had reached the highest office of the state. He therefore could not be sufficiently rewarded here; but is necessarily referred to a future and more exalted recompence.

STEEVENS.

⁶ I cannot help taking notice with how much judgment Shakespeare has given turns to this story from what he found it in Cynthio Giraldi's novel. In the first place, the brother is there actually executed, and the governor sends his head in a bravado to the sister, after he had debauched her on promise of marriage. A circumstance of too much horror and villainy for the stage. And,
in

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 161

is the next place, the sister afterwards is, to fold up her disgrace, married to the governour, and begs his life of the emperor, though he had unjustly been the death of her brother. Both which absurdities the poet has avoided by the episode of Mariana, a creature purely of his own invention. The duke's remaining incognito at home to supervise the conduct of his deputy, is also entirely our authour's fiction.

This story was attempted for the scene before our authour was fourteen years old, by one George Whetstone, in *Two Comical Discourses*, as they are called, containing the right excellent and famous history of Promos and Cassandra, printed with the black letter, 1578. The author going that year with Sir Humphrey Gilbert to Norimbega, left them with his friends to publish.

THEOBALD.

The novel of Cynthio Giraldi, from which Shakespeare is supposed to have borrowed this fable, may be read in *Shakespeare illustrated*, elegantly translated, with remarks which will assist the enquirer to discover how much absurdity Shakespeare has admitted or avoided.

I cannot but suspect that some other had new-modelled the novel of Cynthio, or written a story which in some particulars resembled it, and that Cynthio was not the authour whom Shakespeare immediately followed. The emperor in Cynthio is named Maximine; the duke, in Shakespeare's enumeration of the persons of the drama, is called Vincentio. This appears a very slight remark; but since the duke has no name in the play, nor is ever mentioned but by his title, why should he be called Vincentio among the *persons*, but because the name was copied from the story, and placed superfluously at the head of the list by the mere habit of transcripion? It is therefore likely that there was then a story of Vincentio duke of Vienna, different from that of Maximine emperor of the Romans.

Of this play the light or comick part is very natural and pleasing, but the grave scenes, if a few passages be excepted, have more labour than elegance. The plot is rather intricate than artful. The time of the action is indefinite; some time, we know not how much, must have elapsed between the recess of the duke and the imprisonment of Claudio; for he must have learned the story of Mariana in his disguise, or he delegated his power to a man already known to be corrupted. The unities of action and place are sufficiently preserved. JOHNSON.

The Fable of Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578.

"The Argument of the whole *History*."

"In the cyttie of *Julio* (sometimes under the dominion of *Corvinus* kynge of *Hungarie*, and *Boemia*) there was a law, that what man so ever committed adultery, should lose his head, and the woman offender, should weare some disguised apparel, during her life, to make her infamously noted. This severe lawe, by

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the favour of some mercifull magistrate, became little regarded, untill the time of lord *Promos* auctority: who convicting a young gentleman named *Andrugio* of incontinency, condemned, both him and his minion, to the execution of this statute. *Andrugio* had a very virtuous and beautiful gentlewoman to his sister, named *Cassandra*: *Cassandra* to enlarge her brother's life, submitted an humble petition to the lord *Promos*: *Promos* regarding her good behaviours, and fantasizing her great beawtie, was much delighted with the sweete order of her talke: and doying good, that evill might come thereof: for a time he repriv'd her brother: but wicked man, tounring his liking into unlawfull lust, he set downe the spoile of her honour, raunfome for her brothers life: chaste *Cassandra*, abhorring both him and his sute, by no perswasion would yeald to this raunfome. But in fine, wonne with the importunitie of hir brother (pleading for life:) upon these conditions, she agreed to *Promos*. First, that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. *Promos* as seareles in promise, as carelesse in performance, with sollemne vowe sygned her conditions: but worse then any infydell, his will satisfiye, he performed neither the one nor the other: for to keepe his auctoritie, unspotted with favour, and to prevent *Cassandras* clamors, he commaunded the gayler secretly, to present *Cassandra* with her brother's head. The gayler, with the outcries of *Andrugio*, (abhorring *Promos* lewdenes) by the providence of God, provided thus for his safety. He presented *Cassandra* with a felons head newlie executed, who (being mangled, knew it not from her brothers, by the gayler, who was set at libertie) was so agreed at this trecherye, that at the point to kyl her self, she spared that stroke, to be avenged of *Promos*. And devysing a way, she concluded, to make her fortunes knowne unto the kinge. She (executing this resolution) was so highly favoured of the king, that forthwith he hasted to do justice on *Promos*: whose judgement was, to marrye *Cassandra*, to repaire her crased honour: which donne, for his hainous offence he should lose his head. This maryage solempnised, *Cassandra* tyed in the greatest bondes of affection to her husband, became an earnest suter for his life: the kinge (tendringe the generall benefit of the cūmon weale, before her special ease, although he favoured her much) would not graunt her sute. *Andrugio* (disguised amonge the company) sorrowing the griefe of his sister, bewrayde his safety, and craved pardon. The kinge, to renowe the vertues of *Cassandra*, pardoned both him, and *Promos*. The circumstances of this rare historye, in action livelye foloweth."

Whetstone, however, has not afforded a very correct analysis of his play, which contains a mixture of comic scenes, between a Bawd, a Pimp, Felons, &c. together with some serious situations which are not described. STEEVENS.

COMEDY

C O M E D Y

O F

E R R O R S.

M 2

Persons

Persons Represented.

Solinus, *Duke of Ephesus.*

Ægeon, a Merchant of Syracuse.

[illegible]

Dromio of Ephesus, } *Twin-Brothers, and Slaves to the*
Dromio of Syracuse, } *two Antipholis's.*

Balthazar, a Merchant.

Angelo, a Goldsmith.

A Merchant, Friend to Antipholis of Syracuse.

Dr. Pinch, a School-master, and a Conjuror.

Æmilia, Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus,

Adriana, *Wife to Antipholis of Ephesus.*

Luciana, *Sister to Adriana.*

Luce, *Servant to Adriana.*

A Courtesan.

Tailor, Officers, and other Attendants.

S C E N E, Ephesus.

¹ In the old copy, these brothers are occasionally styled, Antipholus *Erotes*, or *Errotis*; and Antipholus *Screptus*; meaning, perhaps—*erraticus*, and *surreptus*. One of these twins wandered in search of his brother who had been forced from Æmilia, by fishermen of Corinth. The following acrostic is the argument to the *Menæchmi* of Plautus: Delph. Edit. p. 654.

Mercator Siculus, cui erant gemini filii,

Ei, surrepto altero, mors obtigit.

Nomen surreptitii illi indit qui domi est

Avus paternus, facit Menæchmum Sōficlem.

Et is germanum, postquam adolevit, quæritat

Circum omnes oras. Post Epidamnum devenit:

Hic fuerat auctus ille surreptitius.

Menæchmum civem credunt omnes advenam :

Eumque appellans, meretrix, uxor, et socer.

Ii se cognoscunt fratres postremò invicem.

The translator, W. W. calls the brothers, Menæchmus *Soficles*, and Menæchmus the traveller. Whencesoever *Shakespeare* adopted *erraticus* and *surreptus* (which either he or his editors have mis-spelt) these distinctions were soon dropt, and throughout the rest of the entries the twins are styled of *Syracuse* or *Ephesus*. STEEVENS.

COMEDY

COMEDY of ERRORS².

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's Palace.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, Ægeon, Jailor, and other Attendants.

Ægeon. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws :

* Shakespeare certainly took the general plan of this comedy from a translation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, by W. W. i. e. (according to Wood) William Warner, in 1595, whose version of the acrostical argument already quoted, is as follows :

“ Two twinne-borne sonnes, a Sicill marchant had,
“ Menechmus one, and Soficles the other ;
“ The first his father lost a little lad,
“ The grandfire namde the latter like his brother :
“ This (growne a man) long travell tooke to seeke,
“ His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
“ Where th’ other dwelt inricht, and him so like,
“ That citizens there take him for the same :
“ Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
“ Much pleasant error, ere they meete togihter.”

Perhaps the last of these lines suggested to Shakespeare the title for his piece.

See this translation of the *Menæchmi*, among *six old Plays on which Shakespeare founded*, &c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-crofs.

At Stationers-Hall, Nov. 15, 1613: “ A booke called *Two Twinnes*” was entered by Geo. Norton. Such a play indeed, by W. Rider, was published in 4to. 1695. And Langbaine suspects it to be much older than the date annex’d: otherwise the *Twins* might have been regarded as Shakespeare’s *Comedy of Errors*, under another title. STEEVENS.

The enmity and discord, which of late
 Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
 To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
 Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
 Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
 Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
 For, since the mortal and intestine jars
 Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
 It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
 Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
 To admit no traffick to our adverse towns :
 Nay, more, If any, born at Ephesus,
 Be seen at Syracusan marts and fairs,
 Again, If any, Syracusan born,
 Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
 His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose ;
 Unless a thousand marks be levied,
 To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.
 Thy substance, valu'd at the highest rate,
 Cannot amount unto a hundred marks ;
 Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. Yet this my comfort ; when your words are
 done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
 Why thou departedst from thy native home ;
 And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Ægeon. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
 Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable :
 Yet, that the world may witness, that my end
 Was wrought by nature, ' not by vile offence,

T'll

* *Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence.*] All his hearers understood that the punishment he was about to undergo was in consequence of no private crime, but of the public enmity between two states, to one of which he belonged : but it was a general superstition amongst the ancients, that every great and sudden misfortune was the vengeance of Heaven pursuing men for their secret offences. Hence the sentiment put into the mouth of

I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
 In Syracuse was I born ; and wed
 Unto a woman, happy but for me,
 And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
 With her I liv'd in joy ; our wealth increas'd,
 By prosperous voyages I often made
 To Epidamnum, till my factor's death ;
 And he, great care of goods at random left,
 Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse :
 From whom my absence was not six months old,
 Before herself (almost at fainting, under
 The pleasing punishment that women bear)
 Had made provision for her following me,
 And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
 There she had not been long, but she became
 A joyful mother of two goodly sons ;
 And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
 As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
 That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
 A poor mean woman was delivered
 Of such a burden, male twins, both alike :
 Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
 I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
 My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
 Made daily motions for our home return :
 Unwilling I agreed ; alas, too soon.
 We came aboard :
 A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
 Before the always-wind-obeying deep
 Gave any tragic instance of our harm :
 But longer did we not retain much hope ;
 For what obscured light the heavens did grant
 Did but convey unto our fearful minds

of the speaker was proper. By my past life, (says he) which
 I am going to relate, the world may understand, that my present
 death is according to the ordinary course of Providence (*brought*
by nature) and not the effects of divine vengeance overtaking me
 for my crimes, [*not by vile offence.*] WARBURTON.

A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
 Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
 Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
 Weeping before, for what she saw must come,
 And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
 That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
 Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
 And this it was,—for other means were none.—
 The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
 And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
 My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
 Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
 Such as sea-faring men provide for storms;
 To him one of the other twins was bound,
 Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
 Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
 And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
 Were cartv'd towards Corinth, as we thought.
 At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
 Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
 And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
 The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
 Two ships from far making amain to us,
 Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
 But ere they came,—Oh, let me say no more!
 Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;
 For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Ægeon. Oh, had the gods done so, I had not now
 Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
 For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
 We were encountred by a mighty rock;
 Which being violently borne upon,
 Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
 So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
 Fortune had left to both of us alike

What

What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
 Her part, poor soul ! seeming as burdened
 With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
 Was carry'd with more speed before the wind ;
 And in our fight they three were taken up
 By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
 At length, another ship had seiz'd on us ;
 And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
 Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests ;
 And would have rest the fisher of their prey,
 Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
 And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—
 Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss ;
 That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
 To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sakes of them thou sorrowest
 for, ..

Do me the favour to dilate at full
 What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

Ageon. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
 At eighteen years became inquisitive
 After his brother ; and importun'd me,
 That his attendant, (for his case was like,
 Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
 Might bear him company in the quest of him :
 Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
 I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
 Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
 Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia*,
 And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus ;
 Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,
 Or that, or any place that harbours men.

* *Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,*] In the northern parts of England this word is still used instead of *quite, fully, perfectly, completely.* So in *Coriolanus* :

" ———— This is *clean* kam."

Again, in *Julius Cæsar* :

" *Clean* from the purpose of the things themselves."

The reader will likewise find it in the 77th Psalm. STEEVENS.

But

But here must end the story of my life ;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have
mark'd

To bear the extremity of dire mishap !
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can :
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy help by beneficial help :
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus ;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live ; if not, then thou art doom'd to die :—
Jailor, take him to thy custody. [*Ex. Duke and train.*
Jail. I will, my lord.

Ægeon. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend^s,
But to procrastinate his liveless end.

[*Exeunt Ægeon and Jailor.*

S C E N E II.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Antipholis of Syracuse, a Merchant, and Dromio.

Mer. Therefore give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.

^s —wend,] i. e. go. An obsolete word. So in the *Spanish Tragedy*:

“ Led by the load-star of her heav'nly looks

“ *Wends* poor oppressed Balthasar.”

Again, in the play of *Orlando Furioso*, 1199 :

“ To let his daughter wend with us to France.”

Again, in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1626 :

“ But wend we merrily to the forest.” STEEVENS.

This

This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here ;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money, that I had to keep.

Ant. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time :
'Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn ;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a means.

[*Exit Dromio.*]

Ant. A trusty villain, fir ; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn and dine with me ?

Mer. I am invited, fir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit,
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you till bed-time ;
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewell till then : I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit Merchant.*]

Ant. He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop ;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself :

So

So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.—
What now? How chance, thou art return'd so soon?

E. Dro. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock has strucken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek;
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this, I pray;
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

E. Dro. Oh,—six-pence, that I had o' wednesday last,
To pay the sadler for my mistress' crupper;—
The sadler had it, sir, I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportive humour now;
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

E. Dro. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed⁶,

⁶ ——— *I shall be post indeed,*

For she will score your fault upon my pate.]

Perhaps before writing was a general accomplishment, a kind of rough reckoning concerning wares issued out of a shop, was kept by chalk or notches on a *post*, till it could be entered on the books of a trader. So *Kitely* the merchant making his jealous enquiries concerning the familiarities used to his wife, *Cob* answers:—

“ — if I saw any body to be kiss'd, unless they would have kiss'd the *post* in the middle of the warehouse; &c.” STEEVENS.

For

For she will score your fault upon my pate.

Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,

And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this:

Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

E. Dro. To me, sir? why you gave no gold to me.

Ant. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,

And tell me, how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart

Home to your house, the Phoenix; sir, to dinner;

My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

Ant. Now, as I am a christian, answer me,

In what safe place you have dispos'd my money;

Or I shall break that merry sconce⁷ of yours,

That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:

Where are the thousand marks thou had'st of me?

E. Dro. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,

Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,

But not a thousand marks between you both.—

If I should pay your worship those again,

Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou?

E. Dro. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix;

She, that doth fast, till you come home to dinner,

And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face, Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

⁷ —that merry sconce of yours,] Sconce is head. So in *Hamlet*, act V: “—why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce?” STEEVENS.

E. Dro.

E. Dro. What mean you, fir? for God's sake, hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not fir, I'll take my heels.

[Exit Dremio.]

Ant. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is 'o'er-raught of all my money.
They say, this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye',
Dark-

* ———o'er-raught—] That is, *over-reached*. JOHNSON.
So in *Hamlet*:

“ ———certain players

“ We o'er-raught on the way.” STEEVENS.

* *They say, this town is full of cozenage;*] This was the character the ancients give of it. Hence ἑρπύων ἀλεξίφραγμα was proverbial amongst them. Thus Menander uses it, and ἑρπύων ὑπάμματα, in the same sense. WARBURTON.

* *As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,
Dark-working forcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;*

Those, who attentively consider these three lines, must confess, that the poet intended the epithet given to each of these miscreants, should declare the power by which they perform their feats, and which would therefore be a just characteristic of each of them. Thus, by *nimble jugglers*, we are taught, that they perform their tricks by *slight of hand*: and by *soul-killing witches*, we are informed, the mischief they do is by the assistance of the devil, to whom they have given their souls: but then, by *dark-working forcerers*, we are not instructed in the means by which they perform their ends. Besides, this epithet agrees as well to witches as to them; and therefore certainly our author could not design this in their characteristick. We should read:

Drug-working forcerers, that change the mind,

and we know by the history of ancient and modern superstition, that these kind of jugglers always pretended to work changes of the mind by these applications. WARBURTON.

The learned commentator has endeavoured with much earnestness to recommend his alteration; but, if I may judge of other apprehensions by my own, without great success. This interpretation of *soul-killing* is forced and harsh. Sir T. Hanmer reads *soul-selling*, agreeable enough to the common opinion, but without such improvement as may justify the change. Perhaps the epithets have only been misplaced, and the lines should be read thus:

Soul-

Dark-working forcerers, that change the mind,
 Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;
 Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
 And many such like liberties of sin²;
 If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
 I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;
 I greatly fear, my money is not safe. [Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The House of Antipholis of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
 That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
 Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock:

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,

*Soul-killing forcerers, that change the mind,
 Dark-working witches, that deform the body;*

This change seems to remove all difficulties.

By *soul-killing* I understand destroying the rational faculties by such means as make men fancy themselves beasts. JOHNSON.

Witches or forcerers themselves, as well as those who employed them, were supposed to forfeit their souls by making use of a forbidden agency. In that sense, they may be said to destroy the souls of others as well as their own. I believe Dr. Johnson has done as much as was necessary to remove all difficulty from the passage.

The hint for this enumeration of cheats, &c. Shakespeare received from the old translation of the *Menæchmi*, 1595. "For this, assure yourselfe this towne *Epidamnus* is a place of outrageous expences, exceeding in all ryot and lasciviousnesse; and (I heare) as full of ribaulds, parasites, drunkards, catchpoles, cony-catchers, and sycophants, as it can hold: then for curtizans, &c." STEEVENS.

² —*liberties of sin*:] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *libertines*, which, as the author has been enumerating not acts but persons, seems right. JOHNSON.

And

And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:

A man is master of his liberty;

Time is their master; and, when they see time,
They'll go or come: If so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. Oh, know, he is the bridle of your will,

Adr. There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.

Luc. Why head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe,
There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subject, and at their controuls:

³ *Adr.* There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe.]

Should it not rather be *lash'd*, i. e. coupled like a head-strong hound?

The high opinion I must necessarily entertain of the learned Lady's judgment, who furnished this observation, has taught me to be diffident of my own, which I am now to offer.

The meaning of this passage may be, that those who refuse the bridle must bear the lash, and that woe is the punishment of head-strong liberty. It may be observed, however, that the seamen still use *lash* in the same sense with *lash*; as does Greene in his *Mamillia*, 1593: "Thou didst counsel me to beware of love, and I was before in the *lash*." *Lace* was the old English word for a cord, from which verbs have been derived very differently modelled by the chances of pronunciation. So in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

"To thee Cassandra which dost hold my freedom in a *lace*."

When the mariner, however, *lashes* his guns, the sportsman *lashes* his dogs, the female *laces* her clothes, they all perform one act of fastening with a *lace* or *cord*. Of the same original is the word *windlass*, or more properly *windlace*, an engine, by which a *lace* or *cord* is wound upon a barrel.

To *lace* likewise signified to bestow correction with a cord, or rope's end. So in the 2nd Part of *Decker's Honest Whore*, 1630:

"——— the lazy lowne

"Gets here hard hands, or *lac'd* correction."

Again, in *The Two angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599:

"So, now my back has room to reach; I do not love to be *laced* in, when I go to *lace* a rascal." STEEVENS,

Men,

Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
 Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas,
 Indu'd with intellectual sense and souls,
 Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
 Are masters to their females, and their lords :
 Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some
 sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where ?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she
 pause ;

They can be meek, that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,

We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry ;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves complain :

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience would't relieve me :

* ——— start some other where ?] I cannot but think, that
 our authour wrote :

——— start some other hare ?

So, in *Much ado about Nothing*, Cupid is said to be a good hare-
 finder. JOHNSON.

I suspect that *where* has here the power of a noun. So in *Lear* :

" Thou lovest *here*, a better *where* to find."

Again, in Tho. Drant's translation of Horace's Satires, 1567 :

" ——— they ranged in eatche *where*,

" No spoufailes knowne, &c."

The sense is, *How, if your husband fly off in pursuit of some other
 woman ?* The expression is used again, scene 3.

" ——— his eye doth homage *otherwhere*."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, act i :

" This is not Romeo, he's some *other where*."

Other-where signifies—in other places. So in *K. Henry VIII.* act
 II. sc. 2 :

" The king hath sent me *otherwhere*." STEEVENS.

* ——— though she pause ;] To *pause* is to rest, to be in quiet.
 JOHNSON.

But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left ⁶.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try;—
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

E. Dro. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that
my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou
his mind?

E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:
Beswore his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel
his meaning?

E. Dro. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well
feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could
scarce understand them ⁷.

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?
It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

E. Dro. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-
mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

E. Dro. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he's
stark mad:

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I: *My gold*, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:
Will you come? quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:

⁶ — *fool-begg'd*—] She seems to mean, by *fool-begg'd patience*, that *patience* which is so near to *idiotical simplicity*, that your next relation would take advantage from it to represent you as a *fool*, and beg the guardianship of your fortune. JOHNSON.

⁷ *that I could scarce understand them.*] i. e. that I could scarce stand under them. This quibble, poor as it is, seems to have been the favourite of Shakespeare. It has been already introduced in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ — my staff understands me.” STEEVENS.

*Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain ?
The pig, quoth I, is burn'd ; My gold, quoth he :
My mistress, sir, quoth I ; Hang up thy mistress ;
I know not thy mistress ; out on thy mistress !*

Luc. Quoth who ?

E. Dro. Quoth my master :

*I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress ;—
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders ;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.*

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

E. Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home ?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

E. Dro. And he will bless that cross with other beating :

Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant ; fetch thy master home.

E. Dro. Am I so round with you, as you with me ?
That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus ?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither :
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather ?.

[*Exit.*

Luc. Fye, how impatience lowreth in your face !

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek ? then, he hath wasted it :
Are my discourses dull ? barren my wit ?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,

⁶ *Am I so round with you, as you with me,]* He plays upon the word *round*, which signified *spherical* applied to himself, and *unrestrained*, or *free in speech or action*, spoken of his mistress. So the king, in *Hamlet*, bids the queen be *round* with her son.

JOHNSON.

⁹ *—case me in leather.]* Still alluding to a football, the bladder of which is always covered with leather. STEEVENS.

Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
 Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
 That's not my fault, he's master of my state:
 What ruins are in me, that can be found
 By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
 Of my defeatures¹: ²My decayed fair
 A sunny look of his would soon repair:
 But, too unruly³ deer, he breaks the pale,
 And feeds from home; poor I am but his state⁴.

Lac.

¹ Of my defeatures.] By *defeatures* is here meant *alteration of features*. At the end of this play the same word is used with a somewhat different signification. STEEVENS.

² — My decayed fair] Shakespeare uses the adjective *gilt*, as a substantive, for *what is gilt*, and in this instance *fair* for *fairness*. Τὸ μὲν καλὸν, is a similar expression. In the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, the old quartos read:

“Demetrius loves your fair.”

Again, in *The Cobbler's Prophecy*, 1594:

“Thou murd'rer, tyger, glutted with my fair;”

“Leav' it me forsaken.”

Again, in *Shakespeare's 68th Sonnet*:

“Before these bastard signs of fair were born.”

Again, in the 83d *Sonnet*:

“And therefore to your fair no painting set.”

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

“But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air

“Lurk'd like two thieves to rob him of his fair.”

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602:

“Who lost a daughter, save thyself, for faire, a
 matchless wench.”

Pure is likewise used as a substantive in the *Shepherd to the Flowers*, a song in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

“Do pluck your pure, ere Phœbus view the land.”

STEEVENS.

Fair is frequently used *substantively* by the writers of Shakespeare's time. So Marston in one of his satires:

“As the greene meads, whose native outward faire

“Breathes sweet perfumes into the neighbour air.”

Hence in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“Demetrius loves your fair,” may be the right, as well as the old reading. FARMER.

³ — too unruly deer, —] The ambiguity of *deer* and *dear* is borrowed, poor as it is, by Waller, in his poem on the *Ladies Girdle*;

“This

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fye, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage other-where;
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?

“This was my heav’n’s extremest sphere,

The pale that held my lovely *deer*.” JOHNSON.

Shakespeare has played upon this word in the same manner in his *Venus and Adonis*:

“Fondling, saith she, since I have hemm’d thee here,

“Within the circuit of this ivory *pale*,

“I’ll be the park, and thou shalt be my *deer*,

“Feed where thou wilt on mountain or on dale.”

The lines of Waller seem to have been immediately copied from these. MALONE.

* ——— *poor I am but his stale.*] The word *stale*, in our authour, used as a substantive, means not something offered to *allure* or *attract*, but something *vitiating* with *use*, something of which the best part has been enjoyed and consumed. JOHNSON.

I believe my learned coadjutor mistakes the use of the word *stale* on this occasion. “*Stale* to catch these thieves;” in the *Tempest*, undoubtedly means a *fraudulent bait*. Here it seems to imply the same as *stalking-horse*, *pretence*. I am, says Adriana, but his *pretended wife*, the mask under which he covers his amours. So in *K. John and Matilda*, by Robert Davenport, 1655, the queen says to Matilda:

“—— I am made your *stale*,

“The king, the king your strumpet, &c.”

Again, “—— I knew I was made

“A *stale* for her obtaining.”

Again, in the *Misfortunes of Arthur*, 1587:

“Was I then chose and wedded for his *stale*,

“To looke and gape for his retireless sayles

“Pufft back and flittering spread to every winde?”

Again, in the old translation of the *Mænæchmi* of Plautus, 1595, from whence Shakespeare borrowed the expression:

“He makes me a *stale* and a laughing-stock.”

STEEVENS.

In *Greene’s Art of Coney-catching*, 1592. A *stale* is the confederate of a thief; “he that faceth the man,” or holds him in discourse. Again, in another place, “wishing all, of what estate soever, to beware of filthy lust, and such damnable *stales*, &c.” A *stale* in this last instance means the pretended wife of a *cross-biter*.

Perhaps, however, *stale* may here have the same meaning as the French word *chaperon*. *Poor I am but the cover for his infidelity*, COLLINS.

Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain ;—
 Would that alone alone he would detain,
 So he would keep fair quarter with his bed !
 I see, the jewel, best enamelled ³,
 Will lose his beauty ; and the gold 'bides still,
 That others touch ; yet often touching will
 Wear gold : and so no man, that hath a name,
 But falshood and corruption doth it shame.
 Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
 I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die,
Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy ! }
[*Exeunt.*

³ *I see, the jewel, best enamelled,
 Will lose his beauty, yet the gold 'bides still,
 That others touch, and often touching will :
 Where gold and no man, that hath a name,
 By falshood and corruption doth it shame.]*

In this miserable condition is this passage given us. It should be read thus :

*I see, the jewel, best enamelled,
 Will lose his beauty ; and the gold 'bides still,
 That others touch ; yet often touching will
 Wear gold : and so no man, that hath a name,
 But falshood, and corruption, doth it shame.*

The sense is this, “ Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling ; however, often touching will wear even gold ; just so the greatest character, though as pure as gold itself, may, in time, be injured, by the repeated attacks of falshood and corruption. *WARBURTON,*

The *Revisal* reads thus :

*—yet the gold 'bides still,
 That others touch, though often touching will
 Wear gold, and so a man that hath a name,
 By falshood and corruption doth it shame.*

I would read :

—and though gold 'bides still, &c.,
 and the rest, with Dr. Warburton. *STEEVENS.*

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*The Street.**Enter Antipholis of Syracuse.*

Ant. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
 Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
 Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
 By computation, and mine host's report,
 I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
 I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
 As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
 You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
 Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
 My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
 That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

S. Dro. What answer, sir? when spake I such a
 word?

Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

S. Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
 Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;
 And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
 For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

S. Dro. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
 What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
 Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and
 that.

[Beats Dro.]

S. Dro. Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest
 is earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. Because that I familiarly sometimes
 Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,

Your sawciness will jest upon my love,
 6 And make a common of my serious hours,
 When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
 But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams,
 If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
 And fashion your demeanor to my looks,
 Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

S. Dro. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave
 battering, I had rather have it a head; an you use
 these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head,
 and insconce it too⁷, or else I shall seek my wit in my
 shoulders. But, I pray, fir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Dost thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing, fir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. Ay, fir, and wherefore; for, they say,
 every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why, first, for flouting me; and then, where-
 fore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out
 of season?

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither
 rhyme nor reason?—

Well, fir, I thank you.

Ant. Thank me, fir? for what?

S. Dro. Marry, fir, for this something that you
 gave me for nothing.

Ant. I'll make you amends next, to give you no-
 thing for something. But say, fir, is it dinner-time?

⁶ *And make a common of my serious hours.*] i. e. intrude on
 them when you please. The allusion is to those tracts of ground
 destined to common use, which are thence called *commons*.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *and insconce it too,*] A *sconce* was a petty fortification.
 So in *Orlando Furioso*, 1559:

“Let us to our *sconce*, and you my lord of Mexico.”

Again: “Ay, firs, *ensconce* you how you can.”

Again: “And here *ensconce* myself despite of thee.” STEEVENS.

S. Dro.

S. Dro. No, fir; I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time, fir, what's that?

S. Dro. Basting.

Ant. Well, fir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dro. If it be, fir, pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reason?

S. Dro. Left it make you cholerick^s, and purchase me another dry-basting.

Ant. Well, fir, learn to jest in good time; There's a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durst have deny'd that, before you were so cholerick.

Ant. By what rule, fir?

S. Dro. Marry, fir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father time himself.

Ant. Let's hear it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. Why is time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

S. Dro. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on

^s *Left it make you cholerick, &c.*] So in the *Taming the Shrew*:

"I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,

"And I expressly am forbid to touch it,

"For it engenders choler, planteth anger, &c."

STEEVENS.

^s *Ant.* *Why is time, &c.*] In former editions:

Ant. *Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?*

S. Dro. *Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts, and what he hath scanted them in hair, he hath given them in wit.*

Surely, this is mock-reasoning, and a contradiction in sense. Can hair be supposed a blessing, which Time bestows on beasts peculiarly; and yet that he hath scanted them of it too? *Men and Them*, I observe, are very frequently mistaken vice versa for each other, in the old impressions of our author. THEOBALD.

beasts:

beasts : and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair¹.

Ant. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost ; Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. For what reason ?

S. Dro. For two ; and sound ones too.

Ant. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

Ant. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing².

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

Ant. Name them.

S. Dro. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring ; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. You would all this time have prov'd, there is no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry, and did, fir ; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it : Time himself is bald,

¹ *Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.*] That is, *Those who have more hair than wit*, are easily entrapped by loose women, and suffer the consequences of lewdness, one of which, in the first appearance of the disease in Europe, was the loss of hair. JOHNSON.

So in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611 :

" ——— Your women are so hot, I must *lose my hair* in their company, I see."

" *His hair sheds off*, and yet he speaks not so much in the nose as he did before." STEEVENS.

² ——— *falsing*.] This word is now obsolete. Spenser and Chaucer often use the verb to *false*. The author of the *Revisal* would read *falling*. STEEVENS.

and

and therefore to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion :
But soft ! who wafts us yonder ?

Enter Adriana and Luciano.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholis, look strange, and frown;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou unurg'd, wouldst
vow

That never words were musick to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-favour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to
thee.

How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself ?

Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me ;
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall :
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.

How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear, I were licentious ?
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate ?
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,

³ — may'st thou fall] To fall is here a verb active. So in *Othello* :

“ Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.

STEEVENS.

And

And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
 And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
 And break it with a deep-divorcing vow ?
 I know thou can'st ; and therefore, see, thou do it,
 I am possess'd with an adulterate blot ;
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust⁴ :
 For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
 Being strumpeted⁵ by thy contagion.
 Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed ;
 I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured⁶.

Ant. Plead you to me, fair dame ? I know you not :
 In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
 As strange unto your town, as to your talk ;
 Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
 Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fye, brother ! how the world is chang'd with
 you ;

When were you wont to use my sister thus ?
 She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. By Dromio ?

⁴ *I am possess'd with an adulterate blot ;*

My blood is mingled with the CRIME of lust :]

Both the integrity of the metaphor, and the word *blot*, in the
 preceding line, shew that we should read :

————— *with the GRIME of lust :*

i. e. the *stain*, smut. So again in this play,—*A man may go over
 shoes in the GRIME of it.* WARBURTON.

⁵ *Being strumpeted*] Shakespeare is not singular in his use of
 this verb. So in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632 :

“ By this adulteress basely *strumpetted*.”

Again : “ I have *strumpetted* no Agamemnon's queen.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ *I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured.*] To *disstaine* (from the
 French word, *deffaindre*) signifies, to *stain*, *defile*, *pollute*. But
 the context requires a sense quite opposite. We must either read,
unstain'd ; or, by adding an *hyphen*, and giving the preposition
 a privative force, read *dis-stain'd* ; and then it will mean, *un-
 stain'd*, *undefiled*. THEOBALD.

I would read :

I live disstained, thou dishonoured.

That is, As long as thou continuest to dishonour thyself, I also
 live disstained. REVISAL.

S. Dico.

S. Dro. By me ?

Adr. By thee ; and thus thou didst return from him,—

That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. Did you converse, fir, with this gentlewoman ?
What is the course and drift of your compact ?

S. Dro. I, fir ? I never saw her 'till this time.

Ant. Villain, thou liest ; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

S. Dro. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration ?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood ?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt⁷,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine :
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine⁸ ;
Whose weakness, marry'd to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicatè :
If ought possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss⁹ ;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

⁷ —you are from me exempt,] *Exempt*, separated, parted.
The sense is, *If I am doomed to suffer the wrong of separation, yet injure not with contempt me who am already injured.* JOHNSON.

⁸ *Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine ;—*]

“ *Lenta qui velut affitas*
“ *Vitis implicat arbores,*
“ *Implicabitur in tuum*
“ *Complexum.*” *Catull.*

So Milton, *Par. Lost* B. V :

“ ———— They led the vine
“ To wed her elm. She spous'd, about him twines
“ Her marriageable arms.” *MALONE.*

⁹ —idle moss.] i. e. moss that produces no fruit, but being
unfertile is useless. So in *Othello* :

—— anres vast and deserts idle. *STEEVENS.*

Ant.

Ant. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme :

What, was I marry'd to her in my dream ?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this ?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss ?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the favour'd fallacy¹.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

S. Dro. Oh, for my beads ! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land ;—oh, spight of spights !—
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish spights² ;
If

¹ ——— *the favour'd fallacy.*]

Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads :

———— *the free'd fallacy.*

Which perhaps was only, by mistake, for

———— *the offer'd fallacy.*

This conjecture is from an anonymous correspondent. STEEVENS.

² *We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish spights ;*] Here Mr. Theobald calls out in the name of *Nonsense*, the first time he had formally invoked her, to tell him how owls could suck their breath, and pinch them black and blue. He therefore alters owls to *owps*, and dares say, that his readers will acquiesce in the justness of his emendation. But, for all this, we must not part with the old reading. He did not know it to be an old popular superstition, that the scritch-owl sucked out the breath and blood of infants in the cradle. On this account, the Italians called witches, who were supposed to be in like manner mischievously bent against children, *Strega* from *strix*, the scritch-owl. This superstition they had derived from their pagan ancestors, as appears from this passage of Ovid,

*Sunt avidæ volucres, non quæ Phineia mensis
Guttura fraudabant ; sed genus inde trahunt.
Grande caput ; stantes oculi ; rostra apta rapinæ ;
Canities pennis, unguibus hamus inest.
Nocte volant, PUEROSQUE PETUNT nutricis egentes,
Et vitiant CUNIS corpora rapta suis.
Carpere dicuntur lactantia viscera rostris,
Et plenum poto sanguine guttur habent.
Est illis strigibus nomen : ————— Lib. vi. Fast.*

WARBURTON.

Ghastly owls accompany elvish ghosts in Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar for June. So in Sherringham's Discerptatio de Anglorum Gentis Origine, p. 333. "Lares, Lemures, Stryges, Lamie, Manes (Gastæ dicti) et similes monstrorum Greges, Elvarum Cho-

res

If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, and pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st
not ?

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot !

S. Dro. I am transformed, master, am I not ?

Ant. I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.

S. Dro. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my
shape.

Ant. Thou hast thine own form.

S. Dro. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an afs.

S. Dro. 'Tis true ; she rides me, and I long for
grafs.

'Tis so, I am an afs ; else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.—
Come, sir, to dinner ; Dromio, keep the gate :—
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And thrive you ⁴ of a thousand idle pranks :
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,

rea dicebatur." Much the same is said in *Olaus Magnus de Gen-
tibus Septentrionalibus*, p. 112, 113. TOLLET.

The epithet *elvisb* is not in the *first* folio, but is found in the
second. STEEVENS.

³ *Why prat'st thou to thyself?*

Dromio, thou Dromio, snail, thou slug, thou sot !

In the first of these lines, Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope have both,
for what reason I cannot tell, curtailed the measure, and dis-
mounted the doggerel rhyme, which I have replaced from the first
folio. The second verse is there likewise read :

Dromio, thou Dromio, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot.

The verse is thus half a foot too long ; my correction cures that
fault : besides *drone* corresponds with the other appellations of
reproach. THEOBALD.

⁴ *And thrive you*——] That is, I will call you to confession,
and make you tell your tricks. JOHNSON.

So in *Hamlet* : "——not *thriving* time allow'd." STEEVENS.

Say,

Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, sister: Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!
I'll say as they say, and persevere so,
And in this mist at all adventures go,

S. Dro. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay, let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholis, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The street before Antipholis's house.

*Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo,
and Balthezar.*

E. Ant. Good signior Angelo, you must excuse
us all;

My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours:
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
To see the making of her carkanet^s,

And

^s carkanet,] seems to have been a necklacè or rather chain,
perhaps hanging down double from the neck. So Lovelace in
his poem:

“*The empress spreads her carcanets.*” JOHNSON.

“*Quarquan, ornement d'or qu'on mit au col des damoiselles.*”

Le grand Dict. de Nicot.

A Carkanet seems to have been a necklace set with stones, or
strung with pearls. Thus in *Parthenia Sacra*, &c. 1633:
“Seeke not vermilion or ceruse in the face, bracelets of oriental
pearls on the wrist, rubie carkanets on the neck, and a most exquisite fan of feathers in the hand.”

Again, in *Hysfriemastix, or the Player Whipt*, 1610:

“Nay, I'll be matchless for a carkanet,

“Whose pearls and diamonds plac'd with ruby rocks

“Shall circle this fair neck to set it forth.”

Again,

And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
 But here's a villain, that would face me down
 He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
 And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
 And that I did deny my wife and house:—
 Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

E. Dro. Say what you will, fir, but I know what I know:

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,

Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.

Again, in Sir W. Davenant's comedy of the *Wits*, 1637:

"———she sat on a rich Persian quilt

" Threading a *carcanet* of pure round pearl

" Bigger than pigeons eggs:"

Again, in *The Changes, or Love in a Maze*, 1632:

"———the drops

" Shew like a *carcanet* of pearl upon it."

In the play of *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599, the word *carcanet* occurs eight or nine times. STEEVENS.

To see the making of her carcanet.] A necklace, from the old French word *carcan*, whose diminutive was *carcanet*. It is falsely written *casinet*, in Cartwright's *Love's Convert*, act II. sc. vi. edit. 1651:

" The filkworm shall spin only to thy wardrobe;

" The sea yield pearls unto thy *casinet*."

Read *carcanet*. WARTON.

Mr. Warton has been guilty of a small mistake. The *casinet* and *carcanet* were distinct things. The *casinet*, I believe, was a small *casnet* for the reception of jewels. So in *Lingua, or the Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senses for Superiority*, 1607: where the enumeration of articles relative to female ornament is so curious, that I cannot resist the temptation to quote it as an entire system of dress: "—such doing with their looking-glasses, pinning, unpinning; setting, unsetting; formings, and conformings; painting blue veins and cheeks; such stir with sticks and combs, *cascanets*, dressings, purles, falls, squares, buskes, bodies, scarfs, necklaces, *carcanets*, rebatos, borders, tires, fans, palisadoes, puffs, ruffs, cuffs, muffs, pusles, fustles, partlets, frillets, bandlets, fillets, crollets, pendulets, amulets, anulets, bracelets—fardingals, kirtlets, buske-points, shoe-ties, &c." STEEVENS.

E. Ant. I think, thou art an afs.

E. Dro. Marry, so it doth appear⁶

By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.

I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an afs,

E. Ant. You are sad, signior Balthazar: Pray
god, our cheer

May answer my good-will, and your good welcome
here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, fir, and your wel-
come dear.

E. Ant. Ah, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or
fish,

A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, fir, is common, that every churl
affords.

E. Ant. And welcome more common; for that's
nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a
merry feast.

E. Ant. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing
guest:

But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

But, soft; my door is lock'd; Go bid them let us in.

E. Dro. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian,
Ginn!

⁶ *Marry, so it doth appear*

By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.]

Thus all the printed copies; but certainly, this is cross-purposes in reasoning. It appears, Dromio is an afs by his making no resistance; because an afs, being kick'd, kicks again. Our author never argues at this wild rate, where his text is genuine.

THEOBALD.

I do not think this emendation necessary. He first says, that his *wrongs* and *blows* prove him an *afs*; but immediately, with a correction of his former sentiment, such as may be hourly observed in conversation, he observes that, if he had been an *afs*, he should, when he was *kicked*, have *kicked* again. JOHNSON.

S. Dro. [*within*] Mome⁷, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch⁸!

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

When one is one too many? go, get thee from the door.

E Dro. What patch is made our portet? my master stays in the street.

S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

E. Ant. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

S. Dro. Right, fir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

⁷ *Mome*,] a dull stupid blockhead, a stock, a post. This owes its original to the French word *Momon*, which signifies the gaming at dice in masquerade, the custom and rule of which is, that a strict silence is to be observed: whatever sum one stakes, another covers, but not a word is to be spoken: from hence also comes our word *mum*! for silence. HAWKINS.

So in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

"Important are th' affairs we have in hand;

"Hence with that *Mome*!"

"—*Brutus*, forbear the presence."

Again, in the old Interlude of the *Disobedient Child*, b. l. no date, by *Tho. Ingeland*, late student in Cambridge:

"My bones alas thee wyll make to crackell,

"And mé her husband as a stark *Mome*."

Again, in the *Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594, by Robt. Wilson, gent.

"I'll not be made such a *Mome*."

Again, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1598:

"And when I come home, she makes me a *Mome*."

Again,—“Farewell, good honest *Mome*.”

Again, in *Albions England*, 1602. B. iv. chap. 20:

"A youth will play the wanton, and an old man prove a *Mome*." STEEVENS.

⁸ —patch!] i. e. fool. Alluding to the particolour'd coats worn by the licens'd fools or jesters of the age. So in *Macbeth*:

"———what soldiers, patch?" STEEVENS.

E. Ant. Wherefore ? for my dinner ; I have not din'd to-day.

S. Dro. Nor to-day here you must not ; come again, when you may.

E. Ant. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe ?

S. Dro. The porter for this time, fir, and my name is Dromio.

E. Dro. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name ;

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou had'st been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or
thy name for an afs.

Luce. [*within*] What a coil is there ! Dromio, who are those at the gate ?

E. Dro. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no ; he comes too late ;

And so tell your master.

E. Dro. O Lord, I must laugh :—

Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff ?

Luce. Have at you with another : that's,—When ? can you tell ?

S. Dro. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

E. Ant. Do you hear, your minion ? you'll let us in, I trow ?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

S. Dro. And you said, no.

E. Dro. So, come, help ; well struck ; there was blow for blow.

E. Ant. Thou baggage let me in.

* —I owe ?] i. e. I own. So in the *Four Prentices of London*, 1632 :

“ Who *owes* that shield ?

“ I :—and who *owes* that ?” STEEVENS.

* —I trow.] The old copy reads, *I hope*. STEEVENS.

Luce,

- Luce.* Can you tell for whose sake ?
E. Dro. Master, knock the door hard.
Luce. Let him knock 'till it ake.
E. Ant. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.
Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town ?
Adr. [*within*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise ?
S. Dro. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.
E. Ant. Are you there, wife ? you might have come before.
Adr. Your wife, fir knave ! go, get you from the door,
E. Dro. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore,
Ang. Here is neither cheer, fir, nor welcome ; we would fain have either.
Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither ².
E. Dro. They stand at the door, master ; bid them welcome hither.
E. Ant. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.
E. Dro. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

² — *we shall part with neither.*] Thus the old copy :

— *we shall part with neither.*

Common sense requires us to read :

— *we shall HAVE part with neither.* WARBURTON.

In our old language, *to part* signified *to have part*. See Chaucer, Cant. Tales, ver. 9504 :

“ That no wight with his blisse *parten* shall.”

The French use *partir* in the same sense, TYRWHITT.

Your cake here is warm within ; you stand here in the cold :

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold ³.

E. Ant. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

S. Dro. Break any thing here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

E. Dro. A man may break a word with you, fir ; and words are but wind ;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

S. Dro. It seems, thou wantest breaking ; Out upon thee, hind !

E. Dro. Here's too much, out upon thee ! I pray thee, let me in.

S. Dro. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

E. Ant. Well, I'll break in ; Go borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather ; master, mean you so ?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather :

If a crow help us in, firrah, we'll pluck a crow together ⁴.

³ — *bought and sold.*] This is a proverbial phrase. "To be bought and sold in a company." See Ray's Collection, p. 179. edit. 1737. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *we'll pluck a crow together.*] We find the same quibble on a like occasion in one of the comedies of Plautus.

The children of distinction among the Greeks and Romans had usually birds of different kinds given them for their amusement. This custom Tyndarus in the *Captives* mentions, and says, that for his part he had

tantum upam.

Upupa signifies both a *lapwing* and a *mattock*, or some instrument of the same kind, employed to dig stones from the quarries.

STEEVENS.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.
Bal. Have patience, fir; oh, let it not be so;
 Herein you war against your reputation,
 And draw within the compass of suspect
 The unviolated honour of your wife.
 Once this,—Your long experience of her wisdom,
 Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
 Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
 And doubt not, fir, but she will well excuse,
 Why at this time the doors are made against you ⁵.
 Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
 And let us to the Tyger all to dinner:
 And, about evening, come yourself alone,
 To know the reason of this strange restraint.
 If by strong hand you offer to break in,
 Now in the stirring passage of the day,
 A vulgar comment will be made of it;
 And that supposed by the common rout ⁶
 Against your yet ungalled estimation,
 That may with foul intrusion enter in,
 And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
 For slander lives upon succession ⁷;
 For ever hous'd, where't gets possession.

E. Ant.

⁵ ———— *the doors are made against you.*] Thus the old edition. The modern editors read:

——— *the doors are barr'd against you.*

To make the door, is the expression used to this day in some counties of England, instead of, *to bar the door*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Supposed by the common rout*] For *supposed* I once thought it might be more commodious to substitute *supported*; but there is no need of change: *supposed* is founded on *supposition*, made by conjecture. JOHNSON.

⁷ *For slander lives upon succession*;] The line apparently wants two syllables: what they were, cannot now be known. The line may be filled up according to the reader's fancy, as thus:

For lasting slander lives upon succession. JOHNSON.

On consulting the first folio, I found the second line had been lengthened out by the modern editors, who read:

For ever hous'd where it once gets possession.

I have therefore restored it to its former measure. STEEVENS.

E. Ant. You have prevail'd ; I will depart in quiet,
 And, in despite of mirth⁸, mean to be merry.
 I know a wench of excellent discourse,—
 Pretty and witty ; wild, and, yet too, gentle,—
 There will we dine : this woman that I mean,
 My wife (but, I protest, without desert)
 Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal ;
 To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
 And fetch the chain ; by this, I know, 'tis made :
 Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine ;
 For there's the house ; that chain will I bestow,
 (Be it for nothing but to spight my wife)
 Upon mine hostess there : good fir, make haste :
 Since my own doors refuse to entertain me,
 I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour, fir,
 hence.

E. Ant. Do so ; This jest shall cost me some ex-
 pence. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The house of Antipholis of Ephesus.

Enter Luciana with Antipholis of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot⁹
 A husband's office ? shall, Antipholis, hate,
 Even

The second folio has *once* ; which rather improves the sense,
 and is not inconsistent with the metre. TYRWHITT.

⁸ *And, in despite of mirth,—*] Mr. Theobald does not know
 what to make of this ; and, therefore, has put *wrath* instead of
mirth into the text, in which he is followed by the Oxford edi-
 tor. But the old reading is right ; and the meaning is, I will be
 merry, even out of spite to mirth, which is, now, of all things,
 the most unpleasing to me. WARBURTON.

Though mirth hath withdrawn herself from me, and seems de-
 termined to avoid me, yet in despite of her, and whether she
 will or not, I am resolved to be merry. REVISAL.

⁹ —*that you have quite forgot*] In former copies :

*And may it be, that you have quite forgot
 An husband's office? Shall Antipholis,*

Ev'a

Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot ?

Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate ?

If you did wed my sifter for her wealth,

Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness ;

Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth ;

Muffle your false love with some shew of blindness ;

Let not my sifter read it in your eye ;

Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator ;

Ev'n in the spring of love, thy love springs rot ?

Shall love in buildings grow so ruinate ?

This passage has hitherto labour'd under a double corruption. What conceit could our editors have of *love in buildings* growing ruinate ? Our poet meant no more than this : Shall thy love-springs rot, even in the spring of love ? and shall thy love grow ruinous, ev'n while 'tis but building up ? The next corruption is by an accident at press, as I take it ; this scene for fifty-two lines successively is strictly in alternate rhimes ; and this measure is never broken, but in the *second* and *fourth* lines of these two couplets. 'Tis certain, I think, a monosyllable dropt from the tail of the second verse : and I have ventured to supply it by, I hope, a probable conjecture. THEOBALD.

Love-springs are young plants of love. Thus in the *Faithful Shepherds* of B. and Fletcher :

" The nightingale among the thick-leav'd *springs*

" That fits alone in forrow."

See a note on the second scene of the fifth act of *Coriolanus*, where the meaning of this expression is more fully dilated.

The rhyme which Mr. Theobald would restore, stands thus in the old edition :

—shall Antipholus.

If therefore instead of *ruinate* we should read *ruinous*, the passage may remain as it was originally written ; and perhaps, indeed, throughout the play we should read *Antipbilus*, a name which Shakespeare might have found in P. Holland's translation of Pliny, B. xxxv, and xxxvii. *Antipbilus* was a famous painter, and rival to Apelles.

Ruinous is justified by a passage in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act V. sc. iv :

" Lest growing *ruinous* the building fall."

Throughout the first folio, *Antipholus* occurs much more often than *Antipholis*, even where the rhyme is not concerned ; and were the rhyme defective here, such transgressions are accounted for in other places. STEEVENS.

Look

Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;

Apparel vice, like virtue's harbinger;

Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;

Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;

Be secret false; What need she be acquainted?

What simple thief brags of his own attain?

'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,

And let her read it in thy looks at board:

Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.

Alas, poor women! make us but believe¹,

² Being compact of credit, that you love us;

Though others have the arm, shew us the sleeve;

We in your motion turn, and you may move us.

Then, gentle brother, get you in again;

Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:

'Tis holy sport, to be a little³ vain,

When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

S. Ant. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I know not,

Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine)

Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show not,

Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;

Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,

Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,

The folded meaning of your words' deceit.

Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,

To make it wander in an unknown field?

¹ *Alas, poor women! make us not believe, &c.*] From the whole tenour of the context it is evident, that this negative (*not*,) got place in the first copies instead of *but*. And these two monosyllables have by mistake reciprocally dispossest'd one another in many other passages of our author's works. THEOBALD.

² *Being compact of credit*, means, *being made altogether of credit*. So in Heywood's *Iron Age*, Part II. 1633:

" ———— she's compact

" Merely of blood ————" STEEVENS.

³ ———— *vain*,] is *light of tongue*, not *veracious*. JOHNSON.

Are you a god? would you create me new?

Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.

But if that I am I, then well I know,

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,

Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;

Far more, far more, to you do I decline.

Oh, train me not, sweet mermaid⁴, with thy note,

To 'drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;

Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote:

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,

And as a bed I'll take thee⁵, and there lie;

And, in that glorious supposition, think

He gains by death, that hath such means to die:—

Let love, being light, be drowned if he sink⁶!

Luc. What are you mad, that you do reason so?

S. Ant. Not mad, but mated⁷; how, I do not know.

⁴ —*sweet mermaid,*] *Mermaid* is only another name for *syren*. So in the Index to P. Holland's translation of Pliny's Nat. Hist. "*Mermaids* in Homer were witches, and their songs enchauntedments." STEEVENS.

⁵ —*as a bed I'll take thee,*] The old copy reads,—*as a bud*.

Mr. Edwards suspects a mistake of one letter in the passage, and would read:

And as a bed I'll take *them*, and there lye.

Perhaps, however, both the ancient readings may be right:

As a *bud* I'll take *thee*, &c.

i.e. I, like an insect, will take thy bosom for a rose, or some other flower, and,

"—phoenix like beneath thine eye

"Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die."

It is common for Shakspeare to shift hastily from one image to another.

Mr. Edwards's conjecture may, however, receive support from the following passage in the *Two Gent. of Verona*, act I. sc. ii:

"—my bosom as a *bed*

"Shall lodge thee." STEEVENS.

The second folio has *bed*. TYRWHITT.

⁶ —*if she sink!*] I know not to whom the pronoun *she* can be referred. I have made no scruple to remove a letter from it. The author of the *Revisal* has the same observation. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Not mad, but mated,*] i.e. confounded. So in *Macbeth*:

"My mind *she* has mated, and amaz'd my sight." STEEVENS.

Luc.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

S. Ant. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where⁸ you should, and that will clear your sight.

S. Ant. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me, love? call my sister so.

S. Ant. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

S. Ant. No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim⁹.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I mean thee¹:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh, soft, fir, hold you still;
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good-will. [*Ex. Luc.*

⁸ *Gaze where*] The old copy reads, *when*. STEEVENS.

⁹ *My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.*] When he calls the girl his *only heaven on the earth*, he utters the common cant of lovers. When he calls her *his heaven's claim*, I cannot understand him. Perhaps he means that which he asks of heaven.

JOHNSON.

¹ — *for I mean thee*:] Thus the modern editors. The folio reads,

— *for I am thee*.

Perhaps we should read:

— *for I aim thee*.

He has just told her, that she was his *sweet hope's aim*.

So in *Orlando Furioso*, 1594:

“ — like Cassius,

“ Sits sadly dumping, *aiming* Cæsar's death.”

Again, in Drayton's *Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy*:

“ I make my changes *aim* one certain end.” STEEVENS.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

S. Ant. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st thou so fast?

S. Dro. Do you know me, fir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

S. Ant. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

S. Dro. I am an afs, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

S. Ant. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

S. Dro. Marry, fir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

S. Ant. What claim lays she to thee?

S. Dro. Marry, fir, such a claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

S. Ant. What is she?

S. Dro. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, fir-reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

S. Ant. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

S. Dro. Marry, fir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives 'till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

S. Ant. What complexion is she of?

S. Dro. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept; For why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

S. Ant.

S. Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

S. Dro. No, fir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

S. Ant. ² What's her name?

S. Dro. Nell, fir;—but her name and three quarters (that is, an ell and three quarters,) will not measure her from hip to hip.

S. Ant. Then she bears some breadth?

S. Dro. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

S. Ant. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

S. Dro. Marry, fir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

S. Ant. Where Scotland?

S. Dro. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand,

S. Ant. ³ Where France?

S. Dro.

² *S. Ant.* What's her name?

S. Dro. Nell, fir; but her name is three quarters; that is, an ell and three quarters, &c.] This passage has hitherto lain as perplexed and unintelligible, as it is now easy, and truly humorous. If a *conundrum* be restored, in setting it right, who can help it? I owe the correction to the sagacity of the ingenious Dr. Thirlby.

THEOBALD.

This poor conundrum is borrowed by Massinger in *The Old Law*, 1653:

"*Cook.* That *Nell* was Hellen of Greece.

"*Clown.* As long as she tarried with her husband she was *Ellen*, but after she came to Troy she was *Nell* of Troy.

"*Cook.* Why did she grow shorter when she came to Troy?

"*Clown.* She grew longer, if you mark the story, when she grew to be an ell, &c." MALONE.

³ *S. Ant.* Where France?

S. Dro. In her forehead, arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair.] All the other countries, mentioned in this description, are in Dromio's replies satirically characterized: but here, as the editors have ordered it, no remark is made upon France; nor any reason given, why it should be in her forehead: but only the kitchen-wench's high forehead is rallied, as pushing back her hair. Thus all the modern editions; but the first folio reads—*making war against her heir.*—And I am very apt to think, this last

S. Dro. In her forehead ; arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair.

S. Ant. Where England ?

S. Dro. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them : but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

S. Ant. Where Spain ?

S. Dro. Faith, I saw it not ; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

last is the true reading ; and that an *equivoque*, as the French call it, a double meaning, is designed in the poet's allusion : and therefore I have replaced it in the text. In 1589, Henry III. of France being stabb'd, and dying of his wound, was succeeded by Henry IV. of Navarre, whom he appointed his successor : but whose claim the states of France resisted, on account of his being a protestant. This, I take it, is what he means, by France making war against her *hair*. Now, as, in 1591, queen Elizabeth sent over 4000 men, under the conduct of the earl of Essex, to the assistance of this Henry of Navarre ; it seems to me very probable, that during this expedition being on foot, this comedy made its appearance. And it was the finest address imaginable in the poet to throw such an oblique sneer at France, for opposing the succession of that *hair*, whose claim his royal mistress, the queen, had sent over a force to establish, and oblige them to acknowledge. THEOBALD.

With this correction and explication Dr. Warburton concurs, and sir Thomas Hanmer thinks an equivocation intended, though he retains *hair* in the text. Yet surely they have all lost the sense by looking beyond it. Our authour, in my opinion, only sports with an allusion, in which he takes too much delight, and means that his mistress had the French disease. The ideas are rather too offensive to be dilated. By a forehead *armed*, he means covered with incrustated eruptions : by *reverted*, he means having the hair turning backward. An equivocal word must have senses applicable to both the subjects to which it is applied. Both *forehead* and *France* might in some sort make war against their *hair*, but how did the *forehead* make war against its *hair* ? The sense which I have given immediately occurred to me, and will, I believe, arise to every reader who is contented with the meaning that lies before him, without sending out conjecture in search of refinements. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare had not written any thing in 1591. In 1593, "the first hair of his invention" (if we may believe his own account of it) was produced. See the Extracts from the Stationers' Books, at the end of the Prefaces, &c. Vol. I. of this edition. STEEVENS.

S. Ant.

S. Ant. Where America, the Indies ?

S. Dro. Oh, fir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain ; who sent whole armadoes of carracks to be ballasted ⁴ at her nose.

S. Ant. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands ?

S. Dro. Oh, fir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me ; call'd me Dromio, swore, I was assur'd to her ⁵ ; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a witch : ⁶ And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i'the wheel.

S. Ant. Go, hie thee presently, post to the road ;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, 'till thou return to me.
If every one know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

S. Dro. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [Exit.

S. Ant. There's none but witches do inhabit here ;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She, that doth call me husband, even my soul

* —to be ballasted] Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads only *ballast*, which may be right. Thus in *Hamlet*:

“ ——— to have the engineer

Hoist with his own petar.” i. e. *boisted*. STEEVENS.

⁵ —assured to her ;] i. e. affianced to her. Thus in *K. John*:

“ For so I did when I was first *assur'd*.” STEEVENS.

⁶ And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, &c.] Alluding to the superstition of the common people, that nothing could resist a witch's power of transforming men into animals, but a great share of *faith*: however the Oxford editor thinks a *breast made of flint*, better security, and has therefore put it in.

WARBURTON.

Doth for a wife abhor : but her fair sister,
 Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
 Of such inchanting presence and discourse,
 Hath almost made me traitor to myself :
 But, lest myself be guilty of self-wrong,
 I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angela, with a chain.

Ang. Master Antipholis ?

S. Ant. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir : Lo, here is the chain ;
 I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine ?
 The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

S. Ant. What is your will, that I shall do with this ?

Ang. What please yourself, sir ; I have made it for
 you.

S. Ant. Made it for me, sir ! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you
 have :

Go home with it, and please your wife withal ;

'And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,

And then receive my money for the chain.

S. Ant. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
 For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir ; fare you well.

[*Exit.*

S. Ant. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
 But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
 That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.

' ———at the Porcupine ;] It is remarkable, that throughout
 the old editions of Shakespeare's plays, the word *Porpentine* is
 used instead of *Porcupine*. Perhaps it was so pronounced at that
 time.

I have since observed the same spelling in the plays of other
 ancient authors. Mr. Tollet finds it likewise in p. 66 of Ascham's
 Works by Bennet, and in Stowe's Chronicle in the years 1117,
 1135. STEEVENS.

I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
 When in the streets he meets such golden gifts:
 I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
 If any ship put out, then strait away. [Exit.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

The Street.

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

Mer. You know, since pentecost the sum is due,
 And since I have not much importun'd you;
 Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
 To Persia, and want gilders⁸ for my voyage:
 Therefore make present satisfaction,
 Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,
 Is growing to me⁹ by Antipholis:
 And, in the instant that I met with you,
 He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,
 I shall receive the money for the same:
 Please you but walk with me down to his house,
 I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, and Dromio of Ephesus, as from the Courtezan's.

Offi. That labour you may save; see where he comes.

E. Ant. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou

And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow

⁸ — want gilders] A *gilder* is a coin valued from one shilling and six pence, to two shillings. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Is growing to me* —] i. e. accruing to me. STEEVENS.

Among

Among my wife and her confederates,
 For locking me out of my doors by day.—
 But soft, I see the goldsmith :—get thee gone ;
 Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

E. Dro. I buy a thousand pound a year ! I buy a
 rope ! [Exit Dromio.]

E. Ant. A man is well help up, that trusts to you :
 I promised your presence, and the chain ;
 But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me :
 Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
 If it were chain'd together ; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
 How much your chain weighs to the utmost carrat ;
 The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion ;
 Which do amount to three odd ducats more
 Than I stand debted to this gentleman :
 I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
 For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

E. Ant. I am not furnish'd with the present money ;
 Besides, I have some business in the town :
 Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
 And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
 Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof ;
 Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her your-
 self ?

E. Ant. No ; bear it with you, lest I come not
 time enough.

Ang. Well, fir, I will : Have you the chain about
 you ?

E. Ant. An if I have not, fir, I hope you have ;
 Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, fir, give me the
 chain ;

Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
 And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

E. Ant. Good lord, you use this dalliance, to excuse
 Your breach of promise to the Porcupine :

I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, fir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear, how he importunes me; the chain—

E. Ant. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;

Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

E. Ant. Fye, now you run this humour out of breath!

Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance:

Good fir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no;

If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

E. Ant. I answer you! why should I answer you?

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

E. Ant. I owe you none, 'till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

E. Ant. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, fir, in denying it:
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do;

And charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation:—

Either consent to pay the sum for me,

Or I attach you by this officer.

E. Ant. Consent to pay for that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer;—
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, fir; you hear the suit.

E. Ant. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:—
But, firrah, you shall buy this sport as dear

As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, fir, I shall have law in Ephefus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse, from the bay.

S. Dro. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
Then, fir, she bears away : our fraughtage, fir,
I have convey'd aboard ; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim ; the merry wind
Blows fair from land : they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

E. Ant. How now ! a madman ! why thou peevish,
sheep ?
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me ?

S. Dro. A ship you sent me to, to hire wastage.

E. Ant. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope ;
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

S. Dro. You sent me for a rope's-end as soon :
You sent me to the bay, fir, for a bark.

E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee strait ;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats ; let her send it ;
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me : hie thee, slave ; be gone :
On, officer, to prison till it come. [*Exeunt.*]

S. Dro. To Adriana ! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowfabel¹ did claim me for her husband :
She

¹ — thou peevish sheep,] *Peevish* is *filly*. So in *Cymbeline* :

“ Desire my man's abode where I did leave him ;

“ He's strange and *peevish*.” See a note on act I.
sc. vii. STEEVENS.

¹ *Where Dowfabel*—] This name occurs in one of Drayton's
Pastorals :

She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their master's minds fulfil. *[Exit,*

S C E N E II.

The house of Antipholis of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
Look'd he or red, or pale; or sad, or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First he deny'd you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more my
spight.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he
were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

"He had, as antique stories tell,

"A daughter cleaped *Dowdabel*, &c." STEEVENS.

2. — *meteors tilting in his face?*] Alluding to those meteors in the sky, which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the shock. To this appearance he compares civil wars in another place:

"Which, like the meteors of a troubled heav'n,

"All of one nature, of one substance bred,

"Did lately meet in the intestine shock

"And furious close of civil butchery." WARBURTON.

The allusion is more clearly explained by the following comparison in the second book of *Paradise Lost*:

"As when to warn proud cities, war appears

"Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush

"To battle in the clouds, before each van

"Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears

"Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms

"From either end of heaven the welkin burns."

STEEVENS.

Adr.

Adr. And what said he ?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love ?

Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.

First, he did praise my beauty ; then, my speech,

Adr. Did'st speak him fair ?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still ;

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have its will.

He is deformed, crooked, old and ³ fere,

Ill-fac'd, worse-body'd, shapeless every where ;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind ;

⁴ Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one ?

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah ! but I think him better than I say,

And yet, would herein others' eyes were worse :

⁵ Far from her nest the lapwing cries away :

My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter

³ fere,] that is, dry, withered. JOHNSON.

⁴ Stigmatical in making, —] That is, marked or stigmatized by nature with deformity, as a token of his vicious disposition.

JOHNSON.

So in the *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598 :

“ It is a most dangerous and stigmatical humour.”

Again, in *The Wonder of a Kingdom*, 1636 :

“ If you spy any man that hath a look,

“ Stigmatically drawn, like to a fury's, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁵ Far from her nest the lapwing &c.] This expression seems to be proverbial. I have met with it in many of the old comic writers. Greene, in his *Second Part of Coney-catching*, 1592, says:—“ But again to our priggers, who, as before I said, cry with the lapwing farthest from the nest, and from their place of residence where their most abode is.”

Nash, speaking of Gabriel Harvey, says—“ he withdraweth men, lapwing-like, from his nest, as much as might be.”

Again, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594 :

“ I'll talk of other matters, and fly from the mark I shoot at, lapwing-like, flying from the place where I nestle.”

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

S. Dro. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet now, make haste.

Luc. How, hast thou lost thy breath?

S. Dro. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

S. Dro. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell;
A devil in an everlasting⁶ garment hath him,
One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough⁷;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
⁸ A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound⁹ that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;

One

Again, in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606:

"——— and will lye like a *lapwing*."

See this passage yet more amply explained in a note on *Measure for Measure*, act i. STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— an everlasting garment] *Everlasting* was in the time of Shakespeare, as well as at present, the name of a kind of durable stuff. The quibble intended here, is likewise met with in *B. and Fletcher's Woman Hater*:

"——— I'll quit this transitory

"Trade, and get me an *everlasting* robe,

"Sear up my conscience, and turn *serjeant*." STEEVENS.

⁷ *A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough*;] Dromio here bringing word in haste that his master is arrested, describes the bailiff by names proper to raise horror and detestation of such a creature, such as, a *devil*, a *fiend*, a *wolf*, &c. But how does *fairy* come up to these terrible ideas? we should read, *a fiend, a fury*, &c.

THEOBALD.

There were fairies like *hobgoblins*, pitiless and rough, and described as malevolent and mischievous. JOHNSON.

⁸ *A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, &c. of allies, creeks, and narrow lands*;] It should be written, I think, *narrow lanes*, as he has the same expression, *Rich. II.* act V. sc. vi:

"*Even such they say as stand in narrow lanes*." GRAY.

The preceding rhyme forbids us to read—*lanes*. A *Shoulder-clapper* is a bailiff:

"——— fear none but these same *shoulder-clappers*."

Decker's Satiromastix. STEEVENS.

⁹ *A bound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well*;] To

One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell¹.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case².

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

S. Dro. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;

But he's in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that I can tell:

run counter is to *run backward*, by mistaking the course of the animal pursued; to *draw dry-foot* is, I believe, to pursue by the track or prick of the foot; to *run counter* and *draw dry-foot well* are, therefore, inconsistent. The jest consists in the ambiguity of the word *counter*, which means the *wrong way in the chase*, and a *prison* in London. The officer that arrested him was a serjeant of the *counter*. For the congruity of this jest with the scene of action, let our authour answer. JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson has the same expression; *Every Man in his Humour*, act II. sc. iv.

"Well, the truth is, my old master intends to follow my young, *dry-foot* over Moorfields to London this morning, &c."

To draw *dry-foot*, is when the dog pursues the game by the scent of the foot: for which the blood-hound is famed. GRAY. So in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*:

"A hunting, Sir Oliver, and *dry-foot* too!"

Again, in the *Dumb Knight*, 1633:

"I care not for *dry-foot* hunting." STEEVENS.

¹ — *poor souls to hell.*] *Hell* was the cant term for an obscure dungeon in any of our prisons. It is mentioned in the *Counter-rat*, a poem, 1658:

"In Wood-street's hole, or Poultry's *bell*."

The dark place into which a taylor throws his shreds, is still in possession of this title. So in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

"—Taylors—'tis known

"They scorn thy *bell*, having better of their own."

There was likewise a place of this name under the Exchequer-chamber, where the king's debtors were confined till they had paid the uttermost farthing. STEEVENS.

² — *on the case.*] An action upon the case, is a general action given for the redress of a wrong done any man without force, and not especially provided for by law. GRAY.

Will

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money
in his desk ?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at,

[*Exit Luciana.*]

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt !

Tell me, was he arrested on a band ?

S. Dro. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing ;
A chain, a chain ; do you not hear it ring ?

Adr. What, the chain ?

S. Dro. No, no ; the bell : 'tis time, that I were
gone.

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes
one.

Adr. The hours come back ! that I did never hear.

S. Dro. O yes, If any hour meet a serjeant, a'turns
back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt ! how fondly dost
thou reason ?

³ ———was he arrested on a band ?] Thus the old copy, and
I believe rightly ; though the modern editors read *bond*. A bond,
i. e. an obligatory writing to pay a sum of money, was anciently
spelt *band*. A *band* is likewise a *neckcloth*. On this circumstance
I believe the humour of the passage turns.

B. Jonson, personifying the instruments of the law, says :

“ ———Statute, and *band*, and wax, shall go with me.”

Again, without personification :

“ See here your mortgage, statute, *band*, and wax.”

So in the *Spanish Tragedy* :

“ 1 Citizen. —Sir, here's my declaration,

“ 2 Citizen. And here's my *band*.

“ 3 Citizen. And here's my lease.”

Again, in *The Miseries of enforced Marriage*, 1609 :

“ First draw him into *bands* for money.”

Again, in *Histrionastix*, 1610 :

“ ———tye fast our lands

“ In statute staple, or these Merchants' *bands*.”

Again, in *The Walks of Ilington and Hogsdon* :

“ From turning over goods in other's hands,

“ And from the settings of our marks to *bands*.”

STEEVENS.

S. Dro.

S. Dro. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth, to season.

Nay, he's a thief too : Have you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day ?
If time be in debt⁴, and theft, and a serjeant in the way,

Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day ?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, Dromio ; there's the money, bear it strait ;

And bring thy master home immediately.—

Come, sister : I am press'd down with conceit ;

Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Street.

Enter Antipholis of Syracuse.

S. Ant. There's not a man I meet, but doth salute me

As if I were their well-acquainted friend ;

And every one doth call me by my name.

Some tender money to me, some invite me ;

Some other give me thanks for kindneses ;

Some offer me commodities to buy :

Even now a taylor call'd me in his shop,

And show'd me filks that he had bought for me,

And, therewithal, took measure of my body.

Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,

And Lapland forcerers inhabit here.

⁴ *If time be in debt,]* The old edition reads—*If I be in debt.*
STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

S. Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for :
'What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd ?

S. Ant. What gold is this ? What Adam dost thou mean ?

S. Dro. Not that Adam, that kept the paradise, but that Adam, that keeps the prison : he that goes in the calves-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal ; he that came behind you, fir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

S. Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No ? why, it is a plain case : he that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather ; the man, fir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them ; he, fir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives 'em suits of durance ; ⁶ he that sets up

¹ —*what have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd ?*]

A short word or two must have slipped out here, by some accident in copying, or at press ; otherwise I have no conception of the meaning of the passage. The case is this. Dromio's master had been arrested, and sent his servant home for money to redeem him : he, running back with the money, meets the twin Antipholis, whom he mistakes for his master, and seeing him clear of the officer before the money was come, he cries, in a surprize ;

What, have you got rid of the picture of old Adam new apparell'd ? For so I have ventured to supply, by conjecture. But why is the officer call'd old Adam new apparell'd ? The allusion is to Adam in his state of innocence going naked ; and immediately after the fall, being cloath'd in a frock of skins. Thus he was new apparell'd : and, in like manner, the serjeants of the Counter were formerly clad in buff, or calves-skin, as the author humourously a little lower calls it. THEOBALD.

The explanation is very good, but the text does not require to be amended. JOHNSON.

These jests on Adam's dress are common among our old writers. So in *King Edward III.* 1599 :

"The register of all varieties

"Since *leathern Adam* to this younger hour."

STEEVENS.

⁶ *he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a*

MORRIS.

up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris pike.

S. Ant.

MORRIS-pike.] *Sets up his rest*, is a phrase taken from military exercise. When gunpowder was first invented, its force was very weak compared to that in present use. This necessarily required fire-arms to be of an extraordinary length. As the artists improved the strength of their powder, the soldiers proportionably shortened their arms and artillery; so that the cannon which Froissart tells us was once fifty feet long, was contracted to less than ten. This proportion likewise held in their muskets; so that, till the middle of the last century, the musketeers always supported their pieces when they gave fire, with a *rest* stuck before them into the ground, which they called *setting up their rest*, and is here alluded to. There is another quibbling allusion too to the sergeant's office of arresting. But what most wants animadversion is the *morris pike*, which is without meaning, impertinent to the sense, and false in the allusion; no pike being used amongst the dancers so called, or at least not fam'd for much execution. In a word, Shakespeare wrote,

————— a MAURICE-pike.

i. e. a pikeman of prince Maurice's army. He was the greatest general of that age, and the conductor of the Low-country wars against Spain, under whom all the English gentry and nobility were bred to the service. Being frequently overborne with numbers, he became famous for his fine retreats, in which a stand of pikes is of great service. Hence the pikes of his army became famous for their military exploits. WARBURTON.

This conjecture is very ingenious, yet the commentator talks unnecessarily of the *rest of a musket*, by which he makes the hero of the speech set up the *rest of a musket*, to *do exploits* with a *pike*. The *rest of a pike* was a common term, and signified, I believe, the manner in which it was fixed to receive the rush of the enemy. A *morris-pike* was a pike used in a *morris* or a military dance, and with which great *exploits* were *done*, that is, great feats of dexterity were shewn. There is no need of change. JOHNSON.

A *morris-pike* is mentioned by the old writers as a formidable weapon; and therefore Dr. Warburton's notion is deficient in first principles. "*Morepikes* (says Langley in his translation of *Polydore Virgil*) were used first in the siege of Capua." And in *Reynard's Deliverance of certain Christians from the Turks*, "the English mariners laid about them with brown bills, halberts, and *morrice-pikes*." FARMER.

Polydore Virgil does not mention *morris-pikes* at the siege of Capua, though Langley's translation of him advances their antiquity so high. TOLLET.

So

S. Ant. What ! thou mean'st an officer ?

S. Dro. Ay, fir, the serjeant of the band : he, that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band ; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and faith, *God give you good rest !*

S. Ant. Well, fir, there rest in your foolery. Is there

Any ships puts forth to-night ? may we be gone ?

S. Dro. Why, fir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night ; and then were you hindered by the serjeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay : Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

S. Ant. The fellow is distract, and so am I ;
And here we wander in illusions :
Some blessed power deliver us from hence !

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholis.
I see, fir, you have found the goldsmith now :
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day ?

S. Ant. Satan, avoid ! I charge thee, tempt me not !

S. Dro. Master, is this mistress Satan ?

S. Ant. It is the devil.

S. Dro. Nay, she is worse, she's the devil's dam ;
and here she comes in the habit of a light wench :
and therefore comes, that the wenches say, *God damn me*, that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench*. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light : light is an effect of fire, and fire will

So in Heywood's *K. Edward IV.* 1626 :

" Of the French were beaten down

" *Morris-pikes* and bowmen, &c."

Again, in Hollinshed, p. 816 :

" — they entered the gallies again with *moris pikes* and fought, &c." STEEVENS.

Morris pikes, or the pikes of the Moors, were excellent formerly ;
and since, the Spanish pikes have been equally famous. See
Hartlib's legacy, p. 48. TOLLET.

burn ;

burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous, merry, fir. Will you go with me? we'll mend our dinner here.

S. Dro. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon?

S. Ant. Why, Dromio?

S. Dro. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

S. Ant. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a forcerefs:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;
And I'll be gone, fir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some devils
Ask but the paring of one's nail, a rush,
A hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut,
A cherry-stone; but she, more covetous,
Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; an' if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, fir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope, you do not mean to cheat me so?

S. Ant. Avaunt, thou witch! Come Dromio, let us go.

S. Dro. Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistrefs, that you know. [*Exeunt. Ant. and Dro.*]

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholis is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself:
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,

¹ —if you do expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.] Or, which modern editors have thrown out of the text, signifies, before. Of this use of the word, many instances occur in ancient writers. So in *Arden of Feversham*, 1599:

"He shall be murdered or the guests come in."

See a note on *K. John*, act IV. sc. iii. STEEVENS.

And for the same he promis'd me a chain;
 Both one, and other, he denies me now.
 The reason that I gather he is mad,
 (*Besides this present instance of his rage*)
 Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,
 Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
 Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
 On purpose shut the doors against his way.
 My way is now, to hie home to his house,
 And tell his wife, that, being lunatic;
 He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
 My ring away: This course I fittest chuse;
 For forty ducats is too much to lose. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E IV.

The Street.

Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, with a Tailor.

E. Ant. Fear me not, man, I will not break away;
 I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
 To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
 My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;
 And will not lightly trust the messenger,
 That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:
 I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

Enter Dromio of Ephesus with a rope's-end.

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money.
 How now, fir? have you that I sent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that, I warrant you will pay them
 all.

E. Ant. But where's the money?

E. Dro. Why, fir, I gave the money for the rope.

E. Ant. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

E. Dro. I'll serve you, fir, five hundred at the rate.

E. Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a rope's end, fir; and to that end am
 I return'd.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. And to that end, fir, I will welcome you.

[*Beats Dromio.*

Off. Good fir, be patient.

E. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

E. Ant. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

E. Dro. I would I were senseless, fir, that I might not feel your blows:

E. Ant. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

E. Dro. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am wak'd with it, when I sleep; rais'd with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcom'd home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lam'd me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, and the Courtezan, with a schoolmaster called Pinch, and others.*

E. Ant. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

E. Dro. ⁹ Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end;
or

* —a schoolmaster called Pinch,] Thus the old copy: in many country villages the pedagogue is still a reputed conjurer.

STEEVENS.

⁹ Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end.*] These words seem to allude to a famous pamphlet of that time, wrote by Buchanan against the lord of Liddington; which ends with these words, *Respice finem, respice finem.* But to what purpose, unless our au-

or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end.*

E. Ant. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats Drorin*]

Cow. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—

Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cow. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

E. Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Sathan, hous'd within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers,

And to thy state of darkness hic thee strain;

I conjure thee, by all the saints in heaven.

E. Ant. Peace, dotting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. Oh, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

E. Ant. You minion, you, are these your customers?

Did this companion with the saffron face

Revel and feast it at my house to day,

Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,

And I deny'd to enter in my house?

thor would shew that he could quibble as well in English, as the other in Latin, I confess I know not. As for *prophecying like the parrot*, this alludes to people's teaching that bird unlucky words; with which, when any passenger was offended, it was the standing joke of the wise owner to say, *Take heed, fir, my parrot prophecies*. To this, Butler hints, where, speaking of Ralpho's skill in augury, he says:

"Could tell what subtilst parrots mean,

"That speak and think contrary clean;

"What member 'tis of whom they talk,

"When they cry rope, and walk, knave, walk."

WARBURTON.

So in Decker's *Satiromastix*:

"But come, *respice funem*." STEEVENS.

Adr.

Adr. Oh, husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,

Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

E. Ant. Din'd I at home? Thou villain, what say'st thou?

E. Dro. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

E. Ant. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

E. Dro. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

E. Ant. And did not she herself revile me there?

E. Dro. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

E. Ant. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

E. Dro. Certes¹, she did; * the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

E. Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

E. Dro. In verity, you did; my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

E. Ant. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

E. Dro. Money by me? heart and good-will you might,

But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

E. Ant. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

¹ Certes,] i. e. certainly. Obsolete. So in the *Tempest*:

"For certes, these are people of the island." STEEVENS.

* Kitchen-vestal] Her charge being like that of the vestal virgins, to keep the fire burning. JOHNSON.

E. Dro. God and the rope-maker, bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

E. Ant. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth
to-day,
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

E. Dro. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in
both.

E. Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold me in this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him; he strives.

Adr. Oh, bind him, bind him, let him not come
near me.

Pinch. More company;—the fiend is strong within
him.

Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

E. Ant. What, will you murder me? Thou jailor,
thou,
I am thy prisoner; wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Offi. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantick fool.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

³ —*thou peevish officer?*] This is the second time that in the
course of this play, *peevish* has been used for *foolish*. STEEVENS.

Offi.

Off. He is my prisoner ; if I let him go,
The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee :
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

[*They bind Antipholis and Dromio.*]

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house.—Oh, most unhappy day !

E. Ant. Oh, most unhappy strumpet !⁴

E. Dro. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

E. Ant. Out on thee, villain ! wherefore dost thou
mad me ?

E. Dro. Will you be bound for nothing ? be mad,
Good master ; cry, the devil,—

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk !

Adr. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.

[*Exeunt Pinch, Antiphalis, Dromio, &c.*]

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at ?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith ; Do you know him ?

Adr. I know the man : What is the sum he owes ?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due ?

Off. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it
not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,

(The ring I saw upon his finger now)

Strait after, did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.—

Come, jailor, bring me where the goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

* —unhappy strumpet !] *Unhappy* is here used in one of the
senses of *unlucky* ; i. e. *mischievous*. STEEVENS.

Enter Antipholis of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn, and Dromio of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy ! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords ; let's call more help,

To have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill us. *[They run out.]*

Manent Antipholis and Dromio.

S. Ant. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

S. Dro. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

S. Ant. Come to the Centaur ; fetch our stuff from thence ;

I long, that we were safe and sound abroad.

S. Dro. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm ; you saw, they speak us fair, give us gold : methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

S. Ant. I will not stay to-night for all the town ; Therefore away to get our stuff aboard. *[Exeunt.]*

A C T V. S C E N E I.

A Street, before a Priory.

Enter the Merchant and Angelo.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you ; But, I protest, he had the chain of me, Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city ?

Ang.

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, fir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Mer. Speak softly : yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholis and Dromio of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self-chain about his neck,
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.
Good fir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—
Signior Antipholis, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly :
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day :
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

S. Ant. I think, I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, fir; and forswore it too.

S. Ant. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear
thee:

Eye on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

S. Ant. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus :
I'll prove mine honour and my honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtesan, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is
mad; to
Some get within him, take his sword away :
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

S. Dro. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take
a house. *(To the Hostess)* I have
This is some priory; — In, or we are spoiled.

Exeunt to the priory.

Enter Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you
hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?
Bury'd some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. But not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly, as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference;
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he led not for my urging it;

⁵ the copy] i.e. the theme. *Ave* will talk of setting copies for
boys. STEEVENS.

Alone

Alone, it was the subject of my theme ;
In company, I often glanc'd at it ;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And therefore came it, that the man was mad ;
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing :
And therefore comes it, that his head is light.
Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings :
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Therefore the raging fire of fever bred ;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness ?
Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls :
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
'Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair ;
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life ?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast :

** Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair ;* [Shakespeare could never make melancholy a male in this line, and a female in the next. This was the foolish insertion of the first editors. I have therefore put it into hooks, as spurious: WARBURTON.]

The defective metre of the second line, is a plain proof that some dissyllable word hath been dropped there. I think it therefore probable our poet may have written :

*Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moodie [moping] and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair ?
And at their heels a huge infectious troop.* REVISAL.

It has been observed to me that Mr. Capell reads :

*But moody and dull melancholy, kins-
woman to grim and comfortless despair ;*

but I hardly think he could be serious ; as, though the Roman language may allow of such transfers from the end of one verse to the beginning of the next, the custom is unknown to English poetry, unless it be of the burlesque kind : It is too like Homer Travesty :

“ ——— On this, Agam—

“ memnon began to curse and damn.” STEEVENS.

The

The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly.—
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enter in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband
forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office;
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again;
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness;
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have him.

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

[Exit Abbess.]

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

—a formal man again:] i. e. to bring him back to his senses,
and the forms of sober behaviour. So in *Measure for Measure*:
——“informal women” for just the contrary. STEEVENS.

Mer.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five :
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale ;
The place of death and sorry execution ,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here :

Ang. Upon what cause ?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come ; we will behold his
death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

*Enter the Duke, and Ægeon bare-headed ; with the headf-
man and other officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess !

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady ;
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholis, my
husband,—

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters ,—this ill day

A most

* ———sorry execution,] So in *Macbeth* :

“ Of *forriest* fancies your companions making.”

Sorry, had anciently a stronger meaning than at present.
Thus, in Chaucer's *Prologue to The Sompnoures Tale*, v. 7283.
late edit :

“ This Frere, whan he loked had his fill

“ Upon the turmenta of this *forry* place.”

Again, in the *Knights Tale*, where the temple of Mars is de-
scribed :

“ All full of chirking was that *forry* place.” STEEVENS.

“ Whom I made lord of me and all I had,

At your important letters, ———”

Important seems to be for importunate. JOHNSON.

Shake-

A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
 That desperately he hurry'd through the street,
 (With him his bondman, all as mad as he)
 Doing displeasure to the citizens
 By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
 Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
 Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
 Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
 That here and there his fury had committed.
 Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
 He broke from those that had the guard of him;
 And, with his mad attendant and himself,
 Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
 Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
 Chas'd us away; till, raising of more aid,
 We came again to bind them: then they fled
 Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them;
 And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
 And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
 Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
 Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
 Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

So in one of Shakespeare's Historical plays:

"———great France
 "My mourning and important tears hath pitied.

Shakespeare, who gives to all nations the customs of his own,
 seems from this passage to allude to a *court of wards* in Ephesus.

The *court of wards* was always considered as a grievous oppression. It is glanced at as early as in the old morality of *Hycke Scorne*:

"———these ryche men ben unkinde:
 "Wydwowes do curle lordes and gentyllmen,
 "For they contrayne them to marry with theyr men,
 "Ye, wheder they wyll or no." STEEVENS.
 "to take order] i. e. to take measures. So in *Othello*, act V.
 "Honest Iago hath ta'en order for it." STEEVENS.
 "And, with his mad attendant and himself,] We should read;
 "———MAD himself. WARBURTON.

We might read:
 "And here his mad attendant and himself. STEEVENS.

Duke.

Duke. Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my wars :
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me ;
I will determine this, before I die.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. O mistress, mistress, hie and save yourself !
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row¹, and bound the doctor,
* Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire :

And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair :
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissars nicks him like a fool² :

¹ Beaten the maids a-row,] i. e. successively, one after another.
So in Chaucer's *Wife of Bathes Tale*, v. 6836. late edit :

" A thousand time a-row he gan hire kisse."

STEEVENS.

* Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire ;] Such a ludicrous circumstance is not unworthy of the farce in which we find it introduced ; but is rather out of place in an epic poem, amidst all the horrors and carnage of a battle.

² Obvius ambustum torrem Corinaeus ab ara

Corripit, et vehienti Ebuso, phagantique ferenti,

Occupat os flammis : Illi ingens barba reluxit,

Nidamque ambusta dedit." Virg. *Æneis*, lib. xii.

STEEVENS.

³ His man with scissars nicks him like a fool :] The force of this allusion I am unable to explain. Perhaps it was once the custom to cut the hair of idiots or jesters close to their heads. There is a proverbial simile—⁴ Like *crook* the conjurer, which might have been applied to either of these characters.

STEEVENS.

There is a penalty of ten shillings in one of King Alfred's ecclesiastical laws, if one opprobriously shave a common man like a fool.

TOLLET.

And

And, sure, unless you send some present help;
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;
And that is false, thou dost report to us.

Mess. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.

He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
'To scorch your face, and to disfigure you :

[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard
with halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter Antipholis and Dromio of Ephesus.

E. Ant. Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant
me justice!

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Ægeon. Unless the fear of death doth make me
dote,

I see my son Antipholis, and Dromio.

E. Ant. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman
there.

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

⁶ *To scorch your face, —*] We should read *scotch*, i.e.
hack, cut. *WARBURTON.*

To scorch I believe is right. He would have punished her as he
had punished the conjurer before. *STEEVENS.*

Duke.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

E. Ant. This day, great duke, she shut the doors
upon me,

Whilst she with harlots ⁷ feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault : Say, woman, didst thou
so ?

Adr. No, my good lord ;—myself, he, and my
sister,

To-day did dine together : So befall my soul,
As this is false, he burdens me withal !

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth !

Aug. O perjur'd woman ! They are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

⁷ ———— *with harlots*] Antipholis did not suspect his wife of
having entertained courtezans, but of having been confederate
with cheats to impose on him and abuse him. Therefore, he says
to her act IV. sc. iv :

————— are these your customers ?

Did this companion with the saffron face

Revel and feast it at my house to day ?

By this description he points out *Pinch* and his followers. *Harlot*
was a term of reproach applied to cheats among men as well as
to wantons among women. Thus, in the *Fox*, Corbaccio says to
Volpone :

“ ———— Out *harlot* ! ”

Again, in the *Winter's Tale* :

“ ———— for the *harlot* king

“ Is quite beyond nine arm. ———— ”

Again, in the ancient mystery of *Candlemas-Day*, 1512. *Herod*
says to *Watkin* :

“ Nay, *harlott*, abyde stytle with my knyghts I warne the. ” —

The learned editor of *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, 4 vols, 8vo.
1775, observes, that in *The Romaunt of the Rose*, v. 6068, *King*
of Harlots is Chaucer's Translation of *Roy des ribaulx*. Chaucer
uses the word more than once :

“ A sturdy *harlot* went hem ay behind,

“ That was hir hostes man &c. ”

Sompnours Tale, v. 7336.

Again, in the *Dyers' Play*, among the Chester Collection in the
Museum, Antichrist says to the male characters on the stage :

“ Out on ye *harlots*, whence come ye ! ” STEEVENS,

E. Ant.

E. Ant. My liege, I am advis'd* what I say;
 Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
 Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
 Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
 This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
 That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
 Could witness it, for he was with me then,
 Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
 Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
 Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
 Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
 I went to seek him: in the street I met him;
 And in his company, that gentleman.
 There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
 That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
 Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which,
 He did arrest me with an officer.
 I did obey; and sent my peasant home
 For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
 Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
 To go in person with me to my house.
 By the way we met my wife, her sister, and
 A rabble more of vile confederates;
 Along with them
 They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
 A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
 A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
 A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
 A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
 Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
 And, gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,
 And with no-face, as it were, out-facing me,
 Cries out, I was possess'd: then altogether
 They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
 And in a dark and dankish vault at home

* ——— *I am advis'd* ———] i. e. I am not going to speak precipitately or rashly, but on reflexion and consideration.

STEEVENS.

There

There left me and my man, both bound together;
 'Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in funder,
 I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
 Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
 To give me ample satisfaction
 For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him;
 That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
 These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
 Heard you confess, you had the chain of him,
 After you first forswore it on the mart,
 And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;
 And then you fled into this abbey here;
 From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within these abbey-walls,
 Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me;
 I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
 And this is false; you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
 I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.
 If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
 If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:—
 You say, he din'd at home; the goldsmith here
 Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?

E. Dro. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

E. Ant. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange:—Go call the abbess
 hither;

I think you are all mated^o; or stark mad.

[Exit one to the Abbess.]

^o mated,] i. e. wild, foolish, from the Italian *matto*.

I think you are all *fools* or madmen. MALONE.

Ægeon. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak
a word;

Haply, I see a friend, will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Ægeon. Is not your name, fir, call'd Antipholls?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bond-man,
fir,

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Ægeon. I am sure, you both of you remember me.

E. Dro. Ourselves we do remember, fir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.

You are not Pinch's patient, are you, fir?

Ægeon. Why look you strange on me? you know
me well.

E. Ant. I never saw you in my life, 'till now.

Ægeon. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw
me last;

And careful hours, with time's deformed¹ hand
Have written² strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

E. Ant. Neither.

Ægeon. Dromio, nor thou?

E. Dro. No, trust me, fir, nor I.

Ægeon. I am sure, thou dost.

E. Dro. Ay, fir?

But I am sure, I do not; and whatsoever
A man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

¹ ———deformed] for deforming. STEEVENS.

² strange defeatures] Defeature is the privative of feature.
The meaning is, time hath cancelled my features. JOHNSON.

Defeatures are undoings, miscarriages, misfortunes; from defaire, Fr.
So in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1599:

"The day before the night of my defeature, (i. e. undoing.)

"He greets me with a casket richly wrought."

The sense is, I am deformed, undone, by misery. STEEVENS.

Ægeon.

Ægeon. Not know my voice! Oh, time's extremity!

Hast thou so crack'd and splitt'd my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face³ of mine be hid
In sapconsuming winter's drizled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
* All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
Tell me thou art my son Antipholis.

E. Ant. I never saw my father in my life.

Ægeon. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
Thou knowest; we parted: but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

E. Ant. The duke, and all that know me in the
city,

Can witness with me that it is not so;
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholis,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

³ — *this grained face*] i. e. furrow'd, like the grain of wood.
So in *Coriolanus*:

" — my grained ash." STEEVENS.

* *All those old witnesses (I cannot err)*] I believe should be read:

All these HOLD *witnesses I cannot err.*

i. e. all these continue to testify that I cannot err, and tell me, &c.

WARBURTON.

The old reading is the true one, as well as the most poetical. The words *I cannot err*, should be thrown into a parenthesis. By *old witnesses* I believe he means *experienced, accusom'd ones*, which are therefore less likely to err. So in the *Tempest*:

" If these be true spies that I wear in my head, &c."

STEEVENS.

Enter the Abbess, with Antipholis Syracusan and Dromio Syracusan.

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd. [*All gather to see him.*]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other ;
And so of these : Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit ? who deciphers them ?

S. Dro. I, sir, am Dromio ; command him away.

E. Dro. I, sir, am Dromio ; pray, let me stay.

S. Ant. Ægeon, art thou not ? or else his ghost ?

S. Dro. O, my old master ! who hath bound him here ?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty :—

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man

That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,

That bore thee at a burden two fair sons ?

Oh, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,

And speak unto the same Æmilia !

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right :
These two Antipholis's, these two so like,
And those two Dromio's, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea⁵,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia ;
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft ?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up ;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio, and my son from them,

⁵ *Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,*] This is one of Shakespeare's oversights. The abbess has not so much as hinted at the shipwreck. Perhaps, indeed, this and the next speech should change places. STEEVENS.

And

And me they left with those of Epidamnium:

What then became of them, I cannot tell;

I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Antipholis, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

S. Ant. No, fir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

E. Ant. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

E. Dro. And I with him.

E. Ant. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

S. Ant. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are you not my husband?

E. Ant. No, I say, nay to that.

S. Ant. And so do I, yet she did call me so;

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,

Did call me brother:—What I told you then,

I hope, I shall have leisure to make good;

If this be not a dream, I see, and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, fir, which you had of me.

S. Ant. I think it be, fir; I deny it not.

E. Ant. And you, fir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think, I did, fir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, fir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think, he brought it not.

S. Dro. No, none by me.

S. Ant. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me:

I see, we still did meet each other's man,

And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,

And thereupon these Errors are arose.

E. Ant. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

E. Ant. There, take it; and much thanks for my
good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
 To go with us into the abbey here,
 And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes :—
 And all that are assembled in this place,
 That by this sympathized one day's Error
 Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
 And ye shall have full satisfaction.—
 ' Twenty-five years have I but gone in travel
 Of you, my sons ; and, till this present hour,
 My heavy burden not delivered :—
 The duke, my husband, and my children both,
 And you the calendars of their nativity,
 Go to a gossip's feast, and ' go with me ;

After.

* *Twenty-five years ————*] In former editions :

Thirty-three years.

*Tis impossible the poet could be so forgetful, as to design this number here : and therefore I have ventured to alter it to *twenty-five*, upon a proof, that, I think, amounts to demonstration. The number, I presume, was at first wrote in figures, and, perhaps, blindly ; and thence the mistake might arise. *Ægeon*, in the first scene of the first act, is precise as to the time his son left him, in quest of his brother :

My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,

At eighteen years became inquisitive

After his brother, &c.

And how long it was from the son's thus parting from his father, to their meeting again at Ephesus, where *Ægeon*, mistakenly, recognizes the twin-brother, for him, we as precisely learn from another passage in the fifth act :

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracuse-bay,

Thou knowest we parted ;

so that these two numbers, put together, settle the date of their birth beyond dispute. THEOBALD.

⁷ ———— *and go with me ;*] We should read :

——— *and GAUDE with me ;*

i. e. rejoice, from the French, *gaudir*. WARBURTON.

The sense is clear enough without the alteration. The Revival offers to read, more plausibly, I think :

——— *joy with me.*

Dr. Warburton's conjecture may, however, be countenanced by the following passage in *Acolastus* a comedy, 1529 :—" I have good cause to set the cocke on the hope, and make *gaudy*e chere."

Again,

After so long grief such nativity⁸!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent the two Antipholis's, and two Dromio's.

S. Dro. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board?

E. Ant. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou im-bark'd?

S. Dro. Your goods, that lay at host, fir, in the Centaur.

S. Ant. He speaks to me; I am your master, Dromio:

Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:

Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt Antipholis S., and E.*]

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your master's house, That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner; She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

E. Dro. Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother:

I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth, Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

S. Dro. Not I, fir; you are my elder,

E. Dro. That's a question:

How shall we try it?

S. Dro. We will draw

Cuts for the senior: till then lead thou first.

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act III:

"Let's have one other gaudy night."

In the novel of M. Alberto of Bologna, the author adviseth gentlewomen "to beware how they contrive their holyday talke, by waste wordes issuing forth their delicate mouths in carping, gauding, and jesting at young gentlemen, and speciallye olde men, &c." *Palace of Pleasure*, 1582. T. 1, fol. 60. STEEVENS.

⁸ *After so long grief, such nativity!*] We should surely read:

After so long grief, such festivity.

Nativity lying so near, and the termination being the same of both words, the mistake was easy. JOHNSON.

The old reading may be right. She has just said, that to her, her sons were not *born* till now. STEEVENS.

E. Dro. Nay, then thus ;

We came into the world, like brother and brother ;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before an-
other ?

[*Exeunt.*

⁹ In this comedy we find more intricacy of plot than distinction of character ; and our attention is less forcibly engaged, because we can guess in great measure how the denouement will be brought about. Yet the poet seems unwilling to part with his subject, even in this last and unnecessary scene, where the same mistakes are continued, till their power of affording entertainment is entirely lost. STEEVENS.

MUCH

M U C H A D O

ABOUT

N O T H I N G.

Persons Represented.

Don Pedro, Prince of Arragon.

Leonato, Governor of Messina.

Don John, Bastard Brother to Don Pedro.

Claudio, a young Lord of Florence, Favourite to Don Pedro.

Benedick, a young Lord of Padua, favoured likewise by Don Pedro.

Balthazar, servant to Don Pedro.

Antonio, Brother to Leonato.

Borachio, Confident to Don John.

Conrade, Friend to Borachio.

Dogberry, } two foolish Officers.

Verges, }

Hero, Daughter to Leonato.

Beatrice, Niece to Leonato.

Margaret, } two Gentlewomen attending on Hero.

Urfula. }

A Friar, Messenger, Watch, Town-Clerk, Sexton, and Attendants.

SCENE Messina in Sicily.

The story is from Ariosto, *Orl. Fur.* b. v. POPE.

It is true, as Mr. Pope has observed, that somewhat resembling the story of this play is to be found in the fifth book of the *Orlando Furioso*. In Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. ii. c. 4. as remote an original may be traced. A novel, however, of Belleforest, copied from another of Bandello, seems to have furnished Shakespeare with his fable, as it approaches nearer in all its particulars to the play before us, than any other performance known to be extant. I have seen so many versions from this once popular collection, that I entertain no doubt but that the great majority of the tales it comprehends, have made their appearance in an English dress. Of that particular story which I have just mentioned, viz. the 18th history in the third volume, no translation has hitherto been met with. STEEVENS.

MUCH

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING¹.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, Hero, and Beatrice, with a Messenger.

Leon. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any fort², and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the atchiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, call'd Claudio.

¹ *Much Ado about Nothing.*] *Innogen*, (the mother of Hero) in the oldest quarto that I have seen of this play, printed in 1600, is mentioned to enter in two several scenes. The succeeding editions have all continued her name in the *Dramatis Personæ*. But I have ventured to expunge it; there being no mention of her through the play, no one speech address'd to her, nor one syllable spoken by her. Neither is there any one passage, from which we have any reason to determine that Hero's mother was living. It seems, as if the poet had in his first plan design'd such a character: which, on a survey of it, he found would be superfluous; and therefore he left it out. THEOBALD.

This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, Aug. 23, 1600.

STEEVENS.

² — of any fort,] *Sort* is rank. So in Chapman's version of the 16th book of *Homer's Odyssey*:

"A ship, and in her many a man of *sort*." STEEVENS.

Mess.

Mess. Much deserv'd on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro : He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age ; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion : he hath, indeed, better better'd expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an unclè here in Messina will be very-much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him ; even so much, that ³ joy could not shew itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears ?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness : There are no faces truer⁴ than those that are so wash'd. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping ?

Beat. I pray you, ⁵ is signior Montanto return'd from the wars, or no ?

Mess.

³ — *joy could not shew itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.*] This is judiciously express'd. Of all the transports of joy, that which is attended with tears is least offensive ; because, carrying with it this mark of pain, it allays the envy that usually attends another's happiness. This he finely calls a *modest* joy, such a one as did not insult the observer by an indication of happiness unmixed with pain. WARBURTON.

Such another expression occurs in Chapman's version of the tenth book of the *Odyssey* :

“ ——— our eyes wore

“ The same wet *badge* of weak humanity.”

This is an idea which Shakespeare seems to have been delighted to introduce. It occurs again in *Macbeth* :

“ ——— my plenteous joys

“ Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves

“ In drops of sorrow.” — STEEVENS.

⁴ — *no faces truer*] That is, none *honest*, none *more sincere*,

JOHNSON.

⁵ — *is signior Montanto return'd* —] *Montante*, in Spanish, is a *huge two-handed sword*, given, with much humour, to one, the speaker would represent as a boaster or bravado. WARBURTON.

Montanto was one of the ancient terms of the fencing-school.

Mess. I know none of that name, lady; 'there was none such in the army of any fort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he's return'd; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. ' He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid^s at the flight: and my uncle's fool, read-

So, in *Every Man in his Humour*: "—your punto, your reverse, your stoccata, your imbrocata, your passada, your montanto, &c." Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:

" —thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant."

STEEVENS.

* —[there was none such in the army of any fort.] Not meaning there was none such of any order or degree whatever, but that there was none such of any quality above the common. WARBURTON.

' He set up his bills &c.] In B. Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, Shift says:

" This is rare, I have set up my bills without discovery."

Again, in *Sweetnam Arraign'd*, 1620:

" I have bought foils already, set up bills,

" Hung up my two-hand sword, &c."

Again, in Nash's *Have with you to Saffron Walden* &c. 1596:

" —setting up bills like a bearward or fencer, what fights we shall have, and what weapons she will meet me at."

Beatrice means, that Benedick published a general challenge, like a prize-fighter. STEEVENS.

' —[challenged Cupid at the flight:] The disuse of the bow makes this passage obscure. Benedick is represented as challenging Cupid at archery. To challenge at the flight is, I believe, to wager who shall shoot the arrow farthest without any particular mark. To challenge at the bird-bolt, seems to mean the same as to challenge at children's archery, with small arrows, such as are discharged at birds. In *Twelfth-Night* Lady Olivia opposes a bird-bolt to a cannot-bullet, the lightest to the heaviest of missile weapons. JOHNSON.

To challenge at the flight, was a challenge to shoot with an arrow. Flight means an arrow, as may be proved from the following lines in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*:

" ——— not the quick rack swifter;

" The virgin from the bated ravisher

" Not half so fearful: not a flight drawn home,

" A round floss from a sling. ———"

reading the challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.—I pray you, how many hath

So, in *A Woman kill'd with Kindness*, 1617:

“We have tied our geldings to a tree, two *flight-shot* off.”

Again, in Middleton's *Game of Chesse*, 1625:

“Who, as they say, discharg'd it like a *flight*.”

Again, in the *Entertainment at Causome House*, &c. 1613:

“—it being from the park about two *flight-shots* in length.”

But it is apparent from the following passage in the *Civil Wars* of Daniel, b. viii. st. 15. that a *flight* was not used to signify an arrow in general, but some particular kind of arrow; I believe one of an unusual length:

“——— and assign'd

“The archers their *flight-shafts* to shoot away;

“Which th'adverse side (with fleet and dimness blind,

“Mistaken in the distance of the way)

“Answer with their *sheaf-arrows*, that came short

“Of their intended aim, and did no hurt.”

Holinshed makes the same distinction in his account of the same occurrence, and adds, that these *flights* were provided on purpose. Again, in Holinshed, p. 649.—“He caused the soldiers to shoot their *flights* towards the lord Audlies company.”

Mr. Tollet observes, that the length of a *flight-shot* seems ascertained by a passage in Leland's Itinerary, 1769, vol. iv. p. 44.

“The passage into it at full se is a *flite-shot* over, as much as the Tamise is above the bridge.”—It were easy to know the length of London-Bridge, and Stowe's Survey may inform the curious reader whether the river has been narrowed by embanking since the days of Leland.

The *bird-bolt* is a short thick arrow without point, and spreading at the extremity so much, as to leave a flat surface, about the breadth of a shilling. Such are to this day in use to kill rooks with, and are shot from a cross-bow. So, in Marston's *What You Will*, 1607:

“———ignorance should shoot

“His gross-knobb'd *bird-bolt*.——”

Again, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632:

“———Cupid,

“Pox of his *bird-bolt*! Venus,

“Speak to thy boy to fetch his arrow back,

“Or strike her with a sharp one!” STEEVENS.

He challenged Cupid at the flight, and my uncle's fool challenged him at the bird-bolt.] The flight was an arrow of a particular kind:—In the Harleian Catalogue of MSS. vol. i. n. 69. is “a challenge of the lady Maiee's servants to all comers, to be performed at Greenwich—to shoot standart arrow, or *flight*.” I find

hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he kill'd? for, indeed, I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you⁹, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it: he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good foldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good foldier to a lady;—But what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuff'd with all honourable virtues¹.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuff'd man²: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon.

find the title-page of an old pamphlet still more explicit. “A new *post*—a marke exceeding necessary for all mens arrows: whether the great man's *sight*, the gallant's *rover*, the wiseman's *pricke-shaft*, the poor man's *but-shaft*, or the fool's *bird-bolt*.”

FARMER.

The *sight*, which in the Latin of the middle ages was called *scelta*, was a fleet arrow with narrow feathers, usually employed against rovers. See *Blount's Ancient Tenures*, 1679. MALONE.

⁹ ——— *he'll be meet with you*,]. This is a very common expression in the midland counties, and signifies *he'll be your match*, *he'll be even with you*.

So in *TEXNOFAMIA*, by B. Holiday, 1618:

“Go meet her, or else she'll *be meet with me*.”

STEEVENS.

¹ *stuff'd with all honourable virtues*.] *Stuff'd*, in this first instance, has no ridiculous meaning. Mr. Edwards observes that *Mede*, in his *Discourses on Scripture*, speaking of Adam, says, “—he whom God had *stuffed* with so many excellent qualities.” Edwards's MS.

Again, in the *Winter's Tale*:

“———whom you know

“Of *stuff'd sufficiency*.” STEEVENS.

² —he is no less than a *stuff'd man*: but for the stuffing well,—*we are all mortal*.] Mr. Theobald plumed himself much on the pointing of this passage; which, by the way, he might learn from Dave-

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece : there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her : they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his ³ five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one : so that if he have ⁴ wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear

Davenant : but he says not a word, nor any one else that I know of, about the reason of this abruption. The truth is, Beatrice starts an idea at the words *stuff'd man* ; and prudently checks herself in the pursuit of it. A *stuff'd man* was one of the many cant phrases for a cuckold. In *Lilly's Midas*, we have an inventory of *Motto's moveables*.—"Item, says Petulus, one paire of hornes in the bride-chamber on the *bed's head*.—The *beast's head*, observes Licio ; for *Motto* is *stuff'd in the head*, and these are among *unmoveable goods*." FARMER.

³ ——— *four of his five wits* ———] In our author's time *wit* was the general term for intellectual powers. So, *Davies on the Soul* :

" Wit, seeking truth from cause to cause ascends,
 " And never rests till it the first attain ;
 " Will, seeking good, finds many middle ends,
 " But never stays till it the last do gain."

And, in another part :

" But if a phrenzy do possess the brain,
 " It so disturbs and blots the form of things,
 " As fantasy proves altogether vain,
 " And to the wit no true relation brings.
 " Then doth the wit, admitting all for true,
 " Build fond conclusions on those idle grounds ;"—

The *wits* seem to have been reckoned five, by analogy to the five senses, or the five inlets of ideas. JOHNSON.

⁴ *wit enough to keep himself warm*,] But how would that make a difference between him and his horse ? We should read, *Wit enough to keep himself FROM HARM*. This suits the satirical turn of her speech, in the character she would give of Benedick ; and this would make the difference spoken of. For 'tis the nature of horses, when wounded, to run upon the point of the weapon.

WARBURTON.

Such a one has wit enough to keep himself warm, is a proverbial expression, and there is surely no need of change.

So in the *Wise Woman of Hogsden*, 1638 :

" You are the wise woman, are you ? and have *wit to keep yourself*

bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: ' he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block '.

Mess. I see, lady, ' the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat.

yourself warm enough, I warrant you." Again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson: "—your whole self cannot but be perfectly wise; for your hands have wit enough to keep themselves warm." An attempt to refute the reasoning of Dr. Warburton, would be loss of time and labour. To bear any thing for a difference, is a term in heraldry. So, in *Hamlet*, Ophelia says:

"—you may wear yours with a difference. STEEVENS.

⁵ —*he wears his faith—*] Not religious profession, but profession of friendship; for the speaker gives it as the reason of her asking, *who was now his companion?* that *he had every month a new sworn brother.* WARBURTON.

⁶ —*with the next block.*] A block is the mould on which a hat is formed. So in Decker's *Satiromastix*:

"Of what fashion is this knight's wit? of what block?"

See a note on *K. Lear*, act IV. sc. vi.

The old writers sometimes use the word *block*, for the hat itself.

STEEVENS.

⁷ —*the gentleman is not in your books.*] This is a phrase used, I believe, by more than understand it. *To be in one's books* is to be in one's codicils or will, to be among friends set down for legacies. JOHNSON.

I rather think that the *books* alluded to, are memorandum-books, like the visiting-books of the present age: so, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 2nd Part, 1630:

"I am sure her name was in my *Table-Book* once."

Or, perhaps, the allusion is to matriculation at the university. So in *Aristippus*, or the *Jovial Philosopher*, 1630:

"You must be matriculated, and have your name recorded in *Albo Academiae*."

Again,—*"What have you enrolled him in Albo? Have you fully admitted him into the Society?—to be a member of the body academic?"*

Again, *"And if I be not entred, and have my name admitted into some of their books, let, &c."*

Beat. No : an he were, I would burn my study.
But, I pray you, who is his companion ? Is there no
young squarer now, that will make a voyage with
him to the devil ?

Meff.

And yet I think the following passage in the *Maid's Revenge*,
by Shirley, 1639, will sufficiently support my first supposition :
" Pox of your compliment, you were best not write in her
Table-Books."

It appears to have been anciently the custom to chronicle the
small beer of every occurrence, whether literary or domestic, in
these *Table-books*.

So, in the play last quoted :

" Devolve itself !—that word is not in my *Table-Books*."

Hamlet, likewise, has—" my *tables*, &c."

Again, in the *Where of Babylon*, 1607 :

" —Campaius !—Babylon

" His name hath in her *Tables*."

Again, in *Acolastus*, a Comedy, 1529 :

" —We weyl haunse thee, or set thy name into our *schewbooke*,
with clappynge of handes, &c."

I know not exactly to what custom this last quoted passage re-
fers, unless to the *album*; for just after, the same expression occurs
again : that " —from henceforthe thou may'it have a place worthy
for thee in our *whyte* : from hence thou may'it have thy name
written in our *booke*."

It should seem from the following passage in the *Taming of a
Shrew*, that this phrase might have originated from the *Herald's
Office* :

" A herald, Kate ! oh, put me in thy *booke* !"

After all, the following note in one of the Harleian MSS. N^o
847, may be the best illustration :

" W. C. to Henry Fradham, Gent. the owener of this *booke* :

" Some write their fantasies in verse

" In *theire booke* where they friendshippe shewe,

" Wherein oft tymes they doe rehearte

" The great good will that they do owe, &c." STEEVENS.

The gentleman is not in your books.] This phrase has not
been exactly interpreted. *To be in a man's books*, originally meant
so be in the list of his *retainers*. Sir John Mandevile tells us,
" alle the mynstrelles that comen before the great Chan. ben
witholden with him, as of his household, and entred in his *bookes*,
as for his own men." FARMER.

young squarer—] A *squarer* I take to be a cholerick, quar-
relsome fellow, for in this sense Shakespeare uses the word to
square. So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* it is said of Oberon
and

ABOUT NOTHING. 259

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O lord ! He will hang upon him like a distaste : he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio ! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pounds ere he be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not 'till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, and Don John.

Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble : the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace : for trouble being gone, comfort should remain ; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

Pedro. You embrace your⁹ charge too willingly.— I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you ask'd her ?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no ; for then were you a child.

Pedro. You have it full, Benedick : we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself :—Be happy, lady ! for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If signior Leonato be her father, she would and Titania, that they never meet but they square. So the sense may be, *Is there no hot-blooded youth that will keep him company through all his mad pranks ?* JOHNSON.

⁹ You embrace your charge——] That is, your burden, your incumbrance. JOHNSON.

not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder, that you will still be talking, signior Benedick; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible, disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turn-coat:—But it is certain, I am lov'd of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! to some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratch'd face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuer: But keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato,—signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leo-

— *such food to feed it, as signior Benedick?*] A kindred thought occurs in *Coriolanus*, act II. sc. i:

"Our very priests must become mockers, if they encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are." STEEVENS.

nato

Leon. hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays, some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord; you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio.*]

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I look'd on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment? or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her; that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'st, I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flourish?

[*I thank you;*] The poet has judiciously marked the gloominess of Don John's character, by making him averse to the common forms of civility. SIR J. HAWKINS.

ing Jack ; to tell us Cupid is ' a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter ? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song ?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that I ever looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter : there's her cousin, an she were not possess'd with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn husband ; have you ?

3 ———— to tell us, *Cupid is a good hare-finder, &c.*] I know not whether I conceive this jest here intended. Claudio hints his love of Hero. Benedick asks whether he is serious, or whether he only means to jest, and tell them that *Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter.* A man praising a pretty lady in jest, may shew the quick fight of Cupid, but what has it to do with the carpentry of Vulcan ? Perhaps the thought lies no deeper than this, *Do you mean to tell us as new what we all know already ?*

JOHNSON.

I believe no more is meant by these ludicrous expressions than this. — Do you mean, says Benedick, to amuse us with improbable stories ?

An ingenious correspondent, whose signature is R. W. explains the passage in the same sense, but more amply. " Do you mean to tell us that love is not blind, and that fire will not consume what is combustible ?" — for both these propositions are implied in making Cupid *a good hare-finder*, and Vulcan (the God of fire) *a good carpenter.* In other words, *would you convince me, whose opinion on this head is well known, that you can be in love without being blind, and can play with the flame of beauty without being scorched.* STEEVENS.

I explain the passage thus : *Do you scoff and mock in telling us that Cupid, who is blind, is a good hare-finder, which requires a quick eyesight ; and that Vulcan, a blacksmith, is a rare carpenter ?*

TOLLET.

—— After such attempts at decent illustration, I am afraid that he who wishes to know why Cupid is a good *hare-finder*, must discover it by the assistance of many quibbling allusions of the same sort, about *hair* and *hoar*, in Mercutio's song in the second act of *Romeo and Juliet.* COLLINS.

* ———— to go in the song.] i. e. to join with you in your song, — to strike in with you in the song. STEEVENS.

Claud.

ABOUT NOTHING. 263

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would by my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, i'faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear^s his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a batchelor of threescore again? Go to, i'faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and⁶ sigh away sundays. Look, Don Pedro is return'd to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you follow'd not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would, your grace would constrain me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance.—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—mark, how short his answer is:—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered⁷.

Bene.

⁵ —wear his cap with suspicion? That is, subject his head to the disquiet of jealousy. JOHNSON.

⁶ —sigh away sundays.] A proverbial expression to signify that a man has no rest at all; when Sunday, a day formerly of ease and diversion, was passed so uncomfortably.

WARBURTON.

I cannot find this *proverbial* expression in any ancient book whatever. I am apt to believe that the learned commentator has mistaken the drift of it, and that it most probably alludes to the strict manner in which the sabbath was observed by the *puritans*, who usually spent that day in *sighs* and *gruntings*, and other hypocritical marks of devotion. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Claud.* If this were so, so were it uttered.] This and the three next speeches I do not well understand; there seems something omitted relating to Hero's consent, or to Claudio's marriage, else I know not what Claudio can wish *not to be otherwise*. The copies all read alike. Perhaps it may be better thus,

Claud. If this were so, so were it.

Bene. Uttered like the old tale, &c.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord : it is not so, nor 'twas not so ; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I speak mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me ; I will die in it at the stake.

Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretick in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, * but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her ; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks : but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead ³, or hang my bugle in an invi-

Claudio gives a fullen answer, if it is so, so it is. Still there seems something omitted which Claudio and Pedro concur in wishing. JOHNSON.

Claudio, evading at first a confession of his passion, says ; if I had really confided such a secret to him, yet he would have blabbed it in this manner. In his next speech, he thinks proper to avow his love ; and when Benedick says, *God forbid it should be so*, i. e. God forbid he should even wish to marry her ; Claudio replies—God forbid I should not wish it. STEEVENS.

² ——— but in the force of his will.] Alluding to the definition of a heretick in the schools. WARBURTON.

³ ——— but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead.] That is, I will wear a horn on my forehead which the huntsman may blow. A recheate is the sound by which dogs are called back.

Shake-

invisible baldrick ⁴, all women shall pardon me : Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none ; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer) I will live a batchelor.

Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord ; not with love : prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument ⁵.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat ⁶, and shoot

Shakespeare had no mercy upon the poor cuckold, his *horn* is an inexhaustible subject of merriment. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Return from Parnassus* :

" — When you blow the death of your fox in the field or covert, then you must sound three notes, with three winds ; and *recheat*, mark you, sir, upon the same three winds."

" Now, sir, when you come to your stately gate, as you sounded the *recheat* before, so now you must sound the relief three times."

Again, in the *Booke of Huntynge*, &c. bl. l. no date. " Blow the whole *recheat* with three wyndes, the first wynde one longe and six shorte. The seconde wynde two shorte and one longe. The thred wynde one longe and two shorte." STEEVENS.

A *recheate* is a particular lesson upon the horn, to call dogs back from the scent : from the old French word *recet*, which was used in the same sense as *retraite*. HANMER.

⁴ — *bang my bugle in an invisible baldrick,*] *Bugle*, i. e. bugle-horn—hunting-horn. The meaning seems to be—or that I should be compell'd to carry any horn that I must wish to remain invisible, and that I should be ashamed to hang openly in my belt or baldrick.

It is still said of the mercenary cuckold, that he carries his horns in his pockets. STEEVENS.

⁵ *notable argument.*] An eminent subject for satire. JOHNSON.

⁶ *in a bottle like a cat,*] As to the cat and bottle, I can procure no better information than the following, which does not exactly suit with the text.

In

shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and call'd Adam.

Pedro. Well, as time shall try :
In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the insensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, *Here is good horse to hire*, let them signify under my sign,—
Here you may see Benedick the marry'd man.

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou would'st be horn-mad.

Pedro. Nay, 'if Cupid hath not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene.

In some counties of England, a cat was formerly closed up with a quantity of foot in a wooden bottle, (such as that in which shepherds carry their liquor) and was suspended on a line. He who beat out the bottom as he ran under it, and was nimble enough to escape its contents, was regarded as the hero of this inhuman diversion. STEEVENS.

and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and call'd Adam.] But why should he therefore be call'd Adam? Perhaps, by a quotation or two we may be able to trace the poet's allusion here. In *Law-Tricks*, or, *Who would have Thought it*, (a comedy written by John Day, and printed in 1608) I find this speech: *Adam Bell, a substantial outlaw, and a passing good archer, yet no tobacco-nist.*—By this it appears, that Adam Bell at that time of day was of reputation for his skill at the bow. I find him again mentioned in a burlesque poem of sir William Davenant's, called, *The long Vacation in London.* THEOBALD.

Adam Bell was a companion of Robin Hood, as may be seen in *Robin Hood's Garland*; in which, if I do not mistake, are these lines:

“For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,

“And William of Cloudeslee,

“To shoot with our forester for forty mark,

“And our forester beat them all three.” JOHNSON.

The curious reader will find an account of these noted outlaws in the first volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry.* STEEVENS.

In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.] This line is taken from the *Spanish Tragedy*, or *Hieronymo*, &c. 1605. STEEVENS.

'if Cupid hath not spent all his quiver in Venice.] All modern writers

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Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours, In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God; from my house, (if I had it,)—

Pedro. The sixth of July; your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not; The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments¹, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither; ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience; and so I leave you. *[Exit,*

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how, And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir; Dost thou affect her Claudio?

Claud. O my lord,

writers agree in representing Venice in the same light as the ancients did Cyprus. And it is this character of the people that is here alluded to. *WARBURTON.*

¹ — guarded with fragments,] *Guards* were ornamental laces or borders. So in *the Merchant of Venice*:

“ — give him a livery

“ More guarded than his fellows.”

Again, in *Henry IV.* Part I.

“ — velvet guards and Sunday citizens.” *STEEVENS.*

² ere you flout old ends &c.] *Before you endeavour to distinguish yourself any more by antiquated allusions, examine whether you can fairly claim them for your own.* This, I think is the meaning; or it may be understood in another sense, *examine, if your sarcasms do not touch yourself,* *JOHNSON,*

When

When you went onward on this ended action;
 I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
 That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
 Than to drive liking to the name of love :
 But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
 Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
 Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
 All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
 Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
 And tire the hearer with a book of words :
 If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it ;
 And I will break with her, and with her father,
 And thou shalt have her : Was't not to this end,
 That thou began'st to twist so fine a story ?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
 That know love's grief by his complexion !
 But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
 I would have sav'd it with a longer treatise.

Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than
 the flood ?

' The fairest grant is the necessity :
 Look, what will serve, is fit : 'tis once, thou lov'st ;
 And I will fit thee with the remedy.
 I know, we shall have revelling to night ;
 I will assume thy part in some disguise,
 And tell fair Hero I am Claudio ;
 And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
 And take her hearing prisoner with the force
 And strong encounter of my amorous tale :
 Then, after, to her father will I break ;
 And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine :
 In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*

³ *The fairest grant is the necessity :*] i. e. no one can have a better reason for granting a request than the necessity of its being granted. WARBURTON.

S C E N E

SCENE II.

A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Leo. How now, brother? Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this musick?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley, in my orchard, were thus overheard by a man of mine: The prince discover'd to Claudio, that he lov'd my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this evening in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow; I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself;—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true: Go you, and tell her of it. [*Several Servants cross the stage here.*] Cousin, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill:—Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt*

* ——— a thick-pleached alley] *Thick-pleached* is thickly interwoven. In *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ——— with pleached arms, bending down”

“ His corrigible neck.” STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Another Apartment in Leonato's House.

Enter Don John and Conrade.

Conr. What the good-jer, my lord⁵! why are you thus out of measure sad?

John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Conr. You should hear reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Conr. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

John. I wonder, that thou being, (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am⁶: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and ⁷claw no man in his humour.

Conr. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controulment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take root, but by the fair weather

⁵ *What the good-jer, my lord!*] We should read, *goodjere*.

STEEVENS.

⁶ *I cannot bide what I am:]* This is one of our authour's natural touches. An envious and unsocial mind, too proud to give pleasure, and too fullen to receive it, always endeavours to hide its malignity from the world and from itself, under the plainness of simple honesty, or the dignity of haughty independence.

JOHNSON.

⁷ *claw no man in his humour.]* To claw is to flatter. So the pope's *claw-backs*, in bishop Jewel, are the pope's *flatterers*. The sense is the same in the proverb, *Mulus mulum scabit*. JOHNSON.

that

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that you make yourself : it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace ; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any : in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchis'd with a clog ; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage : If I had my mouth, I would bite ; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking ; in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Conr. Can you make no use of your discontent ?

John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here ? what news Borachio ?

Enter Borachio.

Bor. I came yonder from a great supper ; the prince, your brother, is royally entertain'd by Leonato ; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief

I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace ; *J. A canker is the canker-rose, dog-rose, cynosbatus, or hip.* The sense is, I would rather live in obscurity the wild life of nature, than owe dignity or estimation to my brother. He still continues his will of gloomy independence. But what is the meaning of the expression, *a rose in his grace* ? if he was a rose of himself, his brother's grace or favour could not degrade him. I once read thus, *I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his garden* ; that is, I had rather be what nature makes me, however mean, than owe any exaltation or improvement to my brother's kindness or cultivation. But a less change will be sufficient : I think it should be read, *I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose by his grace.* JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood's *Love's Mistress*, 1636 :

" A rose, a lily, a blew-bottle, and a canker-flower."

Again, in Shakespeare's 54th *Sonnet* :

" The canker blooms have full as deep a die

" As the perfum'd tincture of the rose."

I think no change is necessary. STEEVENS.

on?

on ? What is he for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness ?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who ? the most exquisite Claudio ?

Bora. Even he !

John. A proper squire ! and who, and who ? which way looks he ?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

John. A very forward March-chick ! How come you to know this ?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoaking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference⁹ : I whipt me behind the arras ; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

John. Come, come, let us thither ; this may prove food to my displeasure : that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow ; if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way : You are both sure¹, and will assist me.

Cour. To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great supper ; their cheer is the greater, that I am subdu'd : 'Would the cook were of my mind !—Shall we go prove what's to be done ?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

⁹ *in sad conference :*] *Sad* in this, as in a former instance, signifies *serious*. STEEVENS.

¹ ——— *both sure,*] i. e. to be depended on. STEEVENS.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, and Ursula.

Leo. Was not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after².

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other, too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, Such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be'st so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way: for it is said, *God sends a curst cow short horns*; but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every

² *heart-burn'd an hour after.*] The pain commonly called the *heart-burn*, proceeds from an *acid* humour in the stomach, and is therefore properly enough imputed to *tart* looks. JOHNSON.

morning and evening : Lord ! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face ; I had rather lie in woollen ³.

Leon. You may light upon a husband, that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him ? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman ? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth ; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man : and he that is more than a youth, is not for me ; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him : Therefore I will even take six-pence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leo. Well then, go you into hell ⁴ ?

Beat. No ; but to the gate : and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, *Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven ; here's no place for you maids :* so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens ; he shews me where the batchelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, I trust, you will be rul'd by your father. [*To Hero.*]

Beat. Yes, faith ; it is my cousin's duty to make a curtsy, and say, *Father, as it please you :*—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsy, and say, *Father, as it please me.*

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

³ in woollen.] Thus the modern editors. The old copies read — in the woollen. STEEVENS.

⁴ Well then, &c.] Of the two next speeches Dr. Warburton says, *All this impious nonsense thrown to the bottom, is the players', and foisted in without rhyme or reason.* He therefore puts them in the margin. They do not deserve indeed so honourable a place, yet I am afraid they are too much in the manner of our authour, who is sometimes trying to purchase merriment at too dear a rate.

I have restored the lines omitted. STEEVENS. JOHNSON.

Beat.

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Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-master'd with a piece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of wayward marle? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren, and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember, what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the musick, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the prince be too ⁶ important, tell him, there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero, Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, 'till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entring; brother, make good room.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar⁷; Don John, Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, and others mask'd.

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

⁶ if the prince be too important,] *Important* here, and in many other places, is *importunate*. JOHNSON.
So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"Whom I made lord of me and all I had,

"At your *important* letters——". STEEVENS.

⁷ *Balthazar*,] The quarto and folio add—or dumb *John*.

Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case!

Pedro. * My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love?

Bene. Well, I would you did like me!

Marg.

* *My visor is Philemon's roof, within the house is love.*] Thus the whole stream of the copies, from the first downwards. *Hero* says to *Dón Pedro*, God forbid the lute should be like the case! i. e. that your face should be as homely and as coarse as your mask. Upon this, *Don Pedro* compares his visor to *Philemon's roof*. 'Tis plain, the poet alludes to the story of *Baucis and Philemon* from *Ovid*: and this old couple, as the Roman poet describes it, liv'd in a thatch'd cottage:

“—————*Stipulis & canna testâ palustri.*”

But why, *within this house is love*? Though this old pair lived in a cottage, this cottage received two straggling Gods, (*Jupiter* and *Mercury*) under its roof. So, *Don Pedro* is a prince; and though his visor is but ordinary, he would insinuate to *Hero*, that he has something godlike within: alluding either to his dignity or the qualities of his person and mind. By these circumstances, I am sure, the thought is mended: as, I think verily, the text is too by the addition of a single letter—*within the house is Jove*. Nor is this emendation a little confirmed by another passage in our author, in which he plainly alludes to the same story. *As you like it.*

“*Clown.* I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest *Ovid*, was amongst the Goths.

“*Jaqu.* O knowledge ill inhabited, worse than *Jove* in a thatch'd house!” *THEOBALD.*

This emendation, thus impressed with all the power of his eloquence and reason, *Theobald* found in the quarto edition of 1600, which he professes to have seen; and in the first folio, the *l* and the *I* are so much alike, that the printers, perhaps, used the same type for either letter. *JOHNSON.*

* *Pedro.* *Speak low, &c.*] This speech, which is given to *Pedro*, should be given to *Margaret*. *REVISAL.*

* *Balth.* *Well, I would you did like me.*] This and the two following little speeches, which I have placed to *Balthazar*, are in all the printed copies given to *Benedick*. But, 'tis clear, the dialogue

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Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the hearers may cry amen².

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is answer'd.

Urf. I know you well enough; you are signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urf. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urf. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man: Here's his dry hand³ up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urf. Come, come; do you think, I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

logue here ought to be betwixt Balthazar and Margaret: Benedick, a little lower, converses with Beatrice: and so every man talks with his woman once round. THEOBALD.

² *amen.*] I do not concur with Theobald in his arbitrary disposition of these speeches. Balthazar is called in the old copies *dumb John*, as I have already observed; and therefore it should seem, that he was meant to speak but little. When Benedick says, *the hearers may cry, amen*, we must suppose that he leaves Margaret and goes in search of some other sport. Margaret utters a wish for a good partner. Balthazar, who is represented as a man of the fewest words, repeats Benedick's *Amen*, and leads her off, desiring, as he says in the following short speech, to put himself to no greater expence of breath. STEEVENS.

³ — *his dry hand.*] A dry hand was anciently regarded as the sign of a cold constitution. To this Maria, in *Twelfth-Night*, alludes; Act I. sc. iii. STEEVENS.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful—and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales*⁴;—Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders⁵: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy⁶; for he both pleaseth men, and angers them, and then they

⁴ *Hundred merry Tales*;] The book, to which Shakespeare alludes, was an old translation of *Les cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*. The original was published at Paris, in the black letter, before the year 1500, and is said to have been written by some of the royal family of France. Ames mentions a translation of it prior to the time of Shakespeare.

In the *London Chaunticleres*, 1659, this work, among others, is cry'd for sale by a ballad-man. "The Seven Wife Men of Gotham; a *Hundred Merry Tales*; Scoggin's Jests, &c." Again, in the *Nice Valour*, &c. by B. and Fletcher:

"——— the Almanacs,

"The *Hundred Novels*, and the Books of Cookery."

Of this collection there are frequent entries in the register of the Stationers' Company. The first I met with was in Jan. 1581.

STEEVENS.

⁵ *his gift is in devising impossible slanders*:] We should read *impas-sible*, i. e. slanders so ill invented, that they will pass upon no body.

WARBURTON,

Impossible slanders are, I suppose, such slanders as, from their absurdity and impossibility, bring their own confutation with them.

JOHNSON.

⁶ *his villainy*;] By which she means his malice and impiety. By his impious jests, she insinuates, he *pleased* libertines; and by *his devising slanders* of them, he angered them. WARBURTON.

laugh

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laugh at him, and beat him : I am sure, he is in the fleet ; I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do : he'll but break a comparison or two on me ; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, strikes him into melancholy ; and then there's a partridge wing sav'd, for the fool will eat no supper that night. We must follow the leaders.

[*Musick within.*]

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

Manent John, Borachio, and Claudio.

John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it : The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio : I know, him by his bearing⁷.

John. Are you not signior Benedick ?

Claud. You know me well ; I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love : he is enamour'd on Hero ; I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth : you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her ?

John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too ; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt John and Bora.*]

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.—

⁷ ———his bearing.] i. e. his carriage, his demeanour. So in *Measure for Measure* :

“ How I may formally in person bear me.” STEVENS.

"Tis certain so :—the prince wooes for himself.
 Friendship is constant in all other things,
 Save in the office and affairs of love :
 Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues ;
 Let every eye negotiate for itself,
 And trust no agent : for beauty is a witch *,
 Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
 This is an accident of hourly proof,
 Which I mistrusted not : Farewell therefore, Hero !

Re-enter Benedick.

Bene. Count Claudio ?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me ?

Claud. Whither ?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of ? About your neck, like an usurer's chain ? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf ? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her. .

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover ; so they sell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have serv'd you thus ?

* ——— beauty is a witch,

Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.]

i. e. as wax when opposed to the fire kindled by a witch, no longer preserves the figure of the person whom it was designed to represent, but flows into a shapeless lump ; so fidelity, when confronted with beauty, dissolves into our ruling passion, and is lost there like a drop of water in the sea. STEEVENS.

⁹ *usurer's chain ?*] I know not whether the *chain* was, in our authour's time, the common ornament of wealthy citizens, or whether he satirically uses *usurer* and *alderman* as synonymous terms.

JOHNSON.

Usury seems about this time to have been a common topic of invective. I have three or four dialogues, pasquils, and discourses on the subject, printed before the year 1600. From every one of these it appears, that the merchants were the chief usurers of the age. STEEVENS.

Claud.

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Claud. I pray you leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*]

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha? it may be, I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so; I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: 't is the base, though bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be reveng'd as I may.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count? Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have play'd the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren²; I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady³; and I offered him my company to a willow

¹ *it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice, who puts the world into her person,]* That is, *It is the disposition of Beatrice, who takes upon her to personate the world, and therefore represents the world as saying what she only says herself.*

Base, though bitter. I do not understand how *base* and *bitter* are inconsistent, or why what is *bitter* should not be *base*. I believe, we may safely read, *It is the base, the bitter disposition.* JOHNSON.

The *base* though *bitter*, may mean the *ill-natur'd* though *witty*.
STEEVENS.

² *as melancholy as a lodge in a warren;]* A parallel thought occurs in the first chapter of Isaiah, where the prophet, describing the desolation of Judah, says: "The daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, &c." I am informed, that near Aleppo, these lonely buildings are still made use of, it being necessary, that the fields where water-melons, cucumbers, &c. are raised, should be regularly watched.

STEEVENS.

³ *of this young lady;]* Benedick speaks of Hero as if she were on the
the

willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt ! What's his fault ?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy ; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shews it his companion, and he steals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression ? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too ; for the garland he might have worn himself ; and the rod he might have bestow'd on you, who, as I take it, have stol'n his bird's nest.

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you ; the gentleman, that danc'd with her, told her, she is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O, she misus'd me past the endurance of a block ; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answer'd her ; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her : She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester ; and that I was duller than a great thaw ; huddling jest upon jest, with ⁺such impossible conveyance, upon me, that

the stage. Perhaps, both she and Leonato, were meant to make their entrance with Don Pedro. When Beatrice enters, she is spoken of as coming in with only Claudio. STEEVENS.

⁺ *such impossible conveyance,*] We should read *impassable*. A term taken from fencing, when the strokes are so swift and repeated, as not to be parried or passed off. WARBURTON.

I know not what to propose. *Impossible* seems to have no meaning here, and for *impassable* I have not found any authority. Spenser uses the word *importable* in a sense very congruous to this passage, for *insupportable*, or *not to be sustained*:

“ Both

that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me : She speaks poniards, and every word stabs : if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgress'd : she would have made Hercules have turn'd spit ; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her ; you shall find her the ' infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her : for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary ; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither : so,

" Both him charge on either side,
 " With hideous strokes and importable power,
 " Which forced him his ground to traverse wide."

It may be easily imagined, that the transcribers would change a word so unusual, into that word most like it, which they could readily find. It must be however confessed, that *importable* appears harsh to our ears, and I wish a happier critick may find a better word:

Sir Tho. Hanmer reads *impetuous*, which will serve the purpose well enough, but it is not likely to have been changed to *impossible*.

Importable was a word not peculiar to Spenfer, but used by the last translators of the Apocrypha, and therefore such a word as Shakespeare may be supposed to have written. JOHNSON.

Importable is very often used by Lidgate in his Prologue to the translation of *The Tragedies gathered by Ihon Bochas*, &c. as well as by Holinshed.

Impossible may be licentiously used for *unaccountable*. Beatrice has already said, that Benedick invents *impossible* slanders.

So, in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, by B. and Fletcher :

" You would look for some most *impossible* antick."

Again, in *The Roman Actor*, by Massinger :

" ———— to lose

" Ourselves, by building on *impossible* hopes."

STEEVENS.

[*the infernal Até in good apparel.*] This is a pleasant allusion to the custom of ancient poets and painters, who represent the furies in rags. WARBURTON.

Até is not one of the furies, but the goddess of revenge.

STEEVENS.

indeed,

indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato, and Hero.

Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard⁶; do you any embassy to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my lady Tongue⁷.

Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for a single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say, I have lost it.

Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

⁶ *bring you the length of Prester John's foot: fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard:*] i. e. I will undertake the hardest task, rather than have any conversation with lady Beatrice. Alluding to the difficulty of access to either of those monarchs, but more particularly to the former.

So Cartwright, in his comedy call'd *The Siege, or Love's Convert*, 1641:

"—bid me take the Parthian king by the beard: or draw an eye-tooth from the jaw royal of the Persian monarch."

STEEVENS.

⁷ —my lady Tongue.] Thus the quarto 1600. The folio reads—*this lady tongue.* STEEVENS.

Pedro.

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Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion*.

Pedro. I'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care:—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance!—⁹ Thus goes every one

* of that jealous complexion.] Thus the quarto 1600. The folio reads, of a jealous complexion. STEEVENS.

⁹ Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd;] What is it, to go to the world? perhaps, to enter by marriage into a settled state; but why is the unmarried lady sun-burnt? I believe we should read, Thus goes every one to the wood but I, and I am sun-burnt. Thus does every one but I find a shelter, and I am left exposed to wind and sun. The nearest way to the wood, is a phrase

one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd; I may fit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a husband.

Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working days; your grace is too costly to wear every day:—But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a star danc'd, and under that I was born.—Cousins, God give you joy.

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [Exit Beatrice.]

Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, 'she hath often dream'd of unhappiness, and wak'd herself with laughing.

Pedro.

phrase for the readiest means to any end. It is said of a woman, who accepts a worse match than those which she had refused, that she has passed through the *wood*, and at last taken a crooked stick. But conjectural criticism has always something to abate its confidence. Shakespeare, in *All's well that Ends well*, uses the phrase, *to go to the world, for marriage*. So that my emendation depends only on the opposition of *wood* to *sun-burnt*. JOHNSON.

I am *sun-burnt* may mean, I have lost my beauty, and am consequently no longer such an object as can tempt a man to marry.

STEEVENS.

* *She hath often dream'd of unhappiness,*] So all the editions; but

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Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means ; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week marry'd, they would talk themselves mad.

Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church ?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord : Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night ; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing ; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us : I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours ; which is, ' to bring signior

but Mr. Theobald alters it to, *on happiness*, having no conception that *unhappiness* meant any thing but misfortune, and that, he thinks, she could not laugh at. He had never heard that it signified a wild, wanton, unlucky trick. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher, in their comedy of the *Maid of the Mill* :

“ — My dreams are like my thoughts, honest and innocent :

“ Yours are unhappy.” WARBURTON.

' to bring signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other.] A mountain of affection with one another is a strange expression, yet I know not well how to change it. Perhaps it was originally written, to bring Benedick and Beatrice into a mooting of affection ; to bring them not to any more mootings of contention, but to a mooting or conversation of love. This reading is confirmed by the preposition *with* ; a mountain with each other, or affection with each other, cannot be used, but a mooting with each other is proper and regular, JOHNSON.

Uncommon as the word proposed by Dr. Johnson may appear, it is used in several of the old plays. So in *Glaptborne's Wit in a Constable*, 1639 :

“ ——— one who never

“ Had mooted in the hall, or seen the revels

“ Kept in the house at Christmas.”

Again, in the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606 :

“ It is a plain case whereon I mooted in our temple.”

Again,

signior Benedick, and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopfullest husband that I know: thus far I can praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approv'd valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory

Again, “—at a *mooting* in our temple.” Ibid.

And yet all that I believe is meant by a *mountain of affection* is, a great deal of affection.

In one of *Stanyburst's* poems, is the following phrase to denote a large quantity of love:

“*Lumps* of love promise, nothing performed, &c.”

Again, in the *Renegado*, by Massinger:

“———’tis but parting with

“A *mountain* of vexation.”

Thus in *K. Hen. VIII.* “a *sea* of glory.” In *Hamlet*, “a *sea* of troubles.” Again, in Howel’s *Hist. of Venice*: “though they see *mountains* of miseries heaped on one’s back.” Again, in Bacon’s *Hist. of K. Hen. VII.* “Perkin sought to corrupt the servants to the lieutenant of the tower by *mountains* of promises.” Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*: “—the *mountain* of mad flesh that claims marriage of me.” Little can be infer’d from Shakespeare’s offence against grammar.

Mr. Malone observes, that “Shakespeare has many phrases equally harsh. He who would hazard such expressions as a *storm of fortunes*, a *vale of years*, and a *tempest of provocation*, would not scruple to write a *mountain of affection*.” STEEVENS.

shall

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shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in Leonato's House.

Enter Don John and Borachio.

John. It is so; the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

John. Shew me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wrong'd his honour in marrying the renown'd Claudio, (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: Look you for any other issue?

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U

John.

John. Only to despite them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw

Bora. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro, and the count Claudio, alone; tell them that you know Hero loves me;—Offer them instances, which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window; bear me call Margaret, Hero; bear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding.] Thus the whole stream of the editions from the first quarto downwards. I am obliged here to give a short account of the plot depending, that the emendation I have made may appear the more clear and unquestionable. The business stands thus: Claudio, a favourite of the Arragon prince, is, by his intercessions with her father, to be married to fair Hero; Don John, natural brother of the prince, and a hater of Claudio, is in his spleen zealous to disappoint the match. Borachio, a rascally dependant on Don John, offers his assistance, and engages to break off the marriage by this stratagem. “Tell the prince and Claudio (says he) that Hero is in love with me; they won’t believe it: offer them proofs, as, that they shall see me converse with her in her chamber-window. I am in the good graces of her waiting-woman Margaret; and I’ll prevail with Margaret, at a dead hour of night to personate her mistress Hero: do you then bring the prince and Claudio to overhear our discourse; and they shall have the torment to hear me address Margaret by the name of Hero; and her say sweet things to me by the name of Claudio.”—This is the substance of Borachio’s device to make Hero suspected of disloyalty, and to break off her match with Claudio. But, in the name of common sense, could it displease Claudio, to hear his mistress making use of *his* name tenderly? If he saw another man with her, and heard her call him Claudio, he might reasonably think her betrayed, but not have the same reason to accuse her of disloyalty. Besides, how could her naming Claudio, make the prince and Claudio believe that she lov’d Borachio, as he desires Don John to insinuate to them that she did? The circumstances weighed, there is no doubt but the passage ought to be reformed, as I have settled it in the text—*bear me call Margaret, Hero; bear Margaret term me Borachio.* THEOBALD.

I am not convinced that this exchange is necessary. Claudio would naturally resent the circumstance of hearing another called by his own name; because, in that case, baseness of treachery would appear to be aggravated by wantonness of insult: and, at the same time he would imagine the person so distinguish’d to be Borachio, because Don John was previously to have informed both him and Don Pedro, that Borachio was the favoured lover.

STEEVENS.

Don

Don Pedro, and the count Claudio, alone : tell them, that you know, Hero loves me ; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in a love of your brother's honour who hath made this match ; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discover'd thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial : offer them instances ; which shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me at her chamber-window ; hear me call Margaret, Hero ; hear Margaret term me Claudio ; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding : for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent ; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice : Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Leonato's Orchard.

Enter Benedick and a Boy.

Bene. Boy,—

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book ; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that ;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [Exit Boy.]—I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after

he hath laugh'd at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorch, by falling in love : And such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no musick with him but the drum and the fife ; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe : I have known, when he would have walk'd ten mile afoot, to see a good armour ; and now will he lye ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet *. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier ; and now is he turn'd orthographer † ; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes ? I cannot tell ; I think not : I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster ; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair ; yet I am well : another is wise ; yet I am well : another virtuous ; yet I am well : but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain ; wise, or I'll none ; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her ; fair, or I'll never look on her ; mild, or come not near me ; noble, or not I for an angel ; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God ‡. Ha ! the prince and monsieur Love ! I will hide me in the arbour. [*Withdraws.*]

Enter

* — *carving the fashion of a new doublet.*] This folly, so conspicuous in the gallants of former ages, is laughed at by all our comic writers. So in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617 : " — We are almost as fantastic as the English gentleman that is painted naked, with a pair of sheers in his hand, as not being resolved after what fashion to have his coat cut." STEEVENS.

† — *orthographer.*] The old copies read — *orthography*.

STEEVENS.

‡ — *and her hair shall be of what colour it please &c.*] Perhaps *Benedick* alludes to a fashion, very common in the time of Shakespeare, that of *dying the hair*.

Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, 1595, speaking of the attires

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, Claudio, and Balthazar.

Pedro. Come, shall we hear this musick?

Claud. Yea, my good lord:—How still the evening is,

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O very well, my lord: the musick ended; We'll fit the 'kid-fox' with a penny-worth.

Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice To slander musick any more than once.

Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency, To put a strange face on his own perfection:— I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing: Since many a wooer doth commence his suit To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos; Yet will he swear, he loves.

tires of women's heads, says: "If any have haire of her owne, naturall growing, which is not faire ynough, then will they die it in divers collours. STEEVENS.

Pedro. See where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claudio. Very well, my lord: the musick ended, we'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.] i.e. we will be even with the fox now discovered. So the word *kid*, or *kidde*, signifies in Chaucer:

"The sothfastnes that now is hid,

"Without coverture shall be *kid*

"When I undone have this dreming."

Romaunt of the Rose, 2171, &c.

"Perceiv'd or shew'd.

"He *kidde* anon his bone was not broken."

Troilus and Criseide, lib. i. 208.

"With that anon sterte out daungere,

"Out of the place where he was *hidde*;

"His malice in his cheere was *kidde*."

Romaunt of the Rose, 2130.

GRAY.

It is not impossible but that Shakespeare chose on this occasion to employ an antiquated word; and yet if any future editor should chuse to read—*bid* fox, he may observe that Hamlet has said—"Hide fox and all after." STEEVENS.

U 3 TOLD BY DON PEDRO OVER PEDRO.

Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come :
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine, that's worth the noting.

Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Note, notes, forsooth, and noting!

Bene. Now, *Divine air!* now is his soul ravish'd!—
Is it not strange, that sheeps guts should hale souls
out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money,
when all's done.

S O N G.

*Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blith and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.*

*Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The frauds of men were ever so,
Since summer first was leavy,
Then sigh not so, &c.*

Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill finger, my lord.

Pedro. Ha? no; no, faith; thou sing'st well
enough for a shift.

Bene. [*Aside.*] An he had been a dog, that should
have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him: and,
I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had
as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague
could have come after it.

Pedro.

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Pedro. Yea, marry;—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent musick; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord. [*Exit Balthazar.*]

Pedro. Do so: farewell. Come hither, Leonato; What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay;—Stalk on, stalk on, the fowl sits.^{*} [*Aside to Pedro.*] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?
[*Aside.*]

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, ⁹but that she loves him with an enraged affection:—it is past the infinite of thought.

Pedro.

^{*} —[*Stalk on, stalk on, the fowl sits.*] This is an allusion to the *stalking-horse*; a horse either real or fictitious, by which the fowler anciently shelter'd himself from the sight of the game. So, in the *Honest Lawyer*, 1616:

“Lye there thou happy warranted case

“Of any villain. Thou hast been my *stalking-horse*

“Now these ten months.”

Again, in the 25th Song of Drayton's *Polyolblon*:

“One underneath his *horse* to get a shoot doth *stalk*.”

Again, in his *Muses Elysium*:

“Then underneath my horse, I *stalk* my game to strike.” STEEVENS.

[*Stalk on, stalk on.*] A metaphor taking from the practice of shooting with a *stalking-horse*. The meaning is, Let us steal nearer, that we may take the surer aim. SIR J. HAWKINS.

⁹ *but, that she loves him, with an enraged affection, it is past the infinite of thought.*] It is impossible to make sense and grammar of this speech. And the reason is, that the two beginnings of two different sentences are jumbled together and made one. For—*but that she loves him with an enraged affection*—is only part of a sentence which should conclude thus,—*it is most certain.* But a new

Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There never was counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shews she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

[*Aside.*

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will fit you,—
You heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

idea striking the speaker, he leaves this sentence unfinished, and turns to another,—*It is past the infinite of thought*—which is likewise left unfinished; for it should conclude thus—to say how great that affection is. These broken disjointed sentences are usual in conversation. However there is one word wrong, which yet perplexes the sense, and that is *infinite*. Human thought cannot surely be called *infinite* with any kind of figurative propriety. I suppose the true reading was *definite*. This makes the passage intelligible. *It is past the definite of thought*—i. e. it cannot be defined or conceived how great that affection is. Shakespeare uses the word again in the same sense in *Cymbeline*:

“For idiots, in this case of favour, would

“Be wisely definite.——”

i. e. could tell how to pronounce or determine in the case.

WARBURTON.

Here are difficulties raised only to shew how easily they can be removed. The plain sense is, *I know not what to think otherwise, but that she loves him with an enraged affection*: *It* (this affection) is past the infinite of thought. Here are no abrupt stops, or imperfect sentences. *Infinite* may well enough stand; it is used by more careful writers for *indefinite*: and the speaker only means, that *thought*, though in itself *unbounded*, cannot reach or estimate the degree of her passion. JOHNSON.

Claud.

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Claud. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up.

[*Aside.*]

Petro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: Shall I, says she, *that have so oft encounter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him?*

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night; and there she will sit in her smock, 'till she have writ a sheet of paper:—my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. Oh,—When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?—

Claud. That.

Leon. 'O, she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence; rail'd at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: *I measure him, says she, by my own spirit; for, I*

² *O, she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence;]* i. e. into a thousand pieces of the same bigness. This is farther explained by a passage in *As You Like It*:

—“*There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are.*”

In both places the poet alludes to the old silver penny, which had a crease running *cross-wise* over it, so that it might be broke into two or four equal pieces, half-pence, or farthings.

THEOBALD.

How the quotation explains the passage, to which it is applied, I cannot discover. JOHNSON.

A *farthing*, and perhaps a *halfpenny*, was used to signify any small particle or division. So, in the character of the *Prioresse* in *Chaucer*:

“That in hire cuppe was no *farthing* sene

“Of grese, whan she dronken hadde hire draught.”

Proh. to the Cant. Tales, late edit. v. 135. STEEVENS.

should

should flout him, if he writ to me ; yea, though I love him, I should.

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses ;—
O sweet Benedick ! God give me patience !

Leon. She doth indeed ; my daughter says so : and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do desperate outrage to herself ; It is very true.

Pedro. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end ? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him : She's an excellent sweet lady ; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

Pedro. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

Pedro. I would, she had bestow'd this dotage on me ; I would have daff'd² all other respects, and made her half myself : I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good think you ?

Claud. Hero thinks surely, she will die : for she says, she will die if he love her not ; and she will die ere she make her love known ; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustom'd crossness.

Pedro. She doth well : if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible, he'll scorn it ; for the

² — have daff'd —] To daff is the same as to doff, to do off, to put aside. So, in *Macbeth* :

“ ——— to doff their dire distresses.” STEEVENS.

man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit³.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

Pedro. He doth, indeed, shew some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Pedro. As Hector, I assure you : and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise ; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace ; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Pedro. And so will he do ; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece : Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love ?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord ; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible ; she may wear her heart out first.

Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter ; let it cool the while. I love Benedick

³ *contemptible spirit.*] That is, a temper inclined to scorn and contempt. It has been before remarked, that our author uses his verbal adjectives with great licence. There is therefore no need of changing the word with sir T. Hanmer to *contemptuous*.

JOHNSON.

In the *argument* to *Darius*, a tragedy, by lord Sterline, 1603, it is said, that Darius wrote to *Alexander* " in a proud and *contemptible* manner." In this place *contemptible* certainly means *contemptuous*.

Again, Drayton, in the 24th Song of his *Polyolbion*, speaking in praise of a hermit, says, that he,

" The mad tumultuous world *contemptibly* forsook,
" And to his quiet cell by Crowland him betook."

STEEVENS.

well ;

well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. [*Aside.*]

Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him to dinner.

[*Aside*] [*Exeunt.*]

Benedick advances from the arbour.

Bene. This can be no trick: The conference was sadly borne*.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems, her affections have the full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censur'd: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry:—I must not seem proud:—happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous;—'tis so, I cannot reprove it: and wise—but for loving me:—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit;—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have some odd quirks

* *was sadly borne.*] i. e. was seriously carried on. So in Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

"The king feigneth to talk *sadly* with some of his counsel."

So, in the *Wife Woman of Hogsdon*, 1638:

"Marry, sir knight, I saw them in *sad* talk, but to say they were directly whispering, &c."

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and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have rail'd so long against marriage : But doth not the appetite alter ? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age :—Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper-bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour ? No : The world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were marry'd.—Here comes Beatrice : By this day, she's a fair lady : I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me ; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message ?

Beat. Yea, just as much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choak a daw withal :—You have no stomach, signior ; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha ! *Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner*—there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me*—that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks :—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain ; if I do not love her, I am a Jew : I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

A C T

A C T III. S C E N E I.

*Continues in the Orchard.**Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.*

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee into the parlour;
 There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
 Proposing with the prince and Claudio⁵:
 Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
 Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
 Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us;
 And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
 Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
 Forbid the sun to enter;—like favourites,
 Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
 Against that power that bred it:—there will she hide
 her,

To listen our propose⁶: This is thy office,
 Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently.
[Exit.]

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
 As we do trace this alley up and down,
 Our talk must only be of Benedick:
 When I do name him, let it be thy part
 To praise him more than ever man did merit:
 My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
 Is sick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter
 Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
 That only wounds by hear-say. Now begin.

⁵ *Proposing* with the prince and Claudio.] *Proposing* is conversing, from the French word—*propos*, discourse, talk. STEEVENS.
⁶ —our propose.] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—our purpose. *Propose* is right. See the preceding note. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Beatrice, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urf. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait :
So angle we for Beatrice ; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture :
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose no-
thing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—

[They advance to the bower.]

No, truly, Urfula, she is too disdainful ;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock⁷.

Urf. But are you sure,
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely ?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord ?

Urf. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam ?

Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it :
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urf. Why did you so ? Doth not the gentleman

⁷ —as haggards of the rock.] *Turbervile*, in his book of *Falconry*, 1575, tells us, that “ the haggard doth come from foreign parts a stranger and a passenger ;” and *Latham*, who wrote after him, says, that “ she keeps in subjection the most part of all the fowl that fly, inſomuch, that the rassel gentle, her natural and chiefest companion, dares not come near that coast where she useth, nor sit by the place where she standeth. Such is the greatness of her spirit, she will not admit of any society, until such a time as nature worketh, &c.” So, in *The tragical History of Didaco and Violenta*, 1576 :

“ Perchaunce she's not of haggard's kind

“ Nor heart so hard to bend, &c.” STEEVENS.

Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed;
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon.

Hero. O God of love! I know, he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

Urf. Sure, I think so;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward: if fair-fac'd,
She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an aglet very vilely cut:

If
[as full, &c.] A full bed means a rich wife. So in
Othello
"What a full fortune doth the thick-lips owe? &c."

STEEVENS.
[Misprising] Desprising, concerning. JOHNSON.
To misprize is to undervalue, or take in a wrong light. STEEVENS.
[spell him backward.] Alluding to the practice of witches
in uttering prayers. STEEVENS.

If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot:
The antick was a buffoon character in the old English farces, with
a masked face, and a patch-work habit. What I would observe
from hence is, that the name of antick or antique, given to this
character, shews that the people had some traditional ideas of its
being borrowed from the ancient mimæ, who are thus described
by Apuleius, "*Mimi centunculo, fuligine faciem obducti.*"

WARBURTON.

If low, an agat very vilely cut:] But why an agat, if low?
For

If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;

If silent, why, a block moved with none.

So turns she every man the wrong side out;

And never gives to truth and virtue, that

Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urf. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No; not to be so odd, and from all fashions,

As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:

But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,

She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me

Out of myself, press me to death with wit.

Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,

Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:

It were a better death than die with mocks;

Which is as bad as die with tickling.

For what likeness between a *little man* and an *agate*? The ancients, indeed, used this stone to cut upon; but very exquisitely. I make no question but the poet wrote:

————— an aglet very vilely cut:

An *aglet* was the tag of those points, formerly so much in fashion. These tags were either of gold, silver, or brass, according to the quality of the wearer; and were commonly in the shape of little images; or at least had a head cut at the extremity. The French call them, *aiguillettes*. Mezeray, speaking of Henry III's sorrow for the death of the princess of Conti, says, "*—portant même sur les aiguillettes des petites têtes de mori.*" And as a tall man is before compared to a lance ill-beaded; so, by the same figure, a little man is very aptly liken'd to an *aglet ill-cut*. WARBURTON.

The old reading is, I believe, the true one. *Vilely cut* does not mean awkwardly worked by a tool into shape, but grotesquely veined by nature as it grew. To this circumstance, I suppose, Drayton alludes in his *Muses Elinium*:

"With th' *agate*, very oft that is

"Cut *strangely* in the quarry;

"As nature meant to shew in this

"How she herself can vary."

Pliny mentions that the shapes of various beings are to be discovered in *agates*; and Mr. Addison has very elegantly compared Shakespeare, who was born with all the seeds of poetry, to the *agate* in the ring of Pyrrhus, which, as Pliny tells us, had the figure of Apollo and the nine Muses in the veins of it, produced by the spontaneous hand of nature, without any help from art.

STEEVENS.

Urf. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say;

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion;
And, truly, I'll devise some honest flanders
To stain my cousin with; One doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urf. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift and excellent a wit,
As she is priz'd to have) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urf. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy; signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, ⁴ argument, and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urf. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you marry'd, madam?

Hero. Why, every day;—to-morrow: Come, go
in,

I'll shew thee some attires; and have thy counsel,
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urf. She's *lim'd*, I warrant you; we have caught
her, madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁴ ——— argument ———] This word seems here to signify *discourse*,
or, the *powers* of reasoning. JOHNSON.

⁵ *She's lim'd*, ———] She is ensnared and entangled as a sparrow
with *birdlime*. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Spanish Tragedy*:

“Which sweet conceits are *lim'd* with fly-deceits.”
The folio reads, ———— *She's ta'en*. STEEVENS.

Beatrice advancing.

Beat. "What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:
For others say, thou dost deserve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly." [Exit.

SCENE II.

Leonato's House.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.

Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a foil in the new gloss of your marriage¹, as to shew a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all

¹ *What fire is in mine ears? —*] Alluding to a proverbial saying of the common people, that their ears burn, when others are talking of them. WARBURTON.

² *Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;*] This image is taken from falconry. She had been charged with being as wild as *bag-gards of the rock*; she therefore says, that wild as her heart is, she will tame it to the hand. JOHNSON.

³ *Nay, that would be as great a foil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to shew a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"As is the night before some festival,
"To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
"And may not wear them." STEVENS.

mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him²; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks, you are sadder.

Claud. I hope, he be in love.

Pedro. Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love; if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Pedro. What? figh for the tooth-ach?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

Bene. Well, Every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as to be a Dutch man to-day; a French man to-mor-

² *the little hangman dare not shoot at him:*] This character of Cupid came from the *Arcadia* of sir Philip Sidney:

"Millions of yeares this old drivell Cupid liveth,

"While still more wretch, more wicked he doth prove;

"Till now at length that Jove him office gives,

"(At Juno's suite who much did Argus love)

"In this our world a *hangman* for to be

"Of all those fooles that will have all they see."

B. ii. ch. 14. FARMER.

as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; &c.] A covert allusion to the old proverb:

"As the fool thinketh

"So the bell clinketh." STEEVENS.

² *There is no appearance of fancy &c.*] Here is a play upon the word *fancy*, which Shakespeare uses for *love* as well as for *humour*, *caprice*, or *affectation*. JOHNSON.

row; or in the shape of two countries at once; as a German from the waist downward, all slops³; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet: Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat o' mornings: What should that bode?

Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: Can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, The sweet youth's in love.

Pedro. The greatest note of it, is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute-string, and now govern'd by slops.

Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: Conclude, conclude he is in love,

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

³ —all slops.] *Slops* are loose breeches. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"There's a French salutation for your French *slop*."

Again, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607:

"St. Anthony's fire light in your Spanish *slops*."

STEEVENS.

Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards⁴.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach.—Old
signior

⁴ *She shall be buried with her face upwards.*] Thus the whole set of editions: but what is there any way particular in this? Are not all men and women buried so? Sure, the poet means, in opposition to the general rule, and by way of distinction, with her *beels* upwards, or *face* downwards. I have chosen the first reading, because I find it the expression in vogue in our author's time. THEOBALD.

This emendation, which appears to me very specious, is rejected by Dr. Warburton. The meaning seems to be, that she who acted upon principles contrary to others, should be buried with the same contrariety. JOHNSON.

Theobald's conjecture may, however, be supported by a passage in *The Wild Goose Chase* of R. and Fletcher:

"——love cannot starve me;

"For if I die o'th' first fit, I am unhappy,

"And worthy to be *buried with my beels upwards*."

Dr. Johnson's explanation may likewise be countenanced by a passage in an old black letter book, without date, intitled, *A merye Jest of a Man that was called HOWLEGAS, &c.* "How Howleglas was buried." "Thus as Howleglas was dead, than they brought him to be buryed. And as they would have put the coffyn into the pytte wyth 11 cordes, the cords as the fete brake, so that the fote of the coffyn fell into the botome of the pyt, and the coffyn stood bolt upryght in the middes of the grave. Then desired y^e people that stode about the grave that tyme, to let the coffyn to stande bolt upryght. For in his lyfe tyme he was a very marvelous man &c. and shall be buryed as marvailously; and in this maner they left Howleglas, &c."

That this book was once popular, may be inferr'd from *Ben Jonson's* frequent allusions to it. So, in his *Poetaster*:

"What do you laugh, Owleglas?"

Again, in the *Fortunate Isles*, a Masque:

"——What do you think of Owleglas,

"Instead of him?"—And again, in the *Sad Shepherd*.

This history was originally written in Dutch. The hero is there call'd *Uyle-spiegel*. Under this title he is likewise introduced by *Ben Jonson* in his *Albionist*, and the *Masque* and Pastoral already quoted, *Ménage* speaks of *Uespigle* as a man famous for *tramperies ingenieuses*; adds that his *Life* was translated into French, and quotes the title-page of it. I have another copy published *A Treves*, in 1714, the title of which differs from that set down by *Ménage*.

I think Shakespeare could hardly allude to a circumstance mentioned by Pliny the Naturalist, "—that the dead corps of a
man

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signior, walk aside with me; I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*]

Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so: Hero and Margaret have by this time play'd their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

Enter Don John.

John. My lord and brother, God save you.

Pedro. Good den, brother.

John. If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.

Pedro. In private?

John. If it please you:—yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of, concerns him.

Pedro. What's the matter?

John. Means your lordship to be marry'd to-morrow?

[*To Claudio.*]

Pedro. You know, he does.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

John. You may think, I love you not; let that

man flout upon the water with the face upward, but contrary-wise women swimme groveling, &c." Holland's Translation, p. 165.

The passage, indeed, may mean only—*She shall be buried in her lover's arms.* So in *The Winter's Tale*.

Flo. What? like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on.

"Not like a corse:—or if,—not to be buried,

"*But quick and in my arms.*" STEEVENS.

appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest: For my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill-bestow'd!

Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

John. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shorten'd, (for she hath been too long a talking of) the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window enter'd; even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

Pedro. I will not think it.—

John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will shew you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her; to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

John. I will disparage her no farther, till you are

[*Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.*] Dryden has transplanted this farcasm into his *All for Love*:

"Your Cleopatra; Dolabella's Cleopatra; every man's Cleopatra." STEEVENS.

my

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my witnesses : bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue shew itself.

Pedro. O day untowardly turned !

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting !

John. O plague right well prevented !

So you will say, when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The Street.

Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true ?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge,⁶ neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable ?

1 Watch. Hugh Oatcake, fir, or George Seacoal ; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal ; God hath blest'd you with a good name ; to be a well-favour'd man is the gift of fortune ; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 Watch. Both which, master constable,——

Dogb. You have ; I knew it would be your an-

⁶ *Well, give them their charge,*] To charge his fellows, seems to have been the regular part of the duty of the constable of the Watch. So, in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1639 : " My watch is set—charge given—and all at peace." Again, in *The Insatiate Countess*, by Marston, 1603 : " Come on, my hearts ; we are the city's security—I'll give you your charge." MALONE.

swer.

swer. Well, for your favour, fir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is⁷ no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lanthorn; This is your charge; you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 Watch. How if he will not stand?

Dogb. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects;—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endur'd.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch,

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen⁸;—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch.

⁷ no need of such vanity.] Dogberry is only absurd, not absolutely out of his senses. We should read therefore, more need.

WARBURTON.

I believe the blunder was intended, and therefore am not willing to admit the proposed emendation.

Both the 4to 1600, and the first folio, concur in this reading.

STEEVENS.

⁸ bills be not stolen:] A bill is still carried by the watchmen at Litchfield. It was the old weapon of the English infantry, which, says Temple, gave the most ghastly and deplorable wounds. It may be called *securis falcata*. JOHNSON.

These

2 Watch. How if they will not ?

Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are sober ; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well fir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man ; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him ?

Dogb. Truly, by your office you may ; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defil'd : the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him shew himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have always been call'd a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will ; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 Watch. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us ?

Dogb. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake

These weapons are mentioned in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable*, 1639 :

" ——— Well said, neighbours ;

" You're chatting wisely o'er your *bills* and lanthorns,

" As becomes watchmen of discretion."

Again, the same play :

" ——— sit still, and keep

" Your rusty *bills* from bloodshed.

Again, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592 :

" ——— the watch

" Are coming tow'r'd our house with glaives and *bills*."

The

wake her with crying : for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

The following are examples of ancient bills.



STEVENS.

[If you hear a child cry, &c.] It is not impossible but that part of this scene was intended as a burlesque on *The Statute of the Streets*, imprinted by Wolfe, in 1595. Among these I find the following :

22. " No man shall blowe any horne in the night, within this citie, or whistle after the houre of nyne of the clock in the night, under paine of imprisonment.

23. " No man shall use to goe with visours, or disguised by night, under like pain of imprisonment.

24. " Made that night-walkers, and evildroppers, like punishment.

25. " No hammar-man, as a smith, a pewterer, a founder, and all artificers making great sound, shall not worke after the house of nyne at the night, &c."

30. No

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Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable; are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by'r lady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't; with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'r lady, I think, it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me; keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours: I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to night: Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you!

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*]

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What! Conrade,—

Watch. Peace, stir not, [*Aside.*]

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Conr. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

30. "No man shall, after the hour of nyne at night, keepe any rule, whereby any such suddaine out-cry be made in the still of the night, as making any affray, or beating his wyfe; or servant, or singing, or revying in his house, to the disturbaunce of his neighbours, under payne of iii s. iii d. &c. &c."

Ben Jonson, however, appears to have ridiculed this scene in the Induction to his *Bartholomew Fair*:

"And then a substantial watch to have stole in upon 'em, and taken them away with *mistaking words*, as the fashion is in the stage-practice." STEEVENS.

Bora.

Bora. Mafs, and my elbow itch'd ; I thought, there would a scab follow ?

Conr. I will owe thee an answer for that ; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain ; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters ; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats,

Conr. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear ?

Bora. Thou should'st rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich : for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Conr. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shews, thou art unconfirm'd : Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Conr. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Conr. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush ! I may as well say, the fool's the fool : But see'st thou not, what a deformed thief this fashion is ?

Watch. I know that Deformed ; he has been a vile thief these seven year ; he goes up and down like a gentleman : I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear some body ?

Conr. No ; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. See'st thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is ? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five and thirty ?

¹ any villainy should be so rich :] The sense absolutely requires us to read, *villain*. WARBURTON.

The old reading may stand. STEVENS.

² thou art unconfirm'd :] i. e. unpractised in the ways of the world. WARBURTON.

some-

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sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy³ painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church window; * sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirch'd worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?

Conr. All this I see; and see, that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man: But art not

³ — reechy painting [] is painting stain'd by smoke. So, in *Hans Beer Pot's Invisible Comedy*, 1618:

“ ————— he look'd so reechily

Like bacon hanging on the chimney's roof.”
from *Recan*, Anglo-Saxon, to *reek*, *fumant*. STEEVENS.

* *sometime, like the shaven Hercules &c.* By the *shaven Hercules* is meant *Samson*, the usual subject of old tapestry. In this ridicule on the fashion, the poet has not unartfully given a stroke at the barbarous workmanship of the common tapestry hangings, then so much in use. The same kind of railery Cervantes has employed on the like occasion, when he brings his knight and squire to an inn, where they found the story of Dido and *Aneas* represented in bad tapestry. On Sancho's seeing the tears fall from the eyes of the forsaken queen as big as walnuts, he hopes that when their achievements became the general subject for these sorts of works, that fortune will send them a better artist. — What authorised the poet to give this name to Samson was the folly of certain Christian mythologists, who pretend that the Grecian Hercules was the Jewish Samson. The retinue of our author is to be commended: The sober audience of that time would have been offended with the mention of a venerable name on so light an occasion. Shakespeare is indeed sometimes licentious in these matters: But to do him justice, he generally seems to have a sense of religion, and to be under its influence. What Pedro says of Benedick, in this comedy, may be well enough applied to him, *The man doth fear God, however it seems not to be in him by some large jests he will make*. WARBURTON.

I believe that Shakespeare knew nothing of these Christian mythologists, and by the *shaven Hercules* meant only *Hercules when shaved to make him look like a woman*, while he remained in the service of Omphale, his Lydian mistress. Had the *shaven Hercules* been meant to represent Samson, he would probably have been equipped with a *jaw-bone* instead of a club. STEEVENS.

³ — smirch'd — Smirch'd is soiled, obscured. So, in *As you Like It*, act I. sc. iii:

“ And with a kind of umber smirch my face.” STEEVENS.

thou

thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress's chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted and placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Conr. And thought they, Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possess'd them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 Watch. We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

2 Watch. Call up the right master constable: We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 Watch. And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock^o.

Conr. Masters, masters⁷.—

2 Watch.

* —wears a lock.] So in the *Return from Parnassus*, 1600:

“He whose thin fire dwells in a smoky rooffe,

“Must take tobacco, and must wear a lock.”

See Dr. Warburton's Note, act V. sc. i. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Conr.* Masters, masters, &c.] In former copies:

Conr.

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2 Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Conr. Masters,—

1 Watch. Never speak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these mens bills.

Conr. A commodity in question; I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in Leonato's House.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well.

[Exit Ursula.]

Marg. Troth, I think, your other^s rabato were better.

Hero.

Conr. Masters,—

2 Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Conr. Masters, never speak, we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

The regulation which I have made in this last speech, though against the authority of all the printed copies, I rather myself, carries its proof with it. Conrade and Borachio are not designed to talk absurd nonsense. It is evident therefore, that Conrade is attempting his own justification; but is interrupted in it by the impertinence of the men in office. THEOBALD.

^s rabato] A neckband; a ruff. *Rabat*, French. HANMER.

Rabato, an ornament for the neck, a collar-band, or kind of ruff, Fr. *Rabat*. Mehuze saith it comes from *rabattre* to put back, because it was at first nothing but the collar of the shirt or shift turn'd back towards the shoulders. HAWKINS.

This article of dress is frequently mentioned by our ancient comic writers.

So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609:—"The tyre, the *rabato*, the loose-bodied gown, &c."

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i'faith. I saw the dutcheffs of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of yours: Cloth of gold, and cuts, and lac'd with silver; set with pearls, down sleeves, fide sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with a blueish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I

Again, in the comedy of *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608:

"Broke broad jests upon her narrow heel,

"Pok'd her *rabatos*, and surway'd her *steel*."

Again, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:—"He would persuade me that love was a *rabato*, and his reason was, that a *rabato* was worn out with pinning, &c."

Again, in Decker's *Untrussing the Humorous Poet*: "What a miserable thing it is to be a noble bride! There's such delays in rising, in fitting gowns, in pinning *rebatoes*, in *poaking*, &c."

Again, in Decker's *Guls Hornbook*, 1609:

"—your stiff-necked *rebatoes* (that have more arches for pride to row under, than can stand under five London-bridges) durst not then, &c."

The second and last of these passages will likewise serve for an additional explanation of the *poking-sticks of steel*, mentioned by Autolycus in the *Winter's Tale*. STEEVENS.

think

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think you would have me say, saving your reverence,—*a husband*: an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend no body: Is there any harm in—*the heavier for a husband*? None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise, 'tis light, and not heavy: Ask my lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into ' *Light o' love*; that goes

• *Light o' love*;] A tune so called, which has been already mentioned by our authour. JOHNSON.

This tune is mentioned in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen*. The gaoler's daughter, speaking of a horse, says:

“He gallops to the tune of *Light o' love*.”

It is mentioned again in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.”

And in the *Noble Gentleman* of Beaumont and Fletcher.

STEEVENS.

Light o' love.] This is the name of an old dance tune which has occur'd already in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*: I have lately recovered it from an ancient MS, and it is as follows.



SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

without a burden ; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, *Light o' love*, with your heels !—then if your husband have stables enough, you'll look he shall lack no ' barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction ! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin ; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill :—hey ho !

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband ?

Beat. * For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not ' turn'd Turk, there's no more failing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow ?

Marg. Nothing I ; but God send every one their heart's desire !

* *no barns.*] A quibble between *barns*, repositories of corn, and *bairns*, the old word for children. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Winter's Tale* : " Mercy on us, a *barn* ! a very pretty *barn* !" STEEVENS.

* *For the letter that begins them all, H.*] This is a poor jest, somewhat obscured, and not worth the trouble of elucidation.

Margaret asks Beatrice for what she cries, *hey ho* ; Beatrice answers, for an *H*, that is, for an *ache* or *pain*. JOHNSON.

Heywood, among his Epigrams, published in 1652, has one on the letter H.

" H is worst among letters in the cross-row ;

" For if thou find him either in thine elbow,

" In thine arm, or leg, in any degree ;

" In thine head, or teeth, or toe, or knee ;

" Into what place soever H may pike him,

" Wherever thou find *ache* thou shalt not like him."

STEEVENS.

* *turn'd Turk,*] i. e. taken captive by love, and turned a renegade to his religion. WARBURTON.

This interpretation is somewhat far-fetched, yet, perhaps, it is right. JOHNSON.

Hamlet uses the same expression, and talks of his *fortune's turning Turk*. To *turn Turk* was a common phrase for a change of condition or opinion. So, in *The Honest Whore*, by Decker, 1616 :

" If you *turn Turk* again, &c." STEEVENS.

Hero.

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Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuff'd, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuff'd! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profess'd apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it; Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distill'd Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Beredictus? you have
* some moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral? no by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r-lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out o' thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of

* *some moral*] That is, some secret meaning, like the *moral* of a fable. JOHNSON.

A *moral* is the same as a *morality*, one of the earliest kinds of our dramatic performances. So, in Greene's *Greatworth of Wit*, 1621: "—It was I that penned the *Moral of Man's Wit*, the *Dialogue of Dives*, &c."

"The people make no estimation

"Of *morals*, teaching education."

A player, on this occasion, is the speaker, and these performances were full of double meanings and conceits. Again, in Decker's *Guls Hornbook*, 1609: "—bee it pastoral or comedy, *moral* or tragedy.—" STEEVENS.

his heart, 'he eats his meat without grudging : and how you may be converted, I know not ; but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps ?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter Ursula.

Urf. Madam, withdraw ; the prince, the count, signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Another Apartment in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour ?

Dogb. Marry, fir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you ; for you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, fir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, fir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends ?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, fir, speaks a little of the matter : an old man, fir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were ; but, in faith, honest, as the skin between his brows⁵.

⁵ *he eats his meat without grudging :*] I do not see how this is a proof of Benedick's change of mind. It would afford more proof of amoroufness to say, *he eats not his meat without grudging* ; but it is impossible to fix the meaning of proverbial expressions : perhaps, *to eat meat without grudging*, was the same as, *to do as others do*, and the meaning is, *he is content to live by eating like other mortals, and will be content, notwithstanding his boasts, like other mortals, to have a wife.* JOHNSON.

⁶ *—honest as the skin between his brows.*] This is a proverbial expression. STEEVENS.

Verg.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, ' I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honefter than I.

Dogh. Comparifons are odorous: *palabras**, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogh. It pleafes your worship to fay fo, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to beftow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousnefs on me! ha!

Dogh. Yea, and 'twere a thoufand times more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And fo am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to fay.

Verg. Marry, fir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's prefence, hath ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Meffina.

Dogh. A good old man, fir; he will be talking; as they fay, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to fee! *—Well faid, if faith,

* *I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honefter than I.*] There is much humour, and extreme good fenfe under the covering of this blundering expreffion. It is a fly infinuation that length of years, and the being much *backnied in the ways of men*, as Shakefpeare expreffes it, take off the glofs of virtue, and bring much defilement on the manners. For, as a great wit fays, *Youth is the feafon of virtue: corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldeft rogue in England is the greateft.*

WARBURTON.

Much of this is true, but I believe Shakefpeare did not intend to beftow all this reflection on the fpeaker. JOHNSON.

* — *palabras* — So, in the *Taming the Shrew*, the Tinker fays, *pocas pallabras*, i. e. few words. A fcrap of Spanifh, which might once have been current among the vulgar. STEEVENS.

* *It is a world to fee!*] i. e. it is wonderful to fee. So, in *All for Money*, an old morality, 1594: "*It is a world to fee how greedy they be of money.*" The fame phrafe often occurs, with the fame meaning, in Holinshed. STEEVENS.

neighbour Verges :—well, God's a good man ²; an two men ride of a horse; one must ride behind ¹:—
An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but, God is to be worshipp'd; All men are not alike; alas good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives,

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir: our watch have, indeed, comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examin'd before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

² —well, God's a good man;] So, in the old Morality or Interlude of *Lusty Juventus*, 1561:

“He wyl say, that *God is a good Man*,

“He can make him no better, and say the best he can.”

Again, in *A mery Geste of Robyn Hood*, bl. l. no date:

“For God is hold a *right wise man*,

“And so is his dame, &c.” STEEVENS.

¹ an two men ride &c.] This is not out of place, or without meaning. Dogberry, in his vanity of superiour parts, apologizing for his neighbour, observes, that *of two men on an horse, one must ride behind*. The first place of rank or understanding can belong but to one, and that happy one ought not to despise his inferiour.

JOHNSON.

Shakespeare might have caught this idea from the common seal of the Knights Templars; the device of which was *two riding upon one horse*. An engraving of the seal is preserved at the end of Matt. Paris Hist. Ang. 1640. STEEVENS.

Leon.

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Leon. I will wait upon them; I am ready.

[*Exit Leonato.*]

Dogb. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail; we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that [*touching his forehead*] shall drive some of them to a *non-com*; only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the jail.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Church.

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be marry'd to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Leon.

Claud. O what men dare do! what men may do!
what

Men daily do! not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then^a some
be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar:—Father, by your leave;
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose
worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankful-
ness.—

There, Leonato, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:—
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:
O, what authority and shew of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shews? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed^b:
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be marry'd, not knit my soul
To an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord,
If you in your own proof^c,

Have

^a *some be of laughing,*] This is a quotation from the *Accidence*.
JOHNSON.

^b [—*luxurious bed*:] That is, *lascivious*. *Luxury* is the
confessor's term for unlawful pleasures of the sex. JOHNSON.
So, in *K. Lear*:

“To't, *luxury*, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.”

SPEEVENS.

^c *Dear my lord,* if you in your own proof,] I am surpriz'd the
poetical

Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,——

Claud. I know what you would say; If I have
known her,
You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the forehead sin:
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large⁵;
But, as a brother to his sister, shew'd
Bashful sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thy seeming! I will write against
it⁶;

poetical editors did not observe the lameness of this verse. It evidently wants a syllable in the last foot, which I have restored by a word, which, I presume, the first editors might hesitate at; though it is a very proper one, and a word elsewhere used by our author. Besides, in the passage under examination, this word comes in almost necessarily, as Claudio had said in the line immediately preceding:

Not knit my soul to an approved wanton. THEOBALD.

I wonder Mr. Theobald's change of *proof* into *approof*, has been so easily adopted by the later editors. His argument for the change, drawn from the lameness of the verse, has no foundation. The lines, according to the reading of the old copies, may be thus distributed:

Claud. Not to be married, not to knit my soul
To an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord,
If you, in your own proof,
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth, &c.

In your own proof may signify in your own trial of her.

TYRWHITT.

I have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt's regulation, which is undoubtedly right. STEEVENS.

⁵ *word too large;*] So he uses *large jests* in this play, for licentious, not restrained within due bounds. JOHNSON.

⁶ *I will write against it:]* What? a libel; nonsense. We should read:

—— I will rate against it:

i. e. rail or revile. WARBURTON.

As to subscribe to any thing is to allow it, so to write against is to disallow or deny. JOHNSON.

You

You seem to me as Dian in her orb;
 As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
 But you are more intemperate in your blood
 Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
 That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

Pedro. What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
 To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True, O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so; But what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;

And, by that fatherly and kindly power^a

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me! how I am beset!—

What kind of catechizing call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
 With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

^a ——— chaste as the bud ———] Before the air has tasted
 its sweetness. JOHNSON.

^b ——— kindly power] That is, natural power. Kind is nature.
 JOHNSON.

Hero.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

Pedro. Why, then you are no maiden.—*Leonato,*
I am sorry, you must hear; Upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie! they are
Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been!
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

“—liberal villain,] *Liberal* here, as in many places of these plays, means, *frank beyond honesty or decency. Free of tongue.* Dr. Warburton unnecessarily reads, *illiberal.* JOHNSON.
So, in the *Fair Maid of Bristow*, 1605:

“But Vallinger, most like a *liberal* villain

“Did give her scandalous ignoble terms.”

Again, in *The Captain*, by B. and Fletcher:

“And give allowance to your *liberal* jests.

“Upon his person.”

Again, in *Hamlet*:

“That *liberal* shepherds give a grosser name.”

STEEVENS.

This sense of the word *liberal* is not peculiar to Shakespeare. John Taylor, in his *Suite concerning Players*, complains of the
“many aspersions very *liberally*, unreasonably, and ingratiously
bestowed upon him.” FARMER.

“—What a Hero hadst thou been] I am afraid here is intended a poor conceit upon the word *Hero*, JOHNSON.

Leon.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

Beat. Why, how now, cousin, wherefore sink you down?

[*Hero swoons.*]

John. Come, let us go : these things, come thus to light,

Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*]

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think ;—Help, uncle ;—

Hero ! why, *Hero !*—uncle !—signior Benedick !—friar !

Leon. O fate ! take not away thy heavy hand !

Death is the fairest cover for her shame,

That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin *Hero*?

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea ; Wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny

The story that is printed in her blood?—

Do not live, *Hero* ; do not open thine eyes :

For did I think, thou would'st not quickly die,

Thought I, thy spirits were stronger than thy shame,

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,

Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?

Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?

O, one

* *Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?*

“ A thousand daggers, all in honest hands!

“ And have not I a friend to stick one here?”

Venice Preserv'd. STEEVENS.

³ *The story that is printed in her blood?*] That is, the story which her blushes discover to be true. JOHNSON.

⁴ ———— *Griev'd I, I had but one?*

Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?

I've one too much by thee! ———]

The meaning of the second line, according to the present reading is this, *Chid I at frugal nature that she sent me a girl and not a boy?*

But

O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
 Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
 Why had I not, with charitable hand,
 Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
 Who smeared thus, and mir'd with infamy,
 I might have said, *No part of it is mine;*
This shame derives itself from unknown loins?
 But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
 And mine that I was proud on*; mine so much,
 That

But this is not what he chid nature for; if he himself may be believed, it was because she had given him *but one*: and in that he owns he did foolishly, for he now finds he had *one too much*. He called her *frugal*, therefore, in giving him but one child. (For to call her so, because she chose to send a girl rather than a boy, would be ridiculous.) So that we must certainly read:

Chid I for this at frugal nature's fraine?

i. e. *refraine*, or *keeping back her further favours, stopping her hand, as we say, when she had given him one*. But the Oxford editor has, in his usual way, improved this amendment by substituting *hand* for '*fraine*'. WARBURTON.

Though *frame* be not the word which appears to a reader of the present time most proper to exhibit the poet's sentiment, yet it may as well be used to shew that he had *one child*, and *no more*, as that he had a *girl*, not a *boy*, and as it may easily signify the *system of things*, or *universal scheme*, the whole order of beings is comprehended, there arises no difficulty from it which requires to be removed by so violent an effort as the introduction of a new word offensively mutilated. JOHNSON.

Frame is contrivance, order, disposition of things. So, in the *Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1603:

"And therefore seek to set each thing in *frame*."

Again, in Holinshed's *Chronicle*, p. 555: "—there was no man that studied to bring the unrulie to *frame*."

Again, in Daniel's *Verses on Montaigne*:

"———extracts of men,

"Though in a troubled *frame* confusedly set."

Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

Whose spirits toil in *frame* of villanies. STEEVENS.

* But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,

And mine that I was proud on; ———]

The sense requires that we should read, as in these three places. The reasoning of the speaker stands thus,—*Had this been my adopted child, her shame would not have rebounded on me. But this child was mine, as mine I loved her, praised her, was proud of her: consequently,*

That I myself was to myself not mine,
 Valuing of her; why, she—O, she, is fallen
 Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea
 Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;
 And salt too little, which may season give
 To her foul tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient:
 For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
 I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is bely'd!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly, not; although, until last night,
 I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger
 made,

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
 Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?
 Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
 Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little;
 For I have only been silent so long,
 And given way unto this course of fortune,
 By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
 A thousand blushing apparitions
 To start into her face; a thousand innocent flames
 In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
 And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
 To burn the errors that these princes hold
 Against her maiden truth:—Call me a fool;
 Trust not my reading, nor my observation,
 Which with experimental seal doth warrant
 The tenour of my book; trust not my age,

sequently, as I claimed the glory; I must needs be subjected to the shame,
 &c. WARBURTON.

Even of this small alteration there is no need. The speaker
 utters his emotion abruptly, *But mine; and mine that I loved, &c.*
 by an ellipsis frequent, perhaps too frequent; both in verse and
 prose. JOHNSON.

My

My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be :

Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left;
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury ; she not denies it :
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That, which appears in proper nakedness ?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of ?

Hero. They know, that do accuse me ; I know
none :

If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy !—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the
princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of ho-
nour⁶ ;

And

⁵ *Friar.* *What man is he you are accus'd of ?*] The friar had just before boasted his great skill in fishing out the truth. And, indeed, he appears by this question to be no fool. He was by, all the while at the accusation, and heard no names mentioned: Why then should he ask her what man she was accused of? But in this lay the subtilty of his examination. For, had Hero been guilty, it was very probable that in that hurry and confusion of spirits, into which the terrible insult of her lover had thrown her, she would never have observed that the man's name was not mentioned; and so, on this question, have betrayed herself by naming the person she was conscious of an affair with. The friar observed this, and so concluded, that, were she guilty, she would probably fall into the trap he laid for her.——I only take notice of this to shew how admirably well Shakespeare knew how to sustain his characters. *WARBURTON.*

⁶ ———bent of honour ;] *Bent* is used by our authour for the utmost degree of any passion, or mental quality. In this play be-
fore

And if their wisdoms be mislaid in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know not; If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,

The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dry'd this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havock of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pause a while,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning^a ostentation;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? What will this do?

fore, Benedick says of Beatrice, *her affection has its full bent*. The expression is derived from archery; the bow has its *bent*, when it is drawn as far as it can be. JOHNSON.

^a *Your daughter here the princes left for dead;*] In former copies:

Your daughter here the prince's (left for dead;

But how comes Hero to start up a prince's here? We have no intimation of her father being a prince; and this is the first and only time she is complimented with this dignity. The remotion of a single letter, and of the parenthesis, will bring her to her own rank, and the place to its true meaning:

Your daughter here the prince's left for dead;

i. e. Don Pedro, prince of Arragon; and his bastard brother, who is likewise called a prince. THEOBALD.

^a —ostentation:] Show; appearance. JOHNSON.

Friar. Marry, this, well carry'd, shall on her behalf

Change slander to remorse ; that is some good :
 But not for that, dream I on this strange course,
 But on this travail look for greater birth.
 She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
 Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
 Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,
 Of every hearer : For it so falls out,
 That what we have we prize not to the worth,
 Whiles we enjoy it ; but being lack'd and lost,
 Why, then we rack the value⁹ ; then we find
 The virtue, that possession would not shew us
 Whiles it was ours :—So will it fare with Claudio :
 When he shall hear she dy'd upon his words,
 The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
 Into his study of imagination ;
 And every lovely organ of her life
 Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit,
 More moving, delicate, and full of life,
 Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
 Than when she liv'd indeed :—then shall he mourn,
 (If ever love had interest in his liver)
 And wish he had not so accused her ;
 No, though he thought his accusation true.
 Let this be so, and doubt not but success
 Will fashion the event in better shape
 Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
 But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
 The supposition of the lady's death

⁹ ———— *we rack the value* ; ————] i. e. We exaggerate the value. The allusion is to *rack-rents*. The same kind of thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ What our contempts do often hurl from us,

“ We wish it ours again.” STEEVENS.

The following passage in the *Widow's Tears* by Chapman, 1612, strengthens Mr. Steevens's interpretation :

“ One joint of him I lost, was much more worth

“ Than the *rackt* value of thy entire body.” MALONE.

Will quench the wonder of her infamy :
 And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
 (As best befits her wounded reputation)
 In some reclusive and religious life,
 Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you :
 And though, you know, my inwardness and love
 Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
 Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
 As secretly, and justly, as your soul
 Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
 The smallest twine may lead me ¹.

Friar. 'Tis well consented ; presently away ;
 For to strange sores strangely they strain the
 cure.—

Come, lady, die to live : this wedding day,
 Perhaps, is but prolong'd ; have patience, and
 endure. *[Exeunt.]*

Manent Benedick and Beatrice ².

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while ?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene.

¹ *The smallest twine may lead me.]* This is one of our author's observations upon life. Men overpowered with distress, eagerly listen to the first offers of relief, close with every scheme, and believe every promise. He that has no longer any confidence in himself, is glad to repose his trust in any other that will undertake to guide him. JOHNSON.

² *Manent Benedick and Beatrice.]* The poet, in my opinion, has shewn a great deal of address in this scene. Beatrice here engages her lover to revenge the injury done her cousin Hero : and without this very natural incident, considering the character of Beatrice, and that the story of her passion for Benedick was all a fable, she could never have been easily or naturally brought to confess she loved him, notwithstanding all the foregoing preparation. And yet, on this confession, in this very place, depended the whole success of the plot upon her and Benedick. For had she not owned her love here, they must have soon found out the trick, and then the design of bringing them together had been defeated ;
 and

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Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me, that would right her !

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship ?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it ?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you ; Is not that strange ?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not : It were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you : but believe me not ; and yet I lie not ; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing :—I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lov'st me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it, that you love me ; and I will make him eat it, that says, I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word ?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devis'd to it : I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me !

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice ?

Beat. You have staid me in a happy hour ; I was about to protest, I lov'd you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha ! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it : Farewell.

and she would never have owned a passion she had been only tricked into, had not her desire of revenging her cousin's wrong made her drop her capricious humour at once. WARBURTON.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here³;—There is no love in you :—nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain⁴, that hath slander'd, scorn'd, dishonour'd my kinswoman?—O, that I were a man!—What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then with publick accusation, uncover'd slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice.

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper saying!

Bene. Nay, but Beatrice;—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wrong'd, she is slander'd, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties⁵! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count-comfect⁶; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into curtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and

³ *I am gone, though I am here:*] i. e. I am out of your mind already, though I remain here in person before you. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *in the height a villain,*] So in *Hen. VIII*:

“He's traitor to the height.”

“*In præcipiti vitium stetit.*” STEEVENS.

⁵ — *and counties!*] *County* was the ancient general term for a nobleman. See a note on the *County* Paris in *Romeo and Juliet*.

STEEVENS.

⁶ — *a goodly count-comfect;*] i. e. a specious nobleman made out of sugar. STEEVENS.

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trim ones too ⁷ : he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lye, and swears it :—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice : By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul, the count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero ?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engag'd, I will challenge him ; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you : By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account : As you hear of me, so think of me. Go comfort your cousin : I must say, she is dead ; and so farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II^s.

A Prison.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Borachio, Conrade, the Town-Clerk and Sexton in gowns.

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appear'd ?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton !

Sexton.

⁷ —and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too ;] Mr. Heath would read *tongues*, but he mistakes the construction of the sentence, which is—not only men, but trim ones, are turned into tongue, i. e. not only common but clever men, &c.

STEEVENS.

^s *Scene II.* The persons, throughout this scene, have been strangely confounded in the modern editions. The first error has been the introduction of a *Town-Clerk*, who is, indeed, mentioned in the stage-direction, prefixed to this scene in the old editions, (*Enter the Constables, Borachio, and the Towne-clerke in gowmes,*) but no where else ; nor is there a single speech ascribed to him in those editions. The part, which he might reasonably have been expected to take upon this occasion, is performed by the *Sexton* ; who assists at, or rather directs, the examinations ;

Sexton. Which be the malefactors ?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain ; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examin'd ? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—
What is your name, friend ?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray, write down — Borachio. — Yours,
firrah ?

Conr. I am a gentleman, fir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down—master gentleman Conrade.—
Masters, do you serve God ?

Both. Yea, fir, we hope ?

Dogb. Write down—that they hope they serve
God :—and write God first ; for God defend but God
should go before such villains !—Masters, it is proved

sets them down in writing, and reports them to Leonato. It is probable, therefore, I think, that *the Sexton* has been stiled *the Town-clerk*, in the stage-direction abovementioned, from his doing the duty of such an officer. But the editors, having brought *both Sexton and Town-clerk* upon the stage, were unwilling, as it seems, that the latter should be a mute personage ; and therefore they have put into his mouth *almost all the absurdities* which the poet certainly intended for his ignorant *constable*. To rectify this confusion, little more is necessary, than to go back to the old editions, remembering that the names of *Kempe* and *Cowley*, two celebrated actors of the time, are put in this scene, for the names of the persons represented ; viz. *Kempe* for *Dogberry*, and *Cowley* for *Verges*. TYRWHITT.

I have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt's regulation, which is undoubtedly just ; but have left Mr. Theobald's notes as I found them.

STEEVENS.

° *Both.* Yea, fir, we hope.

To Cl. *Write down—that they hope they serve God : and write God first ; for God defend but God should go before such villains !—*]
This short passage, which is truly humorous and in character, I have added from the old quarto. Besides, it supplies a defect : for, without it, the Town-Clerk asks a question of the prisoners, and goes on without staying for any answer to it. THEOBALD.

already

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already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly; How answer you for yourselves?

Contr. Marry, sir, we say, we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, firrah; a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale⁹:—Have you writ down—that they are none.

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the easiest way:—Let the watch come forth:—Masters, I charge you in the prince's name accuse these men.

⁹ 'Fore God, they are both in a tale:] This is an admirable stroke of humour: *Dogberry* says of the prisoners that they are false knaves, and from that denial of the charge, which one in his wits could not but be supposed to make, he infers a communion of counsels, and records it in the examination as an evidence of their guilt. SIR J. HAWKINS.

¹ To. Cl. *Yea, marry, that's the easiest way: Let the watch come forth:]* This *easiest*, is a sophistication of our modern editors, who were at a loss to make out the corrupted reading of the old copies. The quarto in 1600, and the first and second editions in folio, all concur in reading; *Yea, marry, that's the easiest way, &c.* A letter happened to slip out at press in the first edition; and 'twas too hard a task for the subsequent editors to put it in, or guess at the word under this accidental depravation. There is no doubt but the author wrote, as I have restor'd the text; *Yea, marry, that's the deffest way, &c.* i. e. the *readiest*, most *commodious* way. The word is pure Saxon. Deaplice, *debite*, *congrue*, duely, fitly, *Lebæthe*, *opportune*, *commode*, fitly, conveniently, seasonably, in good time, commodiously. Vid. Spelman's Saxon Gloss. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald might have recollected the word *deffly* in *Macbeth*:

"Thyself and office *deffly* show."

Shakespeare, I suppose, design'd *Dogberry* to corrupt this word as well as many others. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Watchmen.

1 Watch. This man said, fir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down—prince John a villain :—Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother—villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace ; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else ?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had receiv'd a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever was committed,

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow ?

1 Watch. And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain ! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else ?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away ; Hero was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this, suddenly dy'd.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's ; I will go before, and shew him their examination. [Exit.]

Dogb. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Verg. Let them be in hand ^a.

Contr.

^a *Sexton.* *Let them be in the hands of coxcomb.*] So the editions. Mr. Theobald gives the words to Conrade, and says, *But why the Sexton should be so pert upon his brother officers, there seems no reason from any superior qualifications in him ; or any suspicion he shews of knowing their ignorance.* This is strange. The Sexton throughout shews as good sense in their examination as any judge upon the
the

Conr. Off, coxcomb !

Dogb. God's my life ! where's the sexton ? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them :—Thou naughty varlet !

the bench could do. And as to *his suspicion of their ignorance*, he tells the Town-Clerk, *That he goes not the way to examine*. The meanness of his name hindered our editor from seeing the goodness of his sense. But this Sexton was an ecclesiastic of one of the inferior orders called the *sacristan*, and not a *brother officer*, as the editor calls him. I suppose the book from whence the poet took his subject, was some old English novel translated from the Italian, where the word *sagristano* was rendered *sexton*. As in Fairfax's *Godfrey of Boulogne* :

"When Phœbus next unclos'd his wakeful eye,

"Up rose the Sexton of that place prophane."

The passage then in question is to be read thus :

Sexton. *Let them be in band.*

[Exit.

Conr. Off, coxcomb !

Dogberry would have them pinion'd. The Sexton says, it was sufficient if they were kept in safe custody, and then goes out. When one of the watchmen comes up to bind them, Conrade says, *Off, coxcomb !* as he says afterwards to the constable, *Away ! you are an ass*.—But the editor adds, *The old quarto gave me the first umbrage for placing it to Conrade*. What these words mean I don't know : but I suspect the old quarto divides the passage as I have done. WARBURTON.

Theobald has fairly given the reading of the quarto.

Dr. Warburton's assertion, as to the dignity of a *sexton* or *sacristan*, may be supported by the following passage in Stanyhurst's *Version of the fourth Book of the Æneid*, where he calls the Massylian priests :

"—— in foil Massyla begotten,

"Sexten of Hesperides sinagog." STEEVENS.

Let them be in band.] I had conjectured that these words should be given to *Verges*, and read thus : "Let them bind their bands." I am still of opinion that the passage belongs to *Verges* ; but, for the true reading of it, I should wish to adopt a much neater emendation, which has since been suggested to me in conversation by Mr. Steevens. *Let them be in band*. Shakespeare, as he observed to me, commonly uses *band* for *bond*. TYRWHITT.

It is plain that they were *bound* from a subsequent speech of Pedro : "Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus *bound* to your answer ?" STEEVENS.

There is nothing in the old quarto different in this scene from the common copies, except that the names of two actors, *Kempe* and *Cowley*, are placed at the beginning of the speeches, instead of the proper words. JOHNSON.

Cour.

Conr. Away! you are an afs, you are an afs.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down—an afs!—but, masters, remember, that I am an afs; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an afs:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness: I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, an householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him:—Bring him away, O, that I had been writ down—an afs!— *Exeunt,*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Leonato's House,

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom, thus to second grief
Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain;

As

As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form :
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard³ ;
And, sorrow wag ! cry ; hem, when he should groan ;
Patch grief with proverbs ; make misfortune drunk
With

³ *If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard ;
And hallow, wag, cry hem, when he should groan :*]

Mr. Rowe is the first authority that I can find for this reading. But what is the intention, or how can we expound it? "If a man will halloo, and whoop, and fidget, and wriggle about, to shew a pleasure when he should groan," &c. This does not give much decorum to the sentiment. The old quarto, and the first and second folio editions, all read :

And sorrow, wagge, cry hem, &c.

We don't, indeed, get much by this reading ; though, I flatter myself, by a slight alteration it has led me to the true one,

And sorrow wage ; cry, hem ! when he should groan ;
i. e. *If such a one will combat with, strive against sorrow, &c.*
Nor is this word infrequent with our author in these significations.

THEOBALD.

Sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, for *wag* read *waive*, which is, I suppose, the same as, *put aside*, or *shift off*. None of these conjectures satisfy me, nor perhaps any other reader. I cannot but think the true meaning nearer than it is imagined. I point thus :

*If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
And, sorrow wag ! cry ; hem, when he should groan ;*

That is, *If he will smile, and cry sorrow be gone, and hem instead of groaning*. The order in which *and* and *cry* are placed, is harsh, and this harshness made the sense mistaken. Range the words in the common order, and my reading will be free from all difficulty :

*If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
Cry, sorrow, wag ! and hem when he should groan.*

JOHNSON.

I think we might read :

"And sorrow gagge ; cry hem, when he should groan ;"—But, leaving this conjecture to shift for itself, I will say a few words upon the phrase, *cry hem*. It is used again by our author, in the *First Part of Henry IV.* act II. scene vii.—"They call drinking deep, dying scarlet ; and when you breathe in your watering, they *cry hem*, and bid you play it off."—In both places, *to cry hem*, seems to signify the same as *to cry courage* ; in which sense the interjection *hem* was sometimes also used by the Latins.

As Shakespeare uses a similar phrase, *to cry aim*, in nearly the same sense, I was once led to imagine that this might have been only

With candle-wasters⁴; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.

only a corruption of *to cry hem*; but having since considered the numerous instances, which Mr. Steevens has produced in illustration of the phrase *cry aim*, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act. II. sc. iii. I am clearly of opinion, that the two phrases, though often of the same import, are of quite distinct and independent originals. TYRWHITT.

Here is a manifest corruption. The tenour of the context is undoubtedly this: "If a man in such melancholy circumstances will smile, stroke his beard with great complacency, and in the very depth of affliction cheerfully cry *hem* when he should groan, &c." I therefore, with the least departure from the old copies, and in entire conformity to the acknowledged and obvious sense of the passage, venture to correct thus:

If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
And *sorrowing* cry hem, when he should groan.

Sorrowing, to say no more, was a participle extremely common in our author's age. Rowe's emendation of this place is equally without meaning and without authority. *Sorrowing* was here, perhaps, originally written *Sorrowinge*, according to the old manner of spelling; which brings the correction I have proposed still nearer to the letters of the text in early editions. WARTON.

To cry, *care away!* was once an expression of triumph. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1529: "I may nowe say, *Care away!*" *Sorrow wagge!* may be such another phrase of exultation.

Again, *ibid.* "Nowe grievous *sorrowe and care away!*"

What will be said of the conceit I shall now offer, I know not; let it, however, take its chance. We might read:

If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,

And, *sorry wag!* cry hem! when he should groan.—

i. e. *unfeeling humourist!* to employ a note of festivity, when his sighs ought to express concern. Both the words I would introduce, are used by Shakespeare. Falstaff calls the prince, *sweet wag!* and the epithet *sorry* is applied, even at this time, to denote any moderate deviation from propriety or morality; as, for instance, a *sorry fellow*. Othello, speaks of a salt and *sorry* rheum. The prince, in the *First Part of K. Henry IV.* act II. sc. iv. says: "—they cry, *hem!* and bid you play it off." This sufficiently proves the exclamation to have been of a comic turn. STEEVENS.

⁴ ————make misfortune drunk

With candle-wasters.]

This may mean, either wash away his sorrow among those who sit up all night to drink, and in that sense may be styled *wasters of candles*; or overpower his misfortunes by swallowing flap-dragons in his glass, which are described by Falstaff as made of *candles' ends*. STEEVENS.

But

But there is no such man : For, brother, men
Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel ; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a filken thread,
Charm ach with air, and agony with words :
No, no ; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow ;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself : therefore give me no counsel ;
My griefs cry louder than advertisement ⁵.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace ; I will be flesh and blood ;
For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently ;
However they have writ the style of gods ⁶,
And made a pish at chance and sufferance ⁷.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself ;
Make those, that do offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason : nay, I will do so :

⁵ — [*than advertisement.*] That is, *than admonition*, *than moral instruction*. JOHNSON.

⁶ *However they have writ the style of gods,*] This alludes to the extravagant titles the Stoics gave their wise men. *Sapiens ille cum Diis ex pare vivit.* Senec. Ep. 59. *Jupiter quo antecedit virum bonum? diutius bonus est.* *Sapiens nibilo se minoris aestimat.*—*Deus non vincit sapientem felicitate.* Ep. 73. WARBURTON.

Shakespeare might have used this expression, without any acquaintance with the hyperboles of stoicism. By the *style of gods*, he meant an exalted language ; such as we may suppose would be written by beings superior to human calamities, and therefore regarding them with neglect and coldness.

B. and Fletcher have the same expression in the first of their *Four Plays in One* :

“ Athens doth make women philosophers,

“ And sure their children chat *the talk of gods.*”

STEEVENS.

⁷ *And made a pish at chance and sufferance.*] Alludes to their famous *apathy*. WARBURTON.

My soul doth tell me, Hero is bely'd ;
 And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince,
 And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio, hastily.

Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord ?—well, fare you well,
 my lord :—

Are you so hasty now ?—well, all is one.

Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
 Some of us would lye low.

Claud. Who wrongs him ?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler,
 thou !

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
 I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
 If it should give your age such cause of fear :
 In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man, never fleer and jest at me ;
 I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool ;
 As, under privilege of age, to brag
 What I have done being young, or what would do,
 Were I not old : Know, Claudio, to thy head,
 Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child, and me,
 That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by ;
 And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
 Do challenge thee to tryal of a man.
 I say, thou hast bely'd mine innocent child,
 Thy slander hath gone through and through her
 heart,
 And she lyes bury'd with her ancestors :

O, in

O, in a tomb where scandal never slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy !

Claud. My villainy ?

Leon Thine, Claudio ; thine I say.

Pedro. You say not right, old man:

Leon. My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare ;
Despight his nice fence, and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. ^s Canst thou so daffe me ? Thou hast kill'd
my child ;

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed ⁹ :

But

^s *Canst thou so daffe me ?* ———] This is a country word,
Mr. Pope tells us, signifying, *daunt*. It may be so ; but that is
not the exposition here : To *daffe* and *doffe* are synonymous terms,
that mean, to *put off* : which is the very sense required here, and
what Leonato would reply upon Claudio's saying, he would have
nothing to do with him. THEOBALD.

Theobald has well interpreted the word: Shakespeare uses it
more than once :

" The nimble footed mad-cap prince of Wales,

" And his comrades that *daff'd* the world aside."

Again, " — I would have *daff'd* other respects, &c."

Again, in the *Lover's Complaint* :

" There my white stole of chastity I *daff'd*."

It is perhaps of Scottish origin, as I find it in *Ane werie excellent and delectabill Treatise intituled PHILOTUS*, &c. Edinburgh, 1603 :

" Their *daffing* does us so undo." STEEVENS.

⁹ *Ant.* *He shall kill two of us, &c.*] This brother *Anthony* is the truest picture imaginable of human nature. He had assumed the character of a sage to comfort his brother, o'erwhelmed with grief for his only daughter's affront and dishonour ; and had severely reprov'd him for not commanding his passion better on so trying an occasion. Yet, immediately after this, no sooner does he begin to suspect that his *age* and *valour* are slighted, but he falls into the most intemperate fit of rage himself : and all he can do or say is not of power to pacify him. This is copying nature with a penetration and exactness of judgment peculiar to Shakespeare.

But that's no matter ; let him kill one first ;—
 Win me and wear me,—let him answer me :—
 Come, follow me, boy ; come, fir boy, follow me ;
 Sir, boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence ;
 Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself : God knows, I lov'd my
 niece ;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains ;
 That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
 As I dare take a serpent by the tongue :
 Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milkfops !—

Leon. Brother Anthony,—

Ant. Hold you content ; What, man ? I know
 them, yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple :
 Scambling¹, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
 That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
 Go antickly, and shew outward hideousness,
 And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
 How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
 And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Anthony,—

Ant. Come 'tis no matter ;

Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not² wake your
 patience.

My

As to the expression, too, of his passion, nothing can be more
 highly painted. WARBURTON.

¹ *Scambling*]—i. e. *scrambling*. The word is more than once
 used by Shakspeare. See Dr. Percy's note on the first speech of
 the play of *K. Henry V.* and likewise the Scots proverb " It
 is well ken'd your father's son was never a *scambler*." A *scambler*
 in its literal sense, is one who goes about among his friends to
 get a dinner, by the Irish call'd a *cosherer*. STEEVENS.

² —[*we will not wake your patience.*] This conveys a senti-
 ment that the speaker would by no means have implied, That
 the patience of the two old men was not exercised, but asleep,
 which

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death ;
But on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No ?

Come, brother, away :—I will be heard ;—

Ant. And shall,

Or some of us will smart for it,

[*Exeunt ambo.*

Enter Benedick.

Pedro. See, see,

Here comes the man we went to seek.

Claud. Now, signior !

What news ?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

Pedro. Welcome signior :

You are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses
snapt off with two old men without teeth.

Pedro. Leonato and his brother : What think'st
thou ? had we fought, I doubt, we should have been
too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour.
I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee ;

which upbraids them for insensibility under their wrong. Shake-
speare must have wrote :

— *we will not wrack* —

i. e. destroy your patience by tantalizing you. *WARBURTON.*

This emendation is very specious, and perhaps is right ; yet the
present reading may admit a congruous meaning with less diffi-
culty than many other of Shakespeare's expressions.

The old men have been both very angry and outrageous ; the
prince tells them that he and Claudio *will not wake their patience* ;
will not any longer force them to *endure* the presence of those
whom, though they look on them as enemies, they cannot resist.

JOHNSON.

for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away : Wilt thou use thy wit ?

Bene. It is in my scabbard ; Shall I draw it ?

Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side ?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels ; draw, to pleasure us.

Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale :—Art thou sick or angry ?

Claud. What ! courage, man ! What though care kill'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, if you charge it against me :—I pray you, chuse another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff ; this last was broke cross³.

Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more ; I think, he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle⁴.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear ?

Claud. God blefs me from a challenge !

Bene. You are a villain ;—I jest not :—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare :—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have kill'd a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you :—Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

³ *Nay, then give him another staff, &c.*] An allusion to tilting. See note, *As You Like It*, act III. sc. iv. WARBURTON.

⁴ *to turn his girdle.*] We have a proverbial speech, *If he be angry, let him turn the buckle of his girdle.* But I do not know its original or meaning. JOHNSON.

A corresponding expression is used to this day in Ireland.—*If he be angry, let him tie up his brogues.* Neither proverb, I believe, has any other meaning than this : If he is in a bad humour, let him employ himself till he is in a better. STEEVENS.

Pedro.

Pedro. What, a feast ? a feast ?

Claud. I'faith, I thank him ; he hath bid me to a calves-head and a capon ; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too ?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well ; it goes easily.

Pedro. I'll tell thee, how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other day : I said, thou hadst a fine wit ; *True*, says she, *a fine little one* ; No, said I, *a great wit* ; *Right*, said she, *a great gross one* ; Nay, said I, *a good wit* ; *Just*, says she, *it hurts no body* ; Nay, said I, *the gentleman is wise* ; *Certain*, said she, *a^s wise gentleman* ; Nay, said I, *he hath the tongues* ; *That I believe*, said she, *for he swore a thing to me on monday night, which he forswore on tuesday morning ; there's a double tongue, there's two tongues.* Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues ; yet, at last, she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said, she car'd not,

Pedro. Yea, that she did ; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly ; the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all ; and moreover, *God saw him when he was hid in the garden.*

Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head ?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, *Here dwells Benedick the married man ?*

Bene. Fare you well, boy ; you know my mind ; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour : you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God

^s *a wise gentleman* ;] This jest depending on the colloquial use of words is now obscure ; perhaps we should read, *a wise gentleman*, or *a man wise enough to be a coward*. Perhaps *wise gentleman* was in that age used ironically, and always stood for *silly fellow*.

be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you ; I must discontinue your company ; your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina ; you have, among you, kill'd a sweet and innocent lady ; For my lord lack-beard there, he and I shall meet ; and till then, peace be with him !

[*Exit Benedick.*]

Pedro. He is in earnest,

Claud. In most profound earnest ; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee ?

Claud. Most sincerely,

Pedro. ' What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit !

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Conrade and Borachio guarded.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape ; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man,

Pedro. But, soft you, let be ; pluck up my heart, and be sad ; Did he not say, my brother was fled ?

Dogb. Come, you, sir ; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance ; nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be look'd to.

Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound ! Borachio, one !

Claud. Harken after their offence, my lord !

Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done ?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report ; moreover, they have spoken untruths ; secondarily, they are slanderers ; sixth and lastly, they have bely'd a lady ; thirdly, they have verifi'd unjust things ; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

⁶ *What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit !*] It was esteemed a mark of levity and want of becoming gravity, at that time, to go in the doublet and hose, and leave off the cloak, to which this well-turned expression alludes. The thought is, that love makes a man as ridiculous, and exposes him as naked as being in the doublet and hose without a cloak.

WARBURTON.

Pedro.

Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reason'd, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited⁷.

Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incens'd me to slander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgrac'd her, when you should marry her: my villainy they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame: the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison, whiles he utter'd it.

Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:—And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this

⁷ one meaning well suited.] That is, one meaning is put into many different dresses; the prince having asked the same question in four modes of speech. JOHNSON.

time our Sexton hath reform'd signior Leonato of the matter : And masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master signior Leonato, and the Sexton too,

Re-enter Leonato, and Antonio, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain ? Let me see his eyes ; That when I note another man like him, I may avoid him : Which of these is he ?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast kill'd

Mine innocent child ?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so villain ; thou bely'st thyself ; Here stand a pair of honourable men, A third is fled, that had a hand in it :— I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death ; Record it with your high and worthy deeds ; 'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience, Yet I must speak : Chuse your revenge yourself ; Impose me to what penance your invention Can lay upon my sin : yet sinn'd I not, But in mistaking.

Pedro. By my soul, nor I ; And yet, to satisfy this good old man, I would bend under any heavy weight That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live, That were impossible ; but, I pray you both, Possess the people in Messina here How innocent she dy'd : and, if your love Can labour aught in sad invention, Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,

And

And sing it to her bones; sing it to night :—
To-morrow morning come you to my house;
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us^a;
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble fir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, fir, (which, indeed, is not under
white and black) this plaintiff here, the offender, did
call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembred in
his punishment: And also, the watch heard them talk
of one Deformed: they say, he wears a^a key in his
ear,

^a *And she alone is heir to both of us;*] Shakespeare seems to have forgot what he had made Leonato say, in the fifth scene of the first act to Antonio, *How now, brother; where is my cousin your son? hath he provided the musick?* ANONYMOUS.

^a *he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name;*] There could not be a pleasanter ridicule on the fashion, than the constable's descant on his own blunder. They heard the conspirators satyryze the *fashion*; whom they took to be a man surnamed, *Deformed*. This the constable applies with exquisite humour to the courtiers, in a description of one of the most fantastical fashions of that time, the men's wearing rings in their ears, and indulging a favourite lock of hair
which

ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath us'd so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake: Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an errant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well; God restore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wish'd, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt.*]

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret,

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

which was brought before, and tied with ribbons, and called a *love-lock*. Against this fashion William Prynne wrote his treatise, called, *The Unlovelyness of Love-Locks*. To this fantastic mode Fletcher alludes in his *Cupid's Revenge*:—"This morning I brought him a new perriwig with a lock at it—And yonder's a fellow come has bored a hole in his ear." And again, in his *Woman-Hater*:—"If I could endure an ear with a hole in it, or a platted lock, &c."

WARBURTON.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Benedick, and Margaret, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. 'To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg. And your's as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers².

Marg.

¹ *To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?*] Thus all the printed copies, but, sure, erroneously: for all the jest, that can lie in the passage, is destroyed by it. Any man might come over her, literally speaking, if she always kept below stairs. By the correction I have ventured to make, Margaret, as I presume, must mean, What! shall I always keep above stairs? i. e. Shall I for ever continue a chambermaid?

THEOBALD.

I suppose every reader will find the meaning of the old copies.

JOHNSON.

Left he should not, the following instance from Sir Aston Cockayne's *Poems*, is at his service:

"But to prove rather he was not beguil'd,

"Her he o'er-came, for he got her with child."

And another, more apposite, from Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1603:

"Alas! when we are once o' th' falling hand,

"A man may easily come over us." COLLINS.

² *I give thee the bucklers.*] I suppose that to give the bucklers is, to yield, or to lay by all thoughts of defence, to clypeum abjicere. The rest deserves no comment. JOHNSON.

Greene,

Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think hath legs. [Exit Margaret.]

Bene. And therefore will come. [Sings.]

*The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—*

I mean, in finging; but in loving,—Leander the

Greene, in his Second Part of *Coney-Catching*, 1592, uses the same expression:—"At this his master laught, and was glad, for further advantage, to yeld the bucklers to his prentise." So, in *The Fair Maid of the Exchange*, 1607:

"——not a word to say."

"Bow. No, by my troth, if you stay here all day.

"Mall. Why then I'll bear the bucklers quite away."

So, Ben Jonson, in *The Case is Alter'd*, 1609:

"—play an honest part, and bear away the bucklers."

Again, in *A Woman never Vex'd*, a comedy by Rowley, 1632:—"into whose hands she thrusts the weapons first, let him take up the bucklers."

Again, in *Decker's Satiromastix*:

"Charge one of them to take up the bucklers

"Against that hair-monger Horace."

Again, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611:

"And now I lay the bucklers at your feet."

Again, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609:

"—if you lay down the bucklers, you lose the victory."

Again, in the Preface to *Greene's Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592:

"—gave me the bucklers as the subtlest that ever he saw."

Again, in P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* b. x. ch. 21. "—it goeth against his stomach (the cock's) to yeld the gantlet and give the bucklers." STEEVENS.

So in *May-Day*, a Comedy by Chapman, 1611:

"Well, fir, I ever thought you'd the best wit

"Of any man in Venice next mine own;

"But now I'll lay the bucklers at your feet." MALONE.

good

good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turn'd over and over, as my poor self, in love: Marry, I cannot shew it in rhyme; I have try'd; I can find out no rhyme to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhyme; for *scorn*, *born*, a hard rhyme; for *school*, *fool*, a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: No, I was not born under a rhiming planet, for I cannot woo in festival terms.—

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet Beatrice, would'st thou come when I call thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. Then, is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath past between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words are but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkiss'd.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of its right sense, so forcible is thy wit: But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintain'd so politick a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. *Suffer love*; a good epithet! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that, which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession; there's not one wise man among twenty, that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that liv'd³ in the time of good neighbours: if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. * Question?—Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: Therefore it is most expedient for the wife, (if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself: So much for praising myself, (who, I myself will bear witness is praise-worthy) and now tell me, How doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend: there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter Ursula.

Urf. Madam, you must come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home: it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accus'd, the prince and Claudio

³ in the time of good neighbours:] i. e. When men were not envious, but every one gave another his due. The reply is extremely humorous. WARBURTON.

* Question? why, an hour, &c.] i. e. What a question's there, or what a foolish question do you ask? But the Oxford editor, not understanding this phrase, contracted into a single word, (of which we have many instances in English) has fairly struck it out.

WARBURTON.

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mightily abus'd ; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone : Will you come presently ?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior ?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy eyes ; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Church.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Attendants with music and tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato ?

Atten. It is my lord.

Claudio reads.

Done to death by slanderous tongues

Was the Hero, that here lies :

Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,

Gives her fame which never dies :

So, the life, that dy'd with shame,

Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,

Praising her when I am dumb.—

Now musick sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

S O N G.

Pardon, Goddess of the night,

Those that slew thy virgin knight ;

For

^s *Those that slew thy virgin knight ;*] *Knight*, in its original signification, means *follower* or *pupil*, and in this sense may be feminine. *Helena*, in *All's Well that Ends well*, uses *knight* in the same signification. JOHNSON.

In the times of chivalry, a *virgin knight* was one who had as yet atchieved no adventure. *Hero* had as yet atchieved no matrimonial one. It may be added, that a *virgin knight* wore no device on his shield, having no right to any till he had deserved it.

So,

*For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.*

Midnight, assist our moan;

Help us to sigh and groan,

Heavily, heavily:

Graves, yawn and yield your dead,

Till death be uttered,

Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night !
Yearly will I do this rite.

Pedro. Good morrow, masters ; put your torches
out :

The wolves have prey'd ; and look, the gentle
day,

Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about

Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey :

Thanks to you all, and leave us ; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters ; each his several way.

Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds ;
And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's⁶,
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

So, in the *Hist. of Clyomon Knight of the Golden Shield, &c.* 1599:

“ Then as thou seem'st in thy attire a virgin knight to be,

“ Take thou this shield likewise of white &c.”

It appears, however, from several passages in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, B. i. c. 7. that an ideal order of this name was supposed, as a compliment to queen Elizabeth's virginity :

“ Of doughtie knights whom faery land did raise

“ That noble order hight of maidenbed.”

Again, B. ii. c. 2.

“ Order of maidenbed the most renown'd.”

Again, B. ii. c. 9.

“ And numbred be mongst knights of maidenbed.”

On the books of the Stationers' Company in the year 1594, is entered, “ — Pheander the mayden knight.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's,*

Than this, for whom we render up this woe !]

Claudio

SCENE IV.

Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret, Ursula, Antonio, Friar, and Hero.

Friar. Did not I tell you she was innocent ?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her,

Upon the error that you heard debated :
But Margaret was in some fault for this ;
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves ;
And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd :
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To visit me :—You know your office, brother ;
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, signior ?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her ; 'Tis most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Claudio could not know, without being a prophet, that this new proposed match should have any luckier event than that designed with Hero. Certainly, therefore, this should be a wish in Claudio ; and, to this end, the poet might have wrote, *Speed's* ; i. e. *Speed us* : and so it becomes a prayer to Hymen. THIRLBY.

Leon. The fight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio and the prince ; But what's your will ?

Bene. Your answer, fir, is enigmatical :
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the estate of honourable marriage ;—
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.

Here comes the prince, and Claudio.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, with Attendants.

Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince ; good morrow,
Claudio ;

We here attend you ; Are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter ?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.

Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar
ready. *[Exit Antonio.]*

Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick ; Why, what's
the matter,

That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness ?

Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull :—
Tush, fear not ; man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee ;
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, fir, had an amiable low ;
And some such strange bull leapt your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

*Re-enter Antonio, with Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, and
Ursula, mask'd.*

Claud. For this I owe you ; here come other reckonings,

Which

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Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she's mine; Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand

Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar; I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife:

[*Unmasking.*]

And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero?

Hero. Nothing certainer:

One Hero dy'd defil'd; but I do live,

And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

Pedro. The former Hero! Hero, that is dead!

Leon. She dy'd, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;

When, after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:

Mean time let wonder seem familiar,

And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?

Beat. I answer to that name; What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no, no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio

Have been deceived; they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no, no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula, Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore, that you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore, that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter :—Then, you do not love me ?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence,

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman,

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her ;
For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle ! here's our own hands against our hearts !—Come, I will have thee ; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. ⁷ I would not deny you ;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion ; and, partly, to save your life, for I was told, you were in a consumption.

⁸ *Bene.* Peace, I will stop your mouth.—

[*Kissing her.*
Pedro.

⁷ *I would not deny you ; &c.*] Mr. Theobald says, *is not this mock-reasoning ? She would not deny him, but that she yields upon great persuasion. In changing the negative, I make no doubt but I have retrieved the poet's humour : and so changes not into yet.* But is not this a *mock-critic* ? who could not see that the plain obvious sense of the common reading was this, I cannot find in my heart to deny you, but for all that I yield, after having stood out great persuasions to submission. He had said, *I take thee for pity*, she replies, *I would not deny thee*, i. e. I take thee for pity too : but as I live, I am won to this compliance by importunity of friends. Mr. Theobald, by altering *not to yet*, makes it supposed, that *he* had been importunate, and that *she* had often denied, which was not the case. WARBURTON.

⁸ *Bene.* Peace, I will stop your mouth—[*Kissing her.*] In former copies :

Leon. Peace, I will stop your mouth.

What can Leonato mean by this ? “ Nay, pray, peace, niece ! don't keep up this obstinacy of professions, for I have proofs to stop your mouth.” The ingenious Dr. Thirlby agreed with me, that this ought to be given to Benedick, who, upon saying it, kisses Beatrice ;

Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Dost thou think, I care for a satire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him: In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends:—let's have a dance ere we are marry'd, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, o' my word; therefore, play, music.—

Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipt with horn.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight, And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Beatrice; and this being done before the whole company, how natural is the reply which the prince makes upon it?

How dost thou, Benedick the married man?

Besides, this mode of speech, preparatory to a salute, is familiar to our poet in common with other stage-writers. THEOBALD.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers.

[*Dance.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

This play may be justly said to contain two of the most sprightly characters that Shakespeare ever drew. The wit, the humourist, the gentleman, and the soldier, are combined in Benedick. It is to be lamented, indeed, that the first and most splendid of these distinctions, is disgraced by unnecessary profaneness; for the goodness of his heart is hardly sufficient to atone for the licence of his tongue. The too sarcastic levity, which flashes out in the conversation of Beatrice, may be excused on account of the steadiness and friendship so apparent in her behaviour, when she urges her lover to risque his life by a challenge to Claudio. In the conduct of the fable, however, there is an imperfection similar to that which Dr. Johnson has pointed out in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:—the second contrivance is less ingenious than the first:—or, to speak more plainly, the same incident is become stale by repetition. I wish some other method had been found to entrap Beatrice, than that very one which before had been successfully practised on Benedick.

Much ado about Nothing, (as I understand from one of Mr. Vertue's MSS.) formerly passed under the title of *Benedick and Beatrix*. Heming the player received, on the 20th of May, 1613, the sum of forty pounds, and twenty pounds more as his majesty's gratuity, for exhibiting six plays at Hampton-Court, among which was this comedy. STEEVENS.

LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

A

C O M E D Y.

B b 4

Persons

Persons Represented.

Ferdinand, *King of Navarre.*

Biron,
Longaville, } *three Lords, attending upon the King in*
Dumain, } *his retirement.*

Boyet, } *Lords, attending upon the Princess of France.*
Mercade, }

Don Adriano de Armado, *a fantastical Spaniard.*

Nathaniel, *a Curate.*

Dull, *a Constable.*

Holofernes, *a Schoolmaster.*

Costard, *a Clown.*

Moth, *Page to Don Adriano de Armado.*

A Forester.

Princess of France.

Rosaline,
Maria, } *Ladies, attending on the Princess.*
Katharine, }

Jaquenetta, *a Country Wench.*

Officers, and others, attendants upon the King and Princess.

SCENE, *the King of Navarre's Palace, and the
Country near it.*

This enumeration of the persons was made by Mr. Rowe.

JOHNSON.

LOVE'S

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST^r.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Navarre. The Palace.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live registred upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death ;
When, spight of cormorant devouring time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors !—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force :
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world ;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow scholars, and to keep those statutes,
That are recorded in this schedule here :
Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names ;
That his own hand may strike his honour down,
That violates the smallest branch herein :

* I have not hitherto discovered any novel on which this comedy appears to have been founded ; and yet the story of it has most of the features of an ancient romance. — STEEVENS.

If

378 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolv'd: 'tis but a three years fast;
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortify'd;
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy².

Biron. I can but say their protestation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, To live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances:
As, not to see a woman in that term;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
And, one day in a week to touch no food;
And but one meal on every day beside;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there.
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;
Not to see ladies, study, fast, nor sleep³.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say, no, my liege, an if you please;
I only swore, to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

² *With all these, living in philosophy.*] The style of the rhyming scenes in this play is often entangled and obscure. I know not certainly to what *all these* is to be referred; I suppose he means, that he finds *love, pomp, and wealth in philosophy.*

JOHNSON.

³ —nor sleep.] The folio—*not sleep.* STEEVENS.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 379

Biron. By yea and nay, fir, then I swore in jest.—
What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should
not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd (you mean) from
common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompence.

Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know :

As thus,—To study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid⁴;

Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid :

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,

Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be thus, and this be so,

Study knows that, which yet it doth not know :

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no. }

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most
vain,

Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain :

As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth; while truth the while⁵

Doth falsely blind the eye-sight of his look :

⁴ *When I to feast expressly am forbid;*] The copies all have :

When I to fast expressly am forbid;

But if *Biron* studied where to get a good dinner, at a time when he was *forbid to fast*, how was this studying to know what he was forbid to know? Common sense, and the whole tenour of the context require us to read, *feast*, or to make a change in the last word of the verse :

When I to fast expressly am fore-bid;

i. e. when I am enjoined before-hand to fast. THEOBALD.

⁵ *while truth the while*

Doth falsely blind———]

Falsly is here, and in many other places, the same as *dishonestly* or *treacherously*. The whole sense of this gingling declamation is only this, that a man by too close study may read himself blind, which might have been told with less obscurity in fewer words.

JOHNSON.

Light,

380 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile!
 So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
 Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
 Study me how to please the eye indeed,
 By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
 Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed⁶,
 And give him light that was it blinded by.
 Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
 That will not be deep search'd with sawcy looks;
 Small have continual plodders ever won,
 Save base authority from others' books.
 These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
 That give a name to every fixed star,
 Have no more profit of their shining nights,
 Than those that walk and wot not what they are:
⁷ Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame;
 And every godfather can give a name.

Kings

⁶ *Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
 And give him light that was it blinded by.]*

This is another passage unnecessarily obscure: the meaning is, that when he dazzles, that is, has his eye made weak, by fixing his eye upon a fairer eye, that fairer eye shall be his heed, his direction or lode-star, (See *Midsummer-Night's Dream*) and give him light that was blinded by it. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Too much to know, is to know nought but fame;
 And every godfather can give a name.]*

The first line in this reading is absurd and impertinent. There are two ways of setting it right. The first is to read it thus:

Too much to know, is to know nought but shame;

This makes a fine sense, and alludes to Adam's fall, which came from the inordinate passion of knowing too much. The other way is to read, and point it thus:

Too much to know, is to know nought: but feign,

i. e. *to feign*. As much as to say, the affecting to know too much is the way to know nothing. The sense, in both these readings, is equally good: but with this difference; If we read the first way, the following line is impertinent; and to save the correction, we must judge it spurious. If we read it the second way, then the following line completes the sense. Consequently the correction of *feign* is to be preferred. *To know too much* (says the speaker) *is to know nothing: it is only feigning to know what we do not: giving names for things without knowing their natures; which is false knowledge:* And this was the peculiar defect of the Peripatetic philosophy then in vogue. These philosophers, the poet, with
 the

LOVE's LABOUR's LOST. 381

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.

Long. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am? why should proud summer boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth?

At

the highest humour and good sense, calls the *godfathers of nature*, who could only give things a *name*, but had no manner of acquaintance with their essences. WARBURTON.

That there are *two ways of setting a passage right*, gives reason to suspect that there may be a third way better than either. The first of these emendations *makes a fine sense*, but will not unite with the next line; the other makes a sense less fine, and yet will not rhyme to the correspondent word. I cannot see why the passage may not stand without disturbance. *The consequence*, says Biron, *of too much knowledge*, is not any real solution of doubts, but mere empty reputation. That is, *too much knowledge gives only fame, a name which every godfather can give likewise.* JOHNSON.

² *Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.*] *To proceed* is an academical term, meaning, *to take a degree*, as *he proceeded bachelor in physick*. The sense is, *he has taken his degrees on the art of hindering the degrees of others.* JOHNSON.

³ *—sneaping frost,*] So *sneaping winds* in the *Winter's Tale*: *To sneap* is to *check*, to *rebuke*. STEEVENS.

Why should I joy in an abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows:

But like of each thing, that in season grows.]

As the greatest part of this scene (both what precedes and follows) is strictly in rhimes, either *successive*, *alternate*, or *triple*; I am persuaded, that the copyists have made a slip here. For by making a *triplet* of the three last lines quoted, *birth* in the close

of

382 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than with a snow in May's new-fangled shows; }
But like of each thing, that in season grows. }
So you, to study now it is too late,
That were to climb o'er the house t'unlock the
gate.

King. Well, fit you out : go home, Biron ; adieu !

Biron. No, my good lord ; I have sworn to stay
with you :

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.

Give me the paper, let me read the same ;
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name. }

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from
shame ! }

Biron. Item, *That no woman shall come within a mile
of my court.* [Reading.] Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty.—*On pain of losing her
tongue.*—[Reading.] Who devis'd this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread pe-
nalty.

of the first line is quite destitute of any rhyme to it. Besides,
what a displeasing identity of sound recurs in the middle and close
of this verse?

Than with a snow in May's new-fangled shows :

Again ; *new fangled shows* seems to have very little propriety.
The flowers are not *new-fangled* ; but the earth is *new-fangled* by
the profusion and variety of the flowers, that spring on its bosom
in May. I have therefore ventured to substitute *earth*, in the
close of the third line, which restores the *alternate measure*. It
was very easy for a negligent transcriber to be deceived by the
rhyme immediately preceding ; so mistake the concluding word in
the sequent line, and corrupt it into one that would chime with
the other. THEOBALD.

Biron.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility !

Item, [Reading.] *If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such publick shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.—*

This article, my liege, yourself must break ;

For, well you know, here comes in embassy

The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak,—

A maid of grace, and compleat majesty,—

About surrender-up of Aquitain

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father :

Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords ? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshoot ;

While it doth study to have what it would,

It doth forget to do the thing it should :

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,

'Tis won, as towns with fire ; so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this decree ;
She must lye here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn

Three thousand times within this three years
space :

³ *A dangerous law against gentility !]* I have ventured to prefix the name of Biron to this line, it being evident, for two reasons, that it, by some accident or other, slipped out of the printed books. In the first place, Longaville confesses, he had devis'd the penalty : and why he should immediately arraign it as a dangerous law, seems to be very inconsistent. In the next place, it is much more natural for Biron to make this reflexion, who is cavilling at every thing ; and then for him to pursue his reading over the remaining articles.—As to the word *gentility*, here, it does not signify that rank of people called, *gentry* ; but what the French express by, *gentillesse*, i. e. *elegantia*, *urbanitas*. And then the meaning is this : Such a law for banishing women from the court, is dangerous, or injurious, to *politeness*, *urbanity*, and the more refined pleasures of life. For men without women would turn brutal, and savage, in their natures and behaviour.

THEOBALD.

For

384. LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

For every man with his affects is born;
Not by might master'd, but by special grace⁴:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.

So to the laws at large I write my name;
And he, that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:

Suggestions⁵ are to others, as to me;
But, I believe, although I seem to loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation⁶ granted?

King. Ay, that there is: our court, you know, is
haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One, whom the musick of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:

⁴ Not by might master'd, but by special grace:] Biron, amidst his extravagancies, speaks with great justness against the folly of vows. They are made without sufficient regard to the variations of life, and are therefore broken by some unforeseen necessity. They proceed commonly from a presumptuous confidence, and a false estimate of human power. JOHNSON.

⁵ Suggestions—] Temptations. JOHNSON.
⁶ ——— quick recreation ———] Lively sport, spritely diversion. JOHNSON.

⁷ A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:]
As very bad a play as this is, it was certainly Shakespeare's, as appears by many fine master-strokes scattered up and down. An excessive complaisance is here admirably painted, in the person of one who was willing to make even right and wrong friends: and to persuade the one to recede from the accustomed stubbornness of her nature, and wink at the liberties of her opposite, rather than he would incur the imputation of ill-breeding in keeping up the quarrel. And as our author, and Jonson his cotemporary, are confessedly the two greatest writers in the drama that our nation could ever boast of, this may be no improper occasion to take notice

This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,

In

tice of one material difference between Shakespeare's worst plays and the other's. Our author owed all to his prodigious natural genius; and Jonson most to his acquired parts and learning. This, if attended to, will explain the difference we speak of. Which is this, that, in Jonson's bad pieces, we do not discover the least traces of the author of the *Fox and Alchemist*; but in the wildest and most extravagant notes of Shakespeare, you every now and then encounter strains that recognize their divine composer. And the reason is this, that Jonson owing his chief excellence to art, by which he ~~himself~~ strained himself to an uncommon pitch, when he unbent himself, had nothing to support him; but fell below all likeness of himself: while Shakespeare, indebted more largely to nature than the other to his acquired talents, would never, in his most negligent hours, so totally divest himself of his genius but that it would frequently break out with amazing force and splendour. WARBURTON.

This passage, I believe, means no more than that Don Armado was a man nicely versed in ceremonial distinctions, one who could distinguish in the most delicate questions of honour the exact boundaries of right and wrong. *Compliment*, in Shakespeare's time, did not signify, at least did not only signify verbal civility, or phrases of courtesy, but according to its original meaning, the trappings, or ornamental appendages of a character, in the same manner, and on the same principles of speech with *accomplishment*. *Complement* is, as Armado well expresses it, *the varnish of a complete man*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's opinion may be supported by the following passage in *Lingua, or The Combat of the Tongue and the five Senses for Superiority*, 1607:—"after all fashions and of all colours, with rings, jewels, a fan, and in every other place, odd complements." And again, by the title-page to Richard Brathwaite's *English Gentlewoman*, "drawne out to the full body, expressing what habiliments doe best attire her; what ornaments doe best adorne her; and what complements doe best accomplish her." Again, in Sir Giles Goosecap, 1606:

"—adorned with the exactest complements belonging to everlasting nobleness." Again, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:

"Chairs and stools, and other such complements for a chamber." Again, in *Marston's Sophonisba*, 1606:

"Enter Scipio and Lælius with the complements of a Roman general before them." Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 5:

"And both encreas'd her beauty excellent,

"So all did make in her a perfect complement."

STEVENS.

386 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
 From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate;
 How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
 But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
 And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
 A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard the swain, and he, shall be our sport;
 And, to study, three years is but short.

Enter Dull, and Costard, with a letter.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?

Biron. This, fellow; What would'st?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am
 his grace's tharborough^a: but I would see his own
 person in flesh and blood.

^a *This child of fancy.*] This expression has been adopted by Milton in his *Allegro*:

“Or sweetest Shakespeare, *Fancy's child*.” MALONE.

^a *From tawny Spain, &c.*] i. e. he shall relate to us the celebrated stories recorded in the old romances, and in their very stile. Why he says *from tawny Spain* is, because these romances, being of Spanish original, the heroes and the scene were generally of that country. Why he says, *lost in the world's debate* is, because the subject of those romances were the crusades of the European Christians against the Saracens of Asia and Africa. So that we see here is meaning in the words. WARBURTON.

^o ———— *in the world's debate.*] The *world* seems to be used in a monastic sense by the king, now devoted for a time to a monastic life. *In the world, in saeculo*, in the bustle of human affairs, from which we are now happily sequestered, *in the world*, to which the votaries of solitude have no relation. JOHNSON.

^a *Which is the king's own person?*] In former editions:

“Dull. *Which is the duke's own person?*”

The king of Navarre is in several passages, through all the copies, called the *duke*: but as this must have sprung rather from the inadvertence of the editors, than a forgetfulness in the poet, I have every where, to avoid confusion, restored *king* to the text.

THEOBALD.

I have followed the old copies. STEEVENS.

^a — *Tharborough*:] i. e. *Tharborough*, a peace officer, alike in authority with a headborough or a constable. SIR J. HAWKINS.

Biron,

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—, Arme,—commends you. There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having³: God grant us patience!

Biron. To hear? or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, fir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, fir, be it as the stile shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, fir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner⁴.

Biron.

³ *A high hope for a low having*;] In old editions:

A high hope for a low heaven;

A low heaven, sure, is a very intricate matter to conceive. I dare warrant, I have retrieved the poet's true reading; and the meaning is this: "Though you hope for high words, and should have them, it will be but a low acquisition at best." This our poet calls a *low having*; and it is a substantive which he uses in several other passages. THEOBALD.

It is so used in *Macbeth*, act I:

"——— great prediction

"Of noble *having*, and of royal hope."

Heaven, however, may be the true reading, in allusion to the gradations of happiness promised by *Mohammed* to his followers; So, in the comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:

"Oh, how my soul is rapt to a *third heaven*!"

STEEVENS.

* ——— taken with the manner.] The following question arising from these words shews we should read, ——— taken in the manner. And this was the phrase in use to signify, taken in the fact. So Dr. Donne, in his letters, "*But if I melt into melancholy while I write, I shall be taken in the manner; and I fit by one, too tender to these impressions.*" WARBURTON.

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Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, fir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, fir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, fir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; And God defend the right!

King. Will you hear the letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [Reads.] *Great deputy, the welkin's vice-gerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,—*

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet:

King. So it is,—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so, so.

King. Peace.

Cost.—be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words.

Cost.—of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black oppressing humour to the most wholesome physick of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time, when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when: Now for

With the manner, and in the manner, are expressions, used indifferently by our old writers.

So in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630: "—and, being taken with the manner, had nothing to say for himself."

STEEVENS.

the

the ground which; which, I mean, I walk'd upon: it is ycleped, thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-colour'd ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: But to the place, where,—It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth^s, (Cost. Me.) that unletter'd small-knowing soul, (Cost. Me.) that shallow wassal, (Cost. Still me.) which, as I remember, hight Costard, (Cost. O me!) sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with,—with—O with,—but with this I passion to say where-with—

Cost. With a wench.

King. with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him, I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Anthony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Anthony Dull.

King. For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

Don Adriano de Armado.

^s base minnow of thy mirth,] A minnow is a little fish which cannot be intended here. We may read, the base minion of thy mirth. JOHNSON.

The old reading is certainly the true one. The base minnow of thy mirth, is the contemptibly little object that contributes to thy entertainment. Shakespeare makes Coriolanus characterise the tribunitian insolence of Sicinius, under the same figure:

"———hear you not

"This Triton of the minnow?" STEEVENS.

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Biron. This is not so well as I look'd for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what lay you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaim'd a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir; I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaim'd, virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce sentence; You shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—My lord Biron, see him delivered o'er.—

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt.*]

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—
Sirrah, come on.

I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.] So *Falstaff*, in the *Second Part of K. Henr. IV.*

—“it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.” STEEVENS.

Cost.

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Cos. I suffer for the truth, fir : for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl ; and therefore, Welcome the four cup of prosperity ! Affliction may one day smile again, and 'till then, Sit thee down, sorrow ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Armado's House.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy ?

Moth. A great sign, fir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp ?

Moth. No, no ; O lord, fir, no.

Arm. How can'st thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal ?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough signior ?

Arm. Why tough signior ? why tough signior ?

Moth. Why tender juvenal ? why tender juvenal ?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal ; as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate, tender.

Moth. And I, tough signior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name, tough ?

⁷ *dear imp.*] *Imp* was anciently a term of dignity. Lord Cromwell in his last letter to Henry VIII. prays for *the imp his son*. It is now used only in contempt or abhorrence ; perhaps in our author's time it was ambiguous, in which state it suits well with this dialogue. JOHNSON.

Pistol salutes king Henry V. by the same title. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *my tender juvenal.*] *Juvenal* is youth. So, in *The Noble Stranger*, 1640 :

“ Oh, I could hug thee for this, my jovial juvenal.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ — *tough.*] *Old and tough, young and tender*, is one of the proverbial phrases collected by Ray. STEEVENS.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little: Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy commendation.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers: Thou heat'st my blood.

Moth. I am answer'd, sir.

Arm. I love not to be cross'd.

Moth. He speaks the mere contrary, crosses love not him.

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both, they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how

[*crosses love not him.*] By *crosses* he means money. So, in *You Like It*, the Clown says to Celia, "if I should bear you, I should bear no cross." JOHNSON.

easy.

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easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you².

Moth. And how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you. Banks's horse, which play'd many remarkable pranks, Sir Walter Raleigh (*History of the World, first Part*, p. 178) says: "If Banks had lived in older times, he would have shamed all the enchanters in the world: for whosoever was most famous among them, could never master, or instruct any beast as he did his horse." And Sir Kenelm Digby (*A Treatise of Bodies*, ch. xxxviii. p. 393.) observes: "That his horse would restore a glove to the due owner, after the master had whispered the man's name in his ear; would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coin, newly shewed him by his master; and even obey presently his commands, in discharging himself of his excrements, whensoever he had bade him." Dr. GRAY.

Banks's horse is alluded to by many writers contemporary with Shakespeare; among the rest, by Ben Jonson, in *Every Man out of his Humour*: "He keeps more ado with this monster, than ever Banks did with his horse."

Again, in *Hall's Satires*, lib. iv. sat. 2:

"More than who vies his pence to view some trick
"Of strange Morocco's dumbs arithmeticke."

Again, in *Ram-Alley*, 1613:

"Banks's horse and he were both taught in a stable."

Again, in *Aristippus*, 1630:

"Before I heard this lecture, Banks's horse was an Aristotle to me." Again, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:

"It shall be chronicled next after the death of Banks's horse."

Again, in Ben Jonson's 134th *Epigram*:

"Old Banks the jugler, our Pythagoras,
"Grave tutor to the learned horse, &c."

The fate of this man and his very docile animal, is not exactly known, and, perhaps, deserves not to be remembered. From the next lines, however, to those last quoted, it should seem as if they had died abroad.

"Both which

"Being, beyond sea, burned for one witch,

"Their spirits transmigrated to a cat."

Among the entries at Stationers'-Hall, is the following; Nov. 14. 1595. "A ballad shewing the strange qualities of a yong nagg called Morocco." Again, Dec. 17th, 1595. "Maroccus excitatus, or Banks's bay horse in a traunce." Again, in *The Masque*, an ancient collection of Epigrams:

"Attempteth eke like Banks's horse to dance."

Among

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Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cyphar.

Arm. I will hereupon confess, I am in love : and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so I am in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner ; and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devis'd court'sy. I think scorn to fight ; methinks, I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy ; What great men have been in love ?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules !—More authority, dear boy, name more ; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Sampson, master : he was a man of good carriage, great carriage ; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter : and he was in love.

Among other exploits of this celebrated beast, it is said that he went up to the top of St. Paul's ; and the same circumstance is likewise mentioned in *The Gull Horn-booke*, a satirical pamphlet, by Decker, 1609. "—From hence you may descend to talk about the horse that went up, and strive, if you can, to know his keeper ; take the day of the month, and the number of the steps, and suffer yourself to believe verily that it was not a horse, but something else in the likeness of one." Again, in *Lantern and Candle-light, or the Bellman's second Night-walk*, by the same author : "More strange tricks are play'd by such riders, than *Banks* his curvall did ever practice."

Again, in a *Collection of Epigrams*, by J. D. and C. M. no date :

"Another *Banks* pronounced long ago :

"When he his curvall's qualities express."

Again, "Yet *Banks's* horse is better knowne than he."

Again, in *Chrestoleros, or Seven Bookes of Epigrames*, written by T. B. 1598, lib. III. ep. 17 :

"Of *Banks's* Horse.

"*Banks* hath a horse of wondrous qualitie,

"For he can fight, and pisse, and dance, and lie,

"And finde your purse, and tell what coyne ye have :

"But *Banks*, who taught your horse to smel a knave !"

STEEVENS.

Arm.

Arm. O well-knit Sampson ! strong-jointed Sampson ! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too.—Who was Sampson's love, my dear Moth ?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion ?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two ; or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion ?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, fir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions ?

Moth. As I have read, fir ; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed ; is the colour of lovers : but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, fir ; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are mask'd under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me !

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child ; most pretty, and parhetical !

Moth. If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known ;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale-white shown :

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know ;

For still her cheeks possess the same,

Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm.

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Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression⁴ by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard⁵; she deserves well.

Moth. To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my master. [*Aside.*]

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear, till this company be past.

Enter Dull, Costard, and Jaquenetta.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a must fast three days a-week:

³ *the King and the Beggar?*] See Dr. Perty's *Collection of old Ballads*, in three vols. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *my digression*] *Digression* on this occasion signifies the act of going out of the right way. So, in *Roméo and Juliet*:

“Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,

“*Digression* from the valour of a man.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *the rational hind Costard*;] Perhaps, we should read—the *irrational hind*, &c. TYRWHITT.

The *rational hind*, perhaps, means only the *reasoning brute*, the animal with some share of reason. STEEVENS.

I have always read *irrational hind*: if *hind* be taken in it's *bestial* sense, Armado makes Costard a *female*. FARMER.

Shakespeare uses it in its *bestial* sense, in *Julius Caesar*, act I. sc. iii. and as of the masculine gender:

“He were no *lion* were not Romans *hinds*.”

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* p. 1. sc. iii: “—you are a shallow cowardly *hind*, and you lye.” STEEVENS.

For

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For this damsel, I must keep her at the park: she is allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you well, and bid.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—*Maid.*

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.*]

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, fir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, fir; I will fast, being loose.

* *Maid.* Fair weather after you. Come, Jaquenetta, away.]

Thus all the printed copies: but the editors have been guilty of much inadvertence. They make Jaquenetta, and a Maid enter; whereas Jaquenetta is the only maid intended by the poet, and is committed to the custody of Dull, to be conveyed by him to the lodge in the park. This being the case, it is evident to demonstration, that—*Fair weather after you*—must be spoken by Jaquenetta; and then that Dull says to her, *Come, Jaquenetta, away*, as I have regulated the text. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has endeavoured here to dignify his own industry by a very slight performance. The folios all read as he reads, except that instead of naming the persons they give their characters, enter *Clown, Constable, and Wench.* JOHNSON.

Moth.

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Moth. No, fir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. 'Tis not for prisoners to be silent in their words; and, therefore, I will say nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*]

Arm. I do affect* the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, (which is a great argument of falsehood) if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil; there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampson was so tempted; and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's but-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be call'd boy; but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal

* *It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words;*] I suppose we should read, it is not for prisoners to be silent in their words, that is, in custody, in the hold. JOHNSON.

I believe the blunder was intentional. The quarto, however, reads, *It is for prisoners;* &c. STEEVENS.

* *—affect—*] i. e. love. So in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1632, b. xii. ch. 74:

“But this I know, not Rome affords whom more you might affect,”

“Than her, &c.” STEEVENS.

* *The first and second cause will not serve my turn;*] See the last act of *As You Like It*, with the notes. JOHNSON.

god

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god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer*.
Devise wit; write pen; for I am for whole volumes
in folio. *Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the King of Navarre's Palace.

*Enter the Princesses of France, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine,
Boyet, Lords, and other Attendants.*

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest
spirits:

Consider who the king your father sends;
To whom he sends; and what's his embassy;
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem;
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but
mean,

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues†:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise

* —*sonneteer.*] The old copies read only —*sonnet*. STEEVENS.

† ————*chapmen's tongues:*] *Chapman* here seems to signify the seller, not, as now commonly, the buyer. *Cheap* or *cheep* was anciently the market, *chapman* therefore is *marketman*. The meaning is, that the estimation of beauty depends not on the uttering or proclamation of the seller, but on the eye of the buyer. JOHNSON.

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In spending thus your wit in praise of mine.
 But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet,
 You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
 Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
 Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
 No woman may approach his silent court :
 Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
 Before we enter his forbidden gates,
 To know his pleasure ; and, in that behalf,
 Bold of your worthiness, we single you
 As our best-moving fair solicitor :
 Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
 On serious business, craving quick dispatch,
 Importunes personal conference with his grace.
 Haste, signify so much ; while we attend,
 Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [Exit.]

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—
 Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
 That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke ?

Lord. Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man ?

Mar. I knew him, madam ; at a marriage feast,
 Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
 Of Jaques Faulconbridge solemnized,
 In Normandy saw I this Longaville :
 A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd ;
 * Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms :
 Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
 The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
 (If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil)
 Is a sharp wit * match'd with too blunt a will ;
 Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
 It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike ; is't so ?

* *Well fitted*——] is well qualified. JOHNSON.

* ——*match'd with*——] is combined or joined with. JOHNSON.

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Mar. They say so most, that most his humours know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,

Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd :
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill ;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once ;
And much too little, of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthiness.

Rosa. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, as I have heard a truth ;
Biron they call him ; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal :
His eye begets occasion for his wit ;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest ;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished ;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies ! are they all in love ;
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise ?

Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord ?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach ;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd * to meet you, gentle lady,

* *Were all address'd*] To *address* is to *prepare*. So in *Hamlet*:

" —it lifted up its head, and did *address*

" Itself to motion." STEEVENS.

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Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court)
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre.

Enter the King, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, and Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and, welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear, your grace hath sworn-out house-keeping:
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
' And sin to break it:

But pardon me, I am too sudden bold;

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

^s *And sin to break it:]* Sir T. Hanmer reads:

Not sin to break it.

I believe erroneously. The princess shews an inconvenience very frequently attending rash oaths, which, whether kept or broken, produce guilt. JOHNSON.

Prin.

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Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Biron. I know, you did.

Ros. How needless was it then

To ask the question!

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis long of you, that spur me with such
questions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill
tire.

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask!

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

Biron. And send you many lovers!

Ros. Amen; so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say, that he, or we, (as neither have)
Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more, in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfy'd,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands^o,

On

^o ———— and not demands,

On payment, &c.]

D d 2

The

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On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain ;
Which we much rather had depart⁷ withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain so gelded as it is.
Dear princefs, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair felf fhould make
A yielding, 'gainft fome reason, in my breast,
And go well fatisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In fo unfeeming to confefs receipt
Of that which hath fo faithfully been paid.

King. I do proteft, I never heard of it ;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.

Prin. We arrest your word :—
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
For fuch a fum, from fpecial officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me fo.

Boyet. So pleafe your grace, the packet is not
come,

The former editions read :

——— *and not demands*

*One payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain.*

I have reftored, I believe, the genuine fenfe of the paffage. Aquitain was pledged, it feems, to Navarre's father, for 200,000 crowns. The French king pretends to have paid one moiety of this debt, (which Navarre knows nothing of) but demands this moiety back again : inftead whereof (fays Navarre) he fhould rather pay the remaining moiety and *demand* to have Aquitain redelivered up to him. This is plain and eafy reasoning upon the fact fuppos'd ; and Navarre declares, he had rather receive the refidue of his debt, than detain the province mortgaged for fecurity of it. THEOBALD.

⁷ ——— *depart withal*] To *depart* and to *part* were anciently fynonymous. So, in *K. John* :

“ Hath willingly *departed* with a *part*.” STEEVENS.

Where

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 405

Where that and other specialties are bound;
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me; at which interview,
All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:

You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so deny'd fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow we shall visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires comfort your
grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!
[Exit.

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own
heart.

Ros. I pray you, do my commendations;
I would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would, you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physick says, I.

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?

Ros. Non point, with my knife⁸.

Biron. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [Exit.

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word; What lady is that
fame?

Boyet.

⁸ *Non point,—*] So in the *Shoemaker's Holiday*, 1600:

“—tell me where he is.

“*No point.* Shall I betray my brother?” STEEVENS.

⁹ *What lady is that fame?*] It is odd that Shakespeare should

406 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady ! Monsieur, fare you well.

[*Exit.*

Long. I beseech you, a word ; What is she in the white ?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light : I desire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself ; to desire that, were a shame.

Long. Pray you, fir, whose daughter ?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. ' God's blessing on your beard !

Boyet. Good fir, be not offended ;

She is an heir of Faulconbridge,

Long. Nay, my choler is ended,

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, fir ; that may be. [*Exit Long.*

Biron. What's her name in the cap ?

Boyet. Katharine, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded, or no ?

Boyet. To her will, fir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, fir ; adieu !

Boyet. Farewell to me, fir, and welcome to you.

[*Exit Biron.*

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord ;
Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

make *Dumain* enquire after *Rosaline*, who was the mistress of *Biron*, and neglect *Katharine*, who was his own. *Biron* behaves in the same manner. No advantage would be gained by an exchange of names, because the last speech is determined to *Biron* by *Maria*, who gives a character of him after he has made his exit. Perhaps all the ladies wore masks but the princess.

STEEVENS.

' *God's blessing on your beard !*] That is, mayst thou have sense and seriousness more proportionate to thy beard, the length of which suits ill with such idle catches of wit. JOHNSON.

Prin.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 407

Prin. It was well done of you, to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

Mar. Too hot sheeps, marry !

Boyet. And wherefore not ships ?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips *.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture ; Shall that finish the jest ?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

Mar. Not so, gentle beast ;

My lips are no common, though several they be *.

Boyet.

* ——— unless we feed on your lips.] Shakespeare has the same expression in his *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or on dale,

“ Graze on my lips.” MALONE.

3 My lips are no common, though several they be.] Several is an inclosed field of a private proprietor ; so Maria says, *her lips are private property*. Of a lord that was newly married, one observed that he grew fat ; “ Yes,” said sir Walter Raleigh, “ any beast will grow fat, if you take him from the common and graze him in the several.” JOHNSON.

So, in *The Rival Friends*, 1632 :

“ ——— my sheep have quite disgrest

“ Their bounds, and leap'd into the several.”

Again, in Green's *Disputation*, &c. 1592 : “ rather would have mewed me up as a henne, to have kept that several to himself by force, &c.” Again, in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600 :

“ Of late he's broke into a several

“ That does belong to me.” STEEVENS.

My lips are no common, though several they be.]

In the note upon this passage it is said that SEVERAL is an inclosed field of a private proprietor.

Dr. Johnson has totally mistaken this word. In the first place it should be spelled *severell*. This does not signify an inclosed field or private property, but is rather the property of every landholder in the parish. In the uninclosed parishes in Warwickshire and other counties, their method of tillage is thus. The land is divided into three fields, one of which is every year fallow. This the farmers plough and manure, and prepare for bearing wheat. Betwixt the lands and at the end of them, some little grass land is interspersed, and there are here and there, some little patches of green sward. The next year this ploughed field bears wheat,

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Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling : but, gentles, agree :

The civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men ; for here 'tis abused.

Boyet. If my observation, (which very seldom lyes)
By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers intitle, affected.

Prin. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire :
His heart, like an agat, with your print impressed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed :
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see⁴,
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be ;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
' To feel only looking on fairest of fair :

and the grass land is preserved for hay ; and the year following the proprietors sow it with beans, oats, or barley, at their discretion ; and the next year it lies fallow again ; so that each field in its turn is fallow every third year ; and the field thus fallowed is called the *common field*, on which the cows and sheep graze, and have herdsmen and shepherds to attend them, in order to prevent them from going into the two other fields which bear corn and grass. These last are called the *severell*, which is not separated from the common by any fence whatever ; but the care of preventing the cattle from going into the *severell* is left to the herdsmen and shepherds ; but the herdsmen have no authority over the town bull, who is permitted to go where he pleases in the *severell*. DR. JAMES.

Holinshed's *Description of Britain*, p. 33, and Leigh's *Accedence of Armourie*, 1597, p. 52. spell this word like Shakespeare. Leigh mentions the town bull, and says, " all *severalls* to him are common." TOLLET.

⁴ His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,] That is, his tongue being impatiently desirous to see as well as speak. JOHNSON.

⁵ To feel only looking——] Perhaps we may better read :

To feed only by looking—— JOHNSON.

Mc.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 409

Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy ;
Who, tending their own worth, from whence they
were glass'd,

Did point out to buy them, along as you pass'd.
His face's own margin did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes :
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion : Boyet is dispos'd—

Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye
hath disclos'd :

I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lye.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st
skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news
of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother ; for her fa-
ther is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches ?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see ?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me ⁶.

* *Boyet. You are too hard for me.*] Here, in all the books, the 2d act is made to end : but in my opinion very mistakenly. I have ventured to vary the regulation of the four last acts from the printed copies, for these reasons. Hitherto the 2d act has been of the extent of seven pages ; the 3d of but five ; and the 5th of no less than twenty-nine. And this disproportion of length has crowded too many incidents into some acts, and left the others quite barren. I have now reduced them into a much better equality ; and distributed the business likewise, (such as it is) into a more uniform cast. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has reason enough to propose this alteration, but he should not have made it in his book without better authority or more need. I have therefore preserved his observation, but continued the former division. JOHNSON.

A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Park ; near the Palace.**Enter Armado and Moth.**Arm.* Warble, child ; make passionate my sense of hearing.*Moth. Concolinel——*²[*Singing.**Arm.* Sweet air !—Go, tenderness of years ; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither³ ; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

² *Enter Armado and Moth.*] In the folios the direction is, *enter Braggart and Moth*, and at the beginning of every speech of Armado stands *Brag.* both in this and the foregoing scene between him and his boy. The other personages of this play are likewise noted by their characters as often as by their names. All this confusion has been well regulated by the later editors. JOHNSON.

³ *Concolinel——*] Here is apparently a song lost. JOHNSON.

I have observed in the old comedies, that the songs are frequently omitted. On this occasion the stage direction is generally—*Here they sing—or Cantant.* Probably the performer was left to chuse his own ditty, and therefore it could not with propriety be exhibited as part of a new performance. Sometimes yet more was left to the discretion of the ancient comedians, as I learn from the following circumstance in *K. Edward IV.* 2d p. 1619 :—“ Jockey is led whipping over the stage, speaking some words, but of no importance.”

Again, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1599 :

“ Here they two talk and rail *what they list.*”

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635 :

“ He places all things in order, *singing* with the ends of old ballads as he does it.”

Again, in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1604 :

“ *Cantat Gallice.*” But no song is set down.

Again, in the 5th *Act* :

“ *Cantat saliatque cum Cithara.*”

Not one out of the many songs supposed to be sung in Marston's *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602, are inserted ; but instead of them, *cantant.* STEEVENS.

³ —*festinately hither* ;] i. e. hastily. Shakespeare uses the adjective *festinate*, in another of his plays. STEEVENS.

Moth.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 411

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl¹?

Arm. How mean'st thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my compleat master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet², humour it with turning up your eye-lids; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallow'd love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuff'd up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms cross'd on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting³; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: These are complements⁴, these are humours:

¹ *a French brawl?*] A *brawl* is a kind of dance. Ben Jonson mentions it in one of his masques:

“And thence did Venus learn to lead

“Th' Idalian *brawls*, &c.”

In the *Malcontent* of Marston, I meet with the following account of it. “The *brawl*, why 'tis but two singles to the left, two on the right, three doubles forwards, a traverse of six rounds: do this twice, three singles side galliard trick of twenty coranto pace; a figure of eight, three singles broken down, come up, meet two doubles, fall back, and then honour.”

Again, in B. Jonson's masque of *Time Vindicated*:

“The Graces did them footing teach;

“And, at the old Idalian *brawls*,

“They danc'd your mother down.” STEEVENS.

So, in Massinger's *Picture*, act II. sc. ii:

“'Tis a *French brawl*, an apish imitation

“Of what you really perform in battle.” TOLLET.

² *canary to it with your feet,*] *Canary* was the name of a spritely nimble dance. THEOBALD.

³ *like a man after the old painting;*] It was a common trick among some of the most indolent of the ancient masters, to place the hands in the bosom or the pockets, or conceal them in some other part of the drapery, to avoid the labour of representing them, or to disguise their own want of skill to employ them with grace and propriety. STEEVENS.

⁴ *These are complements,*] Dr. Warburton has here changed *complements* to *compliments*, for *accomplishments*, but unnecessarily.

JOHNSON.

these

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⁵ these betray nice wenches—that would be betray'd without these; and make the men of note, (do you note men?) that are most affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchas'd this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation ⁶.

Arm. ⁷ But O,—but O—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Call'st thou my love, hobby-horse?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt ⁸, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

⁵ *these betray, &c.*] The former editors:—*these betray nice wenches, that would be betray'd without these, and make them men of note.* But who will ever believe, that the odd attitudes and affectations of *lovers*, by which they betray young *wenches*, should have power to make these young *wenches* *men of note*? His meaning is, that they not only inveigle the young *girls*, but make the *men* taken notice of too, who affect them. THEOBALD.

⁶ *By my pen of observation.*] Sir T. Hanmer reads: “by my penny of observation;” and this is certainly right. The allusion is to the famous old piece, called a *Penniworth of Wit*. FARMER.

⁷ *Arm. But O,—but O—*

Moth.—the hobby-horse is forgot.]

In the celebration of May-day, besides the sports now used of hanging a pole with garlands, and dancing round it, formerly a boy was dressed up representing Maid Marian; another like a friar; and another rode on a hobby-horse, with bells jingling, and painted streamers. After the Reformation took place, and precisians multiplied, these latter rites were looked upon to favour of paganism; and then maid Marian, the friar, and the poor hobby-horse, were turned out of the games. Some who were not so wisely precise, but regretted the disuse of the hobby-horse, no doubt, satirized this suspicion of idolatry, and archly wrote the epitaph above alluded to. Now Moth, hearing Armado groan ridiculously, and cry out, *But oh! but oh!*—humourously pieces out his exclamation with the sequel of this epitaph.

THEOBALD.

: The same line is repeated in *Hamlet*. See the note on act III. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

⁸ *but a colt,*] *Colt* is a hot, mad-brained, unbroken young fellow; or sometimes an old fellow with youthful desires. JOHNSON.

Moth.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 413

Moth. And out of heart, master : all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove ?

Moth. A man, if I live ; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant : By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her : in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her ; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch him the swain ; he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathis'd ; a horse to be embassador for an ass !

Arm. Ha, ha ; what sayest thou ?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited : But I go.

Arm. The way is but short ; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious ?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow ?

Moth. *Minimè*, honest master ; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so :
Is that lead slow, which is fir'd from a gun ?

⁹ *You are too swift, sir, to say so.*] How is he too swift for saying that lead is slow ? I fancy we should read, as well to supply the rhyme as the sense :

You are too swift, sir, to say so to soon :

Is that lead slow, sir, which is fir'd from a gun ?

JOHNSON.

The meaning, I believe, is, *You do not give yourself time to think, if you say so.*

Swift, however, means ready at replies. So, in Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604 :

“ I have eaten but two spoonfuls, and methinks I could discourse both *swiftly* and wittily already. STEEVENS.

Swift is here used, as in other places, synonymously with *witty*. I suppose the meaning of *Atalanta's* better part, in *As You Like It*,¹ is her *wit*—the *swiftness* of her mind. FARMER.

By

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Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee. [Exit.]

Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of
grace!

' By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter Moth and Costard.

Moth. A wonder, master; here's a Costard² broken
in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy
Penvoy;—begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *Penvoy*³; no salve in
the male, Sir⁴: O Sir, plantain, a plain plantain;
no *Penvoy*, no *Penvoy*, or salve, Sir, but a plain-
tain!

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly
thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs pro-
vokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me, my
stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *Penvoy*,
and the word, *Penvoy*, for a salve?

Moth.

¹ *By thy favour, sweet welkin, ———*] *Welkin* is the sky,
to which Armado, with the false dignity of a Spaniard, makes an
apology for sighing in its face. JOHNSON.

² *here's a Costard broken—*] i. e. a head. So, in *Hycke Scorne*:
“ I wyll rappé you on the *costard* with my horne.”

STEEVENS.

³ *no l'envoy*;] The *Penvoy* is a term borrowed from the old
French poetry. It appeared always at the head of a few conclud-
ing verses to each piece, which either served to convey the mo-
ral, or to address the poem to some particular person. It was
frequently adopted by the ancient English writers.
So, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:

“ Well said: now to the *L'Envoy*.”—All the *Tragedies* of
John Bachas, translated by Lidgate, are followed by a *L'Envoy*.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *no salve, in the male, sir.*] The old folio reads, *no salve in*
thee

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 415

Moth. Doth the wise think them other? is not
l'envoy a salve?

Arm. No, page; it is an epilogue or discourse, to
make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been fain.
I will example it :

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral : Now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy* ; Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three :

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

thee *male*, *fir*, which, in another folio, is, *no salve*, in the *male*,
fir. What it can mean is not easily discovered: if *mail* for a
packet or *bag* was a word then in use, *no salve* in the *mail* may
mean, no salve in the mountebank's budget. Or shall we read,
no enigma, *no riddle*, *no l'envoy*—in the *vale*, *fir*—O, *fir*, *plantain*.
The matter is not great, but one would wish for some meaning
or other. JOHNSON.

Male or *mail* was a word then in use. Reynard the fox sent
Kayward's head in a *male*. And, so, in *Tamburlane*, or the *Scy-
thian Shepherd*, 1590 :

“ Open the *males*, yet guard the treasure sure.”

I believe Dr. Johnson's first explanation to be right. STEEVENS.

I can scarcely think that Shakespeare had so far forgotten his
little school learning, as to suppose that the Latin verb *salve*,
and the English substantive, *salve*, had the same pronunciation ;
and yet without this, the quibble cannot be preserved. FARMER.

The same quibble occurs in *Aristippus*, or the *Jovial Philoso-
pher*, 1630 :

“ *Salve*, Master Simplicius.

“ *Salve* me ; 'tis but a Surgeon's compliment.”

STEEVENS.

No salve in the *male*, *fir*, may mean, “ I will have none of
all the salves you have in the *male* : ” treating him as a moun-
tebank. MUSGRAVE.

Perhaps we should read — *no salve* in them all, *fir*.

TYRWHITT.

“ I will example it : } These words, and some others, are neither
in the first folio, nor in the 4to 1631, but in that of 1598. I
still believe the whole passage to want some regulation, though
it has not sufficient merit to encourage the editor who should
attempt it. STEEVENS.

Now

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Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *Penvoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble bee,
Were still at odds, being but three :

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *Penvoy*, ending in the goose ; Would you desire more ?

Cof. The boy hath fold him a bargain, a goose,
that's flat :—

Sir, your penny-worth is good, an your goose be fat.—

To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose :
Let me see a fat *Penvoy* ; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither : How did this argument begin ?

Moth. By saying, that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the *Penvoy*.

Cof. True, and I for a plantain ; thus came your argument in :

Then the boy's fat *Penvoy*, the goose that you bought ;
And he ended the market⁶.

Arm. But tell me ; how was there a⁷ *Costard* broken in a shin ?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cof. Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth* ; I will speak that *Penvoy* :—

⁶ And he ended the market.] Alluding to the proverb—*Three women and a goose make a market. Tre donne et un occa fan un mercato.* Ital. Ray's Proverbs. STEEVENS.

⁷ how was there a *Costard* broken in a shin?] *Costard* is the name of a species of apple. JOHNSON.

It has been already observed that the *bead* was anciently called the *costard*. So, in *K. Rich. III.* "Take him over the *costard* with the hilt of thy sword." A *costard* likewise signified a *crab-stick*. So, in the *Loyal Subject* of B. and Fletcher :

"I hope they'll crown his service."—

"With a *costard*." STEEVENS.

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. 'Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah, Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances;—I smell some
l'envoy, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfranchising thy person; thou wert immur'd, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purification, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; [*Giving him money.*] for the best ward of mine honour, is, rewarding my dependants. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*]

Moth. Like the sequel, I*. Signior Costard, adieu. [*Exit.*]

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew*!—

* *Like the sequel, I.] Sequele*, in French, signifies a great man's train. The joke is, that a single page was all his train.

WARBURTON.

I believe this joke exists only in the apprehension of the commentator. *Sequele*, by the French, is never employed but in a derogatory sense. They use it to express the *gang* of a highwayman, but not the *train* of a lord; the followers of a rebel, and not the attendants on a general. Thus Holinshed, p. 639.—“to the intent that by the extinction of him and his *sequeale*, all civil warre and inward division might cease; &c.” Moth uses *sequel* only in the literary acceptation. STEEVENS.

* ——— *my incony Jew!*] *Incony* or *kony* in the north signifies, fine, delicate—as a *kony thing*, a fine thing. It is plain therefore, we should read:

————— *my incony jewel.* WARBURTON.

I know not whether it be right, however specious, to change *Jew* to *Jewel*. *Jew*, in our author's time, was, for whatever reason, apparently a word of endearment. So, in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“*Most bristly Juvenile, and eke most lovely Jew.*” JOHNSON.

418 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—*What's the price of this inkle? a penny:—'No, I'll give you a remuneration! why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.*

Enter Biron.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, Sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, Sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three-farthing-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be with you.

Biron. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee: As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave, Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

The word is used again in the 4th act of this play:

"——— *most incony vulgar wit.*"

In the old comedy called *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602. I meet with it again. A maid is speaking to her mistress about a gown:

"——— *it makes you have a most inconie body.*"

Cony and *incony* have the same meaning. So, Metaphor says in Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*:

"O superdainty canon, vicar *incony*."

Again, in the *Two angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599:

"O I have sport *incony* i' faith."

Again, in Marlow's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"While I in thy *incony* lap do tumble."

Again, in *Doctor Dodypoll*, a comedy, 1600:

"A cockscornb *incony*, but that he wants money."

STEEVENS.

"No, I'll give you a remuneration: Why? it carries its remuneration. Why? it is a fairer name than a French crown." Thus this passage has hitherto been writ, and pointed, without any regard to common sense, or meaning. The reform, that I have made, slight as it is, makes it both intelligible and humorous.

THEOBALD.

Cost.

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Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: Fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this;—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,

And in her train there is a gentle lady;

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,

And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;

And to her sweet hand see thou do commend

This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.

[Gives him money.]

Cost. Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon!² better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: Most sweet guerdon!—I will do it, sir, in print.³—Guerdon—remuneration.

[Exit.

Biron.

² *Guerdon*] i. e. reward. So, in the *Spanish Tragedy*:

"Speak on, I'll *guerdon* thee, whate'er it be."

Again, "And hope for *guerdon* of my villainy."

Again, "Yet speak the truth and I will *guerdon* thee."

Again, in *Wily Beguil'd*:

"I hope, as *guerdon* for my just desert." STEEVENS.

³ *in print.*] i. e. exactly, with the utmost nicety. It has been proposed to me to read *in point*, but, I think, without necessity, the former expression being still in use. STEEVENS.

—I will do it, Sir, *in print*.

So, *Ben Jonson*, vol. IV. p. 140, *Whalley's* edit:

"———fits my ruff well?"

"*Lin.* *In print.*"

Again, vol. I. *Every Man out of his Humour*. (p. 195.)

"O, you are a gallant *in print* now, brother." TYRWHITT.

So, again in *Decker's Honest Whore*, 1635:

"I am sure my husband is a man *in print*, in all things else."

Again, in *Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612:

"—this doublet fits *in print*, my lord."

Again,

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Biron. O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous figh;

A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;

A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal so magnificent!

This wimpled⁴, whining, purblind, wayward boy;

This signior Junio's giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid⁵;

Regent

Again, in *Blurt Master. Constable*:

"Next, your ruff must stand in print." STEEVENS.

* *This wimpled*——] The *wimple* was a hood or veil which fell over the face. Had Shakespeare been acquainted with the *stamneum* of the Romans, or the gem which represents the marriage of Cupid and Psyche, his choice of the epithet would have been much applauded by all the advocates in favour of his learning. In Isaiah, ch. iii. v. 22. we find:—"the mantles, and "the *wimples*, and the crisping-pins;" and, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607, to *wimple* is used as a verb:

"Here, I perceive a little rivelling

"Above my forehead, but I *wimple* it,

"Either with jewels, or a lock of hair." STEEVENS.

⁵ *This signior Junio's giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid*;] It was some time ago ingeniously hinted to me, (and I readily came into the opinion) that as there was a contrast of terms in *giant-dwarf*, so, probably, there should be in the word immediately preceding them; and therefore that we should restore:

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid.

i. e. this old young man. And there is, indeed, afterwards, in this play, a description of Cupid which sorts very aptly with such an emendation:

That was the way to make his godhead wax,

For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

The conjecture is exquisitely well imagined, and ought by all means to be embraced unless there is reason to think, that, in the former reading, there is an allusion to some tale, or character in an old play. I have not, on this account, ventured to disturb the text, because there seems to me some reason to suspect, that our author is here alluding to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*. In that tragedy there is the character of one Junius, a Roman captain, who falls in love to distraction with one of Bonduca's daughters; and becomes an arrant whining slave to this passion. He is afterwards cured of his infirmity, and is as absolute a tyrant against the sex. Now, with regard to these two extremes, Cupid might very probably be styled Junius's giant-dwarf; a *giant* in his eye,

Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malecontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors⁶;—O my little heart!—
And I to be a corporal of his field?

And

eye, while the dotage was upon him; but shrunk into a *dwarf*, so soon as he had got the better of it. THEOBALD.

Mr. Upton has made a very ingenious conjecture on this passage. He reads:

This signior Julio's giant-dwarf——

Shakespeare, says he, intended to compliment Julio Romano, who drew Cupid in the character of a giant-dwarf. Dr. Warburton thinks, that by Junio is meant youth in general. JOHNSON.

There is no reason to suppose that Beaumont's and Fletcher's *Bonduca* was written so early as the year 1598, when this play appeared. Even if it was then published, the supposed allusion to the character of Junius is forced and improbable; and who, in support of Upton's conjecture will ascertain, that Julio Romano ever drew Cupid as a giant-dwarf? Shakespeare, in *K. Rich. III.* act IV. sc. iv. uses *signory* for *seniority*; and Stowe's Chronicle, p. 149. Edit. 1614, speaks of Edward the *signior*, i. e. the elder. I can therefore suppose that *signor* here means *senior*, and not the Italian title of honour. Thus in the first folio, at the end of the *Comedy of Errors*:

"S. Dro. Not I, fir; you are my *elder*."

"E. Dro. That's a question: how shall we try it?"

"S. Dro. We'll draw cuts for the *signior*." TOLLET.

⁶ *Of trotting paritors*:———] An *apparitor* or *paritor*, is an officer of the bishop's court, who carries out citations; as citations are most frequently issued for fornication, the *paritor* is put under Cupid's government. JOHNSON.

⁷ *And I to be a corporal of his file, &c.*] In former editions:

And I to be a corporal of his field,

And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!

A *corporal* of a *field* is quite a new term: neither did the *tumblers* ever adorn their *hoops* with ribbands, that I can learn: for those were not carried in parade about with them, as the fencer carries his sword: nor, if they were, is the similitude at all pertinent to the case in hand. I read:

——— *like a tumbler stoop.*

To *stoop like a tumbler* agrees not only with that profession, and the servile condescensions of a lover, but with what follows in the

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And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
What? what? I love! I sue! I seek a wife!

context. The wise transcribers, when once the *tumbler* appeared, thought his *hoop* must not be far behind. WARBURTON.

The conceit seems to be very forced and remote, however it be understood. The notion is not that the *hoop wears colours*, but that the colours are worn as a *tumbler* carries his *hoop*, hanging on one shoulder and falling under the opposite arm. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the *tumblers' hoops* were adorned with their master's colours, or with ribbands. To wear his colours, means to wear his badge or cognisance, or to be his servant or retainer. So, in *Holinshed's Hist. of Scotland*, p. 301: "The earle of Sumre gave to his servants this cognisance (to wear on their left arm) which was a white lyon, &c." So, in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 274. "All that ware the dukes sign, or colours, were faine to hide them, conveying them from their necks into their bosome." Again, in Selden's *Duello*, chap. ii: "His esquires cloathed in his colours." *Biron* banters himself upon being a corporal of *Cupid's field*, and a servant of that great general and imperator.

TOLLET.

It was once a mark of gallantry to wear a lady's colours. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson: "—dispatches his lacquey to the chamber early to know what *her colours* are for the day, with purpose to apply his wear that day accordingly, &c." I am informed by a lady who remembers morris-dancing, that the character who tumbled, always carried his *hoop* dressed out with ribbands, and in the position described by Dr. Johnson.

STEEVENS.

Corporals of the field are mentioned in Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*; and Raleigh speaks of them twice, vol. i. p. 103. vol. ii. p. 367, edit. 1751. TOLLET.

This officer is likewise mentioned in Ben Jonson's *New Inn*:

"As corporal of the field, maestro del campo."

Giles Clayton, in his *Martial Discipline*, 1591, has a chapter on the office and duty of a *corporal of the field*. In one of Drake's *Voyages*, it appears, that the captains Morgan and Sampson by this name, "had commandement over the rest of the land-captaines." Brokesby tells us, that "Mr. Dodwell's father was in an office then known by the name of *corporal of the field*, which he said was equal to that of a captain of horse." FARMER.

It appears from Lord Strafford's *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 199, that a *corporal of the field* was employed as an aid-de-camp is now, "in taking and carrying too and fro the directions of the general, or other the higher officers of the field." TYRWHITT.

"What? what? I love!" The second *what* has been supplied by the editors. I should like better to read—What? I! I love!

TYRWHITT.

A WO-

A woman, that is like a German clock,
 Still a repairing; ever out of frame;
 And never going aright, being a watch,
 But being watch'd that it may still go right?
 Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;
 And, among three, to love the worst of all;
 A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
 With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;
 Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
 Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard;
 And I to fight for her! to watch for her!
 To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
 That Cupid will impose for my neglect

—like a German clock,
 Still a repairing; ———]

The same allusion occurs in *Westward-Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607:—"no German clock, no mathematical engine whatsoever, requires so much reparation, &c." Again, in *A Mad World my Masters*, 1608:

"——the consists of a hundred pieces,
 "Much like your German clock, and near allied:
 "Both are so nice they cannot go for pride.
 "Besides a greater fault, but too well known,
 "They'll strike to ten when they should stop at one."

Ben Jonson has the same thought in his *Silent Woman*, and B. and Fletcher in *Wit without Money*.

The following extract is taken from a book called *The Artificial Clock-Maker*, 3d edit. 1714:—"Clock-making was supposed to have had its beginning in Germany within less than these two hundred years. It is very probable, that our balance-clocks or watches, and some other automata, might have had their beginning there; &c." Again, p. 91.—"Little worth remark is to be found till towards the 16th century; and then clock-work was revived or wholly invented anew in Germany, as is generally thought, because the ancient pieces are of German work."

A skilful watch-maker informs me, that clocks have not been commonly made in England much more than one hundred years backward.

To the inartificial construction of these first pieces of mechanism executed in Germany, we may suppose Shakespeare alludes. The clock at Hampton-Court, which was set up in 1540, (as appears from the inscription affixed to it) is said to be the first ever fabricated in England. STEEVENS.

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Of his almighty dreadful little might.

Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan;

Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Pavilion in the Park near the Palace.

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he shew'd a mounting mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch;

On saturday we will return to France.—

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty; I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me, then again say,
no?

O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.] To this line Mr. Theobald extends his second act, not injudiciously, but, was before observed, without sufficient authority. JOHNSON.

Here,

* Here, good my glass, take this for telling true ;

[Giving him money.

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit,

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit,

O heresy in fair, fit for these days !

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—

But come, the bow :—Now mercy goes to kill,

And shooting well is then accounted ill. —

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot :

Not wounding, pity would not let me do't ;

If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,

That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes ;

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes ;

When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part³,

We bend to that the working of the heart :

² Here, good my glass, ———] To understand how the princess has her glass so ready at hand in a casual conversation, it must be remembered that in those days it was the fashion among the French ladies to wear a looking-glass, as Mr. Bayle coarsely represents it, *on their bellies* ; that is, to have a small mirror set in gold hanging at the girdle, by which they occasionally viewed their faces or adjusted their hair. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson, perhaps, is mistaken. She had no occasion to have recourse to any other *looking-glass* than the Forester, whom she rewards for having shewn her to herself as in a mirror.

STEEVENS.

Whatever be the interpretation of this passage, Dr. Johnson is right in the historical fact. Stubbs, in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, is very indignant at the ladies for it : “ They must have their *looking-glasses* carried with them, wheresoever they go ; and good reason, for how else could they see the devil in them ? And, in Massinger's *City Madam*, several women are introduced with *looking-glasses at their girdles*. FARMER.

Again, in the *Ladies Priviledge*, 1640 :

“ ——— I would not have a lady

“ That wears a *glass* about her, &c.” STEEVENS.

³ When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,

We bend to that the working of the heart.]

The harmony of the measure, the easiness of the expression, and the good sense in the thought, all concur to recommend these two lines to the reader's notice, WARBURTON.

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As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill⁴.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-love,
reignty

Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter Costard.

Prin. Here comes a member of the common-
wealth⁵,

Cost. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the
head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that
have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest, and the tallest! it is so; truth
is truth.

An your waist mistress, were as slender as my wit⁶,
One of these maids' girdles for your waist should be
fit,

Are

* ——— that my heart means no ill.] We should read:

——— though my heart ——— WARBURTON.

That my heart means no ill, is the same with to whom my heart
means no ill: the common phrase suppresses the particle, as I mean
him [not to him] no harm. JOHNSON.

⁵ ——— a member of the commonwealth.] Here, I believe, is a
kind of jest intended: a member of the common-wealth is put for
one of the common people, one of the meanest. JOHNSON.

⁶ An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,

One of these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.]

And was not one of her maids' girdles fit for her? It is plain that
my and your have all the way changed places, by some accident
or other; and that the lines should be read thus:

An my waste, mistress, was as slender as your wit,

One of these maids' girdles for my waste should be fit.

These lines are humorous enough, both as reflecting on his own
gross shape, and her slender wit. WARBURTON.

This

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Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, fir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of mine:

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve; Break up this capon?

Boyet. I am bound to serve.—

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here; It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear:

Break

This conjecture is ingenious enough, but not well considered. It is plain that the ladies' girdles would not fit the princess. For when she has referred the clown to *the thickest and the tallest*, he turns immediately to her with the blunt apology, *truth is truth*; and again tells her, *you are the thickest here*. If any alteration is to be made, I should propose:

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as your wit.

This would point the reply; but perhaps he mentions the slenderness of his own wit to excuse his bluntness. JOHNSON.

¹ ———— *Boyet, you can carve;*

Break up this capon.]

i. e. open this letter.

Our poet uses this metaphor, as the French do their *poulet*; which signifies both a young fowl and a love-letter. *Poulet, amatoria literæ*, says Richelet; and quotes from Voiture, *Repondre au plus obligeant poulet du monde*; to reply to the most obliging letter in the world. The Italians use the same manner of expression, when they call a love-epistle, *una pollicetta amorosa*. I owed the hint of this equivocal use of the word to my ingenious friend Mr. Bishop. THEOBALD.

Henry IV. consulting with Sully about his marriage, says, "my niece of Guise would please me best, notwithstanding the malicious reports, that she loves *poulets* in paper, better than in a *fricasee*."—A message is called a *cold pigeon*, in the letter concerning the entertainments at Killingworth Castle. FARMER.

To *break up* was a peculiar phrase in carving. PEARCY.

So, in *Westward-Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607: at "the skirt of that *sheet*, in black-work is wrought his name: *break not up the wild-fowl till awn*."

Again,

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Break the neck of the wax*, and every one give ear.

Boyet reads. *By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair⁹, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustre¹ king Cophetua² set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, veni, vidi, vici; which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) videlicet, he came, saw, and overcame: He came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king; Why did he come? to see; Why did he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Whom overcame he? the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's: the captive is enrich'd; On whose side? the beggar's: The catastrophe is a nuptial; On whose side? the king's?—no; on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands*

Again, in Ben Jonson's Masque of *Gipsies Metamorphosed*:

"A London cuckold hot from the spit,

"And when the carver up had broke him, &c." STEEVENS.

* Break the neck of the wax,——] Still alluding to the capon.

JOHNSON.

So, in the *True Tragedies of Marius and Scilla*, 1594:

"Lectorius read, and break these letters up." STEEVENS.

One of Lord Chesterfield's *Letters*, 8vo. vol. iii. p. 114, gives us the reason why poulet meant *amatoria litera*. TOLLET.

⁹ More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer &c.] I would read, fairer than fair, more beautiful, &c. TYRWHITT.

¹ Illustrate for illustrious. It is often used by Chapman in his translation of Homer. STEEVENS.

* king Cophetua.] This story is again alluded to in *Henry IV*:

"Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof."

But of this king and beggar, the story, then doubtless well known, is, I am afraid, lost. Zenelophon has not the appearance of a female name, but since I know not the true name, it is idle to guess.

JOHNSON.

The ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid*, may be seen in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. i. The beggar's name was Penelophon, here corrupted. PERCY.

The poet alludes to this song in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Henry IV*, 2d part, and *Richard II*. STEEVENS.

the comparison : thou the beggar ; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love ? I may : Shall I enforce thy love ? I could : Shall I entreat thy love ? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags ? robes ; For tittles ? titles : For thyself ? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

³ Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar

'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey ;
Submissive fall his princely feet before,

And he from forage will incline to play :
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then ?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited
this letter ?

What vane ? what weather-cock ? Did you ever hear
better ?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the
stile.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it ⁴ ere
while ⁵.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps
here in court ;

A phantasm ⁶, a Monarcho ⁷ ; and one that makes
sport.

³ *Thus dost thou hear, &c.*] These six lines appear to be a quotation from some ridiculous poem of that time. WARBURTON.

⁴ *going o'er it :*] A pun upon the word *stile*. MUSGRAVE.

⁵ *ere while.*] Just now ; a little while ago. So Raleigh :

“ Here lies Hobbinol, our shepherd while e'er.” JOHNSON.

⁶ *A phantasm,*] On the books of the Stationers' Company, Feb. 6, 1608, is entered, “ a book called *Phantasm*, the *Italian Taylor and his boy* ; made by Mr. Armin, servant to his majesty.” It probably contains the history of *Monarcho*, of whom Mr. Farmer speaks in the following note, to which I have subjoined an additional instance. STEEVENS.

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To the prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word :

Who gave thee this letter ?

Cost. I told you ; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it ?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord, to which lady ?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine ;
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords,
away ?

‘ ——— a monarcho ; ———] Sir T. Hanmer reads :
———— a mamuccio. ——— JOHNSON.

The allusion is to a fantastical character of the time. — “ Popular applause (says Meres) dooth nourish some, neither do they gape after any other thing, but vaine praise and glorie,— as in our age Peter Shakerlye of Paules, and *Monarcho* that lived about the court.” p. 178. FARMER.

In Nash's *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*, &c. 1595, I meet with the same allusion : — “ but now he was an insulting monarch above *Monarcho* the Italian, that ware crownes in his shoes, and quite renounced his natural English accents and gestures, and wrested himself wholly to the Italian puntilio's &c.”

An allusion of a similar kind remains unexplained in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*, act I. sc. i :

“ ——— and a face cut for thee,
“ Worfe than Gamaliel Ratsey's.”

Gamaliel Ratsey was a famous highwayman, who always robbed in a mask. I once had in my possession a pamphlet containing his life and exploits. In the title-page of it he is represented with this ugly visor on his face.

On the books of the Stationers' Company, May 2, 1603, this book is entered thus : “ A book called the lyfe and death of *Gamaliel Ratsey*, a famous theefe of England, executed at Bedford.” Again, “ Two balletts of *Gamaliel Ratsey*, and severall his companie who were executed at Bedford.” Again, “ *Ratsey's Ghost*, or the 2d part of his life, with the rest of his mad pranks, &c.”

A local allusion employed by a poet like Shakespeare, resembles the mortal steed that drew in the chariot of Achilles. But short services could be expected from either. STEEVENS.

‘ ——— Come, lords, away.] Perhaps the Princess said rather :
———— Come, ladies, away.

The rest of the scene deserves no care. JOHNSON.

Here,

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Here, sweet, put up this ; 'twill be thine another day.

[Exit Princess attended.]

Boyet. Who is the shooter ? who is the shooter ?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know ?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off !

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns ; but, if thou marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on !

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer ?

Ros. If we chuse by horns, yourself ; come not near.

Finely put on, indeed !—

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower : Have I hit her now ?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pépin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it ?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when ' queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros.

' Who is the shooter ?] It should be who is the suitor ? and this occasions the quibble. " Finely put on, &c. seem only marginal observations. FARMER.

It appears that *sutor* was anciently pronounced *shooter*. So, in *The Puritan Widow*, 1605 : the maid informs her mistress that some *archers* are come to wait on her. She supposes them to be *fletchers*, or arrow-smiths.

Enter the *sutors*, &c.

" Why do you not see them before you ? are not these *archers*, what do you call them, *shooters* ? *Shooters* and *archers* are all one, I hope." STEEVENS.

[queen Guinever] This was king Arthur's queen, not over famous for fidelity to her husband. See the song of the *Boy and the Mistle* in Dr. Percy's Collection.

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Ros. *Thou can'st not hit it, hit it, hit it, [Singing.*
Thou can'st not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. *An I cannot, cannot, cannot,*
An I cannot, another can. [Exeunt Ros. & Kat.

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant ! how both did
 fit it !

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot ; for they both
 did hit it.

Boyet. A mark ! O, mark but that mark ; A mark,
 says my lady !

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may
 be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand ! I'faith, your hand is
 out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er
 hit the clout ².

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then, belike, your
 hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the
 pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips
 grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, Sir ; chal-
 lenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing : Good night, my
 good owl. *[Exeunt all but Costard.*

Cost. By my soul, a swain ! a most simple clown !
 Lord, lord ! how the ladies and I have put him
 down !

O' my troth, most sweet jests ! most incony vulgar wit !
 When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it
 were, so fit.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, the elder Loveless
 addresses Abigail, the old incontinent waiting-woman, by this
 name. STEEVENS.

² ——— *the clout.*] The *clout* was the white mark at which arch-
 ers took their aim. The *pin* was the wooden nail that upheld it.
 STEEVENS.

Arma-

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Armatho o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!³
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a⁴
will swear!—

And his page o' t'other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological nit!
Sola, sola!

[Shouting within.]

[Exit Costard.]

SCENE II.

⁴ Enter Dull, Holofernes, and Sir Nathaniel.

Nath. Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the
testimony of a good conscience.

Hol.

³ —to bear her fan!] See a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, act II. sc. iv. where Nurse asks Peter for her fan. STEEVENS.

⁴ Enter—Holofernes,] There is very little personal reflexion in Shakespeare. Either the virtue of those times, or the candour of our author, has so effected, that his satire is, for the most part, general, and, as himself says:

———— his taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. ———

The place before us seems to be an exception. For by Holofernes is designed a particular character, a pedant and schoolmaster of our author's time, one John Florio, a teacher of the Italian tongue in London, who has given us a small dictionary of that language under the title of *A World of Words*, which in his epistle dedicatory he tells us, is of little less value than Stephens's *Treasure of the Greek Tongue*, the most complete work that was ever yet compiled of its kind. In his preface, he calls those who had criticized his works *sea-dogs or land-critics; monsters of men, if not beasts rather than men; whose teeth are canibals, their tongues addars forks, their lips asses poison, their eyes basilisks, their breath the breath of a grave, their words like swordes of Turks, that strive which shall dive deepest into a Christian lying bound before them.* Well therefore might the mild Nathaniel desire Holofernes to *abrogate scurrility*. His profession too is the reason that Holofernes deals so much in Italian sentences. There is an edition of *Love's Labour's Lost*, printed 1598, and said to be presented before her highness this last Christmas, 1597. The next year 1598; comes out our John Florio, with his *World of Words*, recentibus odiis; and in the preface, quoted above, falls upon the comic poet for bringing him on the stage. There is another sort of leering curs,

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Hol. The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*, in blood³,
ripe as a pomewater⁶, who now hangeth like a jewel
in

that rather snarle than bite, whereof I could instance in one, who lighting on a good sonnet of a gentleman's, a friend of mine, that loved better to be a poet than to be counted so, called the author a *rymer*.—Let *Aristophanes* and his comedians make plaits, and scowr their mouths on *Socrates*; those very mouths they make to vilifie, shall be the means to amplifie his virtue, &c. Here Shakespeare is so plainly marked out as not to be mistaken, As to the sonnet of the gentleman his friend, we may be assured it was no other than his own. And without doubt was parodied in the very sonnet beginning with *The praiseful princess*, &c. in which our author makes *Holofernes* say, *He will something affect the letter; for it argues facility*. And how much *John Florio* thought this *affection* argued facility, or quickness of wit, we see in this preface where he falls upon his enemy, *H. S.* *His name is H. S. Do not take it for the Roman H. S. unless it be as H. S. is twice as much and an half, as half an A. S.* With a great deal more to the same purpose; concluding his preface in these words, *The resolute John Florio*. From the ferocity of this man's temper it was, that Shakespeare chose for him the name which *Rabelais* gives to his pedant of *Thubal Holoferne*. **WARBURTON.**

I am not of the learned commentator's opinion, that the satire of Shakespeare is so seldom personal. It is of the nature of personal invectives to be soon unintelligible; and the author that gratifies private malice, *animam in vulnere ponit*, destroys the future efficacy of his own writings, and sacrifices the esteem of succeeding times to the laughter of a day. It is no wonder, therefore, that the sarcasms, which, perhaps, in the authour's time, set the playhouse in a roar, are now lost among general reflections. Yet whether the character of *Holofernes* was pointed at any particular man, I am, notwithstanding the plausibility of *Dr. Warburton's* conjecture, inclined to doubt. Every man adheres as long as he can to his own pre-conceptions. Before I read this note I considered the character of *Holofernes* as borrowed from the *Rhombus* of sir Philip Sidney, who, in a kind of pastoral entertainment, exhibited to queen Elizabeth, has introduced a school-master so called, speaking a *leash of languages at once*, and puzzling himself and his auditors with a jargon like that of *Holofernes* in the present play. Sidney himself might bring the character from Italy; for, as *Peacham* observes, the school-master has long been one of the ridiculous personages in the farces of that country.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton is certainly right in his supposition that *Florio* is meant by the character of *Holofernes*. *Florio* had given the first affront. "The plaies, says he, that they plaie in England, are

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in the ear of Cælo,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven;
and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of Terra,—
the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath.

are neither *right comedies*, nor *right tragedies*; but representations of *histories* without any decorum."—The scraps of Latin and Italian are transcribed from his works, particularly the proverb about *Venice*, which has been corrupted so much. The *affectation of the letter*, which *argues facilitie*, is likewise a copy of his manner. We meet with much of it in the sonnets to his patrons.

" In Italie your lordship well hath scene

" Their manners, monuments, magnificence,

" Their language learnt, in sound, in stile, in sense,

" Prooving by profiting, where you have beene.

—" To adde to fore-learn'd facultie, *facilitie*."

We see then, the character of the schoolmaster might be written with less learning, than Mr. Colman conjectured: nor is the use of the word *thrafonical*, any argument that the author had read Terence. It was introduced to our language long before Shakespeare's time. Stanyhurst writes, in a translation of one of Sir Tho. More's epigrams:

" Lynckt was in wedlocke a loftye *thrafonical* hufsnuffe."

It can scarcely be necessary to animadvert any further upon what Mr. Colman has advanced in the Appendix to his *Terence*. If this gentleman, at his leisure from modern plays, will condescend to open a few old ones, he will soon be satisfied, that Shakespeare was obliged to learn and repeat in the course of his profession, such Latin fragments, as are met with in his works. The formidable one, *ira furor brevis est*, which is quoted from *Timon*, may be found, not in plays only, but in every critical essay from that of king James to that of dean Swift inclusive. I will only add, that if Mr. Colman had previously looked at the panegyrick on *Cartwright*, he could not so strangely have misrepresented my argument from it: but thus it must ever be with the most ingenious men, when they talk *without-book*. Let me however take this opportunity of acknowledging the very genteel language which he has been pleased to use on this occasion.

Mr. Warton informs us in his *Life of Sir Tho. Pope*, that there was an old play of *Holophernes* acted before the princess Elizabeth in the year 1556. FARMER.

In support of Mr. Farmer's opinion, the following passage from *Orlando Furioso*, 1594, may be brought:

"—Knowing him to be a *Thrafonical* mad-cap, they have sent me a *Gnatbonical* companion, &c."

Greeke, in the dedication to his *Arcadia*, has the same word:

"— — — of some *thrafonical* huffe-snuffe."

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Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least : But, sir, I assure yè, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation ! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication ; or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered; or; ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dul. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo* ; 'twas a pricket ?

Florio's first work is, registred on the books of the Stationers' Company, under the following title. " Aug. 1578. *Florio his first Frute*, being Dialogues in Italian and English, with certen Instructions, &c. to the learning the Italian Tongue." In 1595, he dedicated his Italian and English dictionary to the earl of Southampton. In the year 1600, he published his translation of *Montaigne*. Florio pointed his ridicule not only at dramatic performances, but, even at performers. Thus, in his preface to this work, "—as if an owle should represent an eagle, or some tara-rag player should act the princely Telephus with a voyce as rag'd as his clothes, a grace as bad as his voyce." STEEVENS.

⁵ —sanguis, in blood ;] I suppose we should read in *sanguis*, blood. STEEVENS.

⁶ —ripe as a pomewater,] A species of apple, formerly much esteemed. *Malus Carbonaria*. See Gerard's Herbal, edit. 1597. p. 1273. STEEVENS.

⁷ 'twas a pricket.] In a play called *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606, I find the following account of the different appellations of deer, at their different ages :

" *Amoretto*. I caused the keeper to sever the rascal deer from the bucks of the first head. Now, sir, a buck is the first year, a fawn ; the second year, a pricket ; the third year, a forell ; the fourth year, a soare ; the fifth, a buck of the first head ; the sixth year, a compleat buck. Likewise your hart is the first year, a calfe ; the second year, a brocket ; the third year, a spade ; the fourth year, a stag ; the sixth year, a hart. A roe-buck is the first year, a kid ; the second year, a girl ; the third year, a bemsse ; and these are your special beasts for chase."

Again, in *A Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612 :—" I am but a pricket, a mere forell ; my head's not harden'd yet." STEEVENS.

Hol.

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Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*!—O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look?

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts:

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

For

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be, Which we taste, and feeling are for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

The words have been ridiculously, and stupidly, transposed and corrupted. I read, *we thankful should be for those parts (which we taste and feel ingradare) that do fructify, &c.* The emendation I have offered, I hope, restores the author: at least, it gives him sense and grammar: and answers extremely well to his metaphors taken from *planting*. *Ingradare*, with the Italians, signifies, to rise higher and higher; *andare di grado in grado*, to make a progression; and so at length come to *fructify*, as the poet expresses it. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer reads thus:

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,

For those parts which we taste and feel do fructify in us more than he.

And Mr. Edwards, in his animadversions on Dr. Warburton's notes, applauds the emendation. I think both the editors mistaken, except that sir T. Hanmer found the metre, though he missed the sense. I read, with a slight change:

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,

When we taste and feeling are for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

That is, *such barren plants as are exhibited in the creation, to make us thankful when we have more taste and feeling than he, of those parts, or qualities which produce fruit in us, and preserve us from being likewise barren plants.* Such is the sense, just in itself and pious, but a little clouded by the diction of sir Nathaniel. The length of these lines was no novelty on the English stage. The moralities afford scenes of the like measure. JOHNSON.

This stubborn piece of nonsense, as somebody has called it, wants only a particle, I think, to make it sense. I would read:

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For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet,
or a fool;

So were there a patch⁹ set on learning, to see him
in a school:

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men; Can you tell by
your wit,

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not
five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, good man Dull; Dictynna, good
man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was
no more;

And raught not¹ to five weeks, when he came to five-
score.

The allusion holds in the exchange².

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful
should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts, that do
fructify in us more than he.

Which in this passage has the force of *as*, according to an idiom
of our language, not uncommon, though not strictly grammatical. What follows is still more irregular; for I am afraid our
poet, for the sake of his rime, has put *be* for *him*, or rather
in him. If he had been writing prose, he would have expressed
his meaning, I believe, more clearly thus—*that do fructify in us
more than in him.* TYRWHITT.

I have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt's reading. STEEVENS.

⁹ *For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool;
So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school.*

The meaning is, to be in a school would as ill become a patch, or
low fellow, as folly would become me. JOHNSON.

¹ *And raught not*] i. e. *reach'd not*. So, in the *Arraignment
of Paris*, 1584:

“——— the fatal fruit

“ *Raught* from the golden tree of Proserpine.

STEEVENS.

² *The allusion holds in the exchange.*] i. e. the riddle is as good
when I use the name of Adam, as when you use the name of
Cain. WARBURTON.

Dull.

Dull. 'Tis true, indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter; for it argues facility.

The praiseful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;

Some say, a sore; but not a fore, 'till now made sore with shooting:

The dogs did yell; put L to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;

Or pricket, fore, or else sorel, the people fall a booting. If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores; Q sore L⁴!

Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

³ *The praiseful princess, &c.*] The ridicule designed in this passage may not be unhappily illustrated by the alliteration in the following lines of *Ulpian Fulwell*, in his Commemoration of queen Anne Bullayne, which makes part of a collection called *The Flower of Fame*, printed 1575:

"Whose princely praise hath pearst the pricke,

"And price of endless fame, &c." STEEVENS.

⁴ *Makes fifty sores, O sorel!*] We should read:

_____ of sore L,

alluding to L being the numeral for 50. WARBURTON.

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Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple ; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions : these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occasion : But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you ; and so may my parishioners ; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you : you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mebercle*, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction : ' if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them : But, *vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur* : a soul feminine saluteth us,

Enter Jaquenetta, and Costard.

Jac. God give you good morrow, master parson,

Hol. Master parson,—*quasi* person⁶. And if one should be pierc'd, which is the one ?

Cost. Marry, master school-master, he that is likest to a hog'shead.

Hol. Of piercing a hog'shead ! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth ; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine : 'tis pretty ; it is well.

Jac. Good master parson, be so good as read me

⁵ *if their daughters be capable, &c.*] Of this *double entendre*, despicable as it is, Mr. Pope and his coadjutors availed themselves, in their unsuccessful comedy called *Three Hours after Marriage*.

STEEVENS.

⁶ —*quasi* person.] So, in *Holinshed*, p. 953 :

"Jerom was vicar of Stepnie, and Garard was *person* of Honie-lane." I believe, however, we should write the word—*person*. The same play on the word *pierce* is put into the mouth of *Falstaff*. STEEVENS.

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this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. 7 Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ

Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;

8 —Vinegia, Vinegia,

Chi non te vide, ei non te pregia.

Old

7 Nath. Fauste, precor gelidâ] Though all the editions concur to give this speech to sir Nathaniel, yet, as Dr. Thirlby ingeniously observed to me, it is evident it must belong to Holofernes. The Curate is employed in reading the letter to himself; and while he is doing so, that the stage may not stand still, Holofernes either pulls out a book, or, repeating some verse by heart from Mantuanus, comments upon the character of that poet. Baptista Spagnolus (surnamed Mantuanus, from the place of his birth) was a writer of poems, who flourished towards the latter end of the 15th century. THEOBALD.

Fauste, precor gelidâ &c.] A note of La Monnoye's on these very words in *Les Contes des Periers*, Nov. 42. will explain the humour of the quotation, and shew how well Shakespeare has sustained the character of his pedant. — *Il designe le Carme Baptiste Mantuan, dont au commencement du 16 siecle on lisoit publiquement à Paris les Poësies; si celebres alors, que, comme dit plaisamment Farnabe dans sa preface sur Martial, les Pedans ne faisoient nulle difficulté de preferer à le Arma virumque cano, le Fauste precor gelidâ, c'est-a-dire, à l'Eneide de Virgile les Eclogues de Mantuan, la premiere desquelles commence par Fauste, precor gelidâ.*

WARBURTON.

The *Eclogues* of Mantuanus the Carmelite were translated before the time of Shakespeare, and the Latin printed on the opposite side of the page. STEEVENS.

8 —Vinegia, vinegia,

Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.]

In old editions: *Venechi, venache a, qui non te vide, i non te piaech.* And thus Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope. But that poets, scholars, and linguists, could not restore this little scrap of true Italian, is to me unaccountable. Our author is applying the praises of Mantuanus to a common proverbial sentence, said of Venice. *Vinegia, Vinegia! qui non te vedi, ei non te pregia.* O Venice, Venice, he who has never seen thee, has thee not in esteem.

THEOBALD.

The proverb, as I am informed, is this; *He that sees Venice little, values it much; he that sees it much, values it little.* But I sup-

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Old Mantuan ! old Mantuan ! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*—Under pardon, fir, what are the contents ? or, rather, as Horace fays in his—What, my foul, verfes ?

Nath. Ay, fir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a ftaff, a ftanza, a verfe ; *Lege, domine.*

Nath. If love make me forfworn, how fhall I fwear to love ?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed !

Though to myfelf forfworn, to thee I'll faithful prove ;

Thofe thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like ofiers bowed.

Study his biafs leaves, and makes his book thine eyes ;

Where all thofe pleasures live, that art would comprehend :

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee fhall fuffice ;

Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend :

All ignorant that foul, that fees thee without wonders ;
(Which is to me fome praife, that I thy parts admire)

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder ;

Which, not to anger bent, is mufick, and fweet fire.

Suppofe Mr. Theobald is right, for the true proverb would not ferve the fpeaker's purpofe. JOHNSON.

The proverb ftands thus in *Howell's Letters*, book i. feft. 1. l. 36.

Venetia, Venetia, chi non te vede, non te pregia,

Ma chi l'ha troppo veduto te difpregia.

Venice, Venice, none thee unfeen can prize ;

Who thee hath feen too much, will thee defpife.

The players in their edition, have thus printed the firft line.

Venobia, venobia, que non te unde, que non te perrescho. STEEVENS.

Cc

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Celestial as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings the heaven's praise with such an earthly
tongue !

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss
the accent : let me supervise the canzonet. Here are
only numbers ratify'd¹; but, for the elegance, facility,
and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. ¹ Ovidius Naso
was the man : and why, indeed, Naso ; but for
smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy ? the
jerks of invention ? *Imitari*, is nothing : ² so doth the
hound

¹ Nath. *Here are only numbers ratified*;] Though this speech has
all along been placed to sir Nathaniel, I have ventured to join it
to the preceding words of Holofernes ; and not without reason.
The speaker here is impeaching the verses ; but sir Nathaniel, as
it appears above, thought them learned ones : besides, as Dr.
Thirlby observes, almost every word of this speech fathers itself
on the pedant. So much for the regulation of it : now, a little,
to the contents.

And why, indeed, Naso ; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy ? the jerks of invention imitatory is nothing.

Sagacity with a vengeance ! I should be ashamed to own myself
a piece of a scholar, to pretend to the task of an editor, and to
pass such stuff as this upon the world for genuine. Who ever
heard of *invention imitatory* ? Invention and imitation have ever
been accounted two distinct things. The speech is by a pedant,
who frequently throws in a word of Latin amongst his English ;
and he is here flourishing upon the merit of invention, beyond
that of imitation, or copying after another. My correction makes
the whole so plain and intelligible, that, I think, it carries con-
viction along with it. THEOBALD.

This pedantry appears to have been common in the age of
Shakespeare. The author of *Lingua, or the Combat of the Tongue*
and *the Five Senses for Superiority*, 1607, takes particular notice
of it :

“ I remember, about the year 1602, many used this skew
kind of language, which, in my opinion, is not much unlike the
man, whom Platony, the son of Lagos, king of Egypt, brought
for a spectacle, half white half black.” STEEVENS.

¹ *Ovidius Naso was the man* :] Our author makes his pedant
affect the being conversant with the best authors : contrary to the
practice of modern wits, who represent them as despisers of all
such. But those who know the world, know the pedant to be
the greatest affecter of politeness. WARBURTON.

² *so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse*
his

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hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But damosella virgin, was this directed to you ?

Jaq. Ay, fir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline,* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto :

Your Ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON.

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king ; and here he hath fram'd a letter to a frequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarry'd.—Trip and go, my sweet³ ; deliver this paper into the royal

his rider.] The pedant here, to run down imitation, shews that it is a quality within the capacity of beasts : that the dog and the ape are taught to copy tricks by their master and keeper ; and so is the tired horse by his rider. This last is a wonderful instance ; but it happens not to be true. The author must have wrote—*the tryed horse his rider* : i. e. one exercised and broke to the manege : for he obeys every sign, and motion of the rein, or of his rider. So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, the word is used in the sense of trained, exercised :

“ And how he cannot be a perfect man,

“ Not being try'd and tutor'd in the world.” WARBURTON.

The tired horse was the horse adorned with ribands,—The famous *Bank's horse* so often alluded to. Lilly, in his *Mother Bombie*, brings in a *Hackneyman* and Mr. *Halfpenny* at cross-purposes with this word : “ Why didst thou boare the horse through the eares ? ”

“ —It was for tiring.”

“ He would never tire,” replies the other.” FARMER, So, in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, Part ii. 1602 :

“ Slink to thy chamber then and tyre thee.”

Again, in *What you will*, by Marston, 1606 :

“ My love hath tyred some fidler like Albano.”

MALONE.

³ Trip and go, my sweet ;] So, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, by Nashe, 1600 :

“ Trip and go, heave and hoe,

“ Up and down, to and fro.—”

Perhaps originally the burthen of a song. MALONE,

hand

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hand of the king ; it may concern much : Stay not thy compliment ; I forgive thy duty ; adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life !

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.*]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously ; and, as a certain father saith——

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours *. But, to return to the verses ; Did they please you, Sir Nathaniel ?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine ; where if (being repast †) it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the aforesaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto* ; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither favouring of poetry, wit, nor invention : I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you-too : for society, (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, I do invite you too ; [*To Dull.*] you shall not say me, nay : *pauca verba*. Away ; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Biron with a Paper.

Biron. The king is hunting the deer ; I am courting myself : they have pitch'd a toil ; I am toiling in a

* *colourable colours.*] That is specious, or fair seeming appearances. JOHNSON.

† —(*being repast*)] it has been proposed to read, *before repast*. STEEVENS.

pitch ;

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pitch⁶; pitch, that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well prov'd, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: Well prov'd again on my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan!

[He stands aside.]

Enter the King.

King. Ay me!

Biron. [Aside.] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap:—I' faith secrets.—

King. [Reads.] *So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not*

*To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows⁷:*

⁶ I am toiling in a pitch;] Alluding to lady Rosaline's complexion, who is through the whole play represented as a black beauty. JOHNSON.

⁷ The night of dew, that on my cheeks down flows:] I cannot think the night of dew the true reading, but know not what to offer.

JOHNSON.

This phrase, however quaint, is the poet's own. He means, the dew that nightly flows down his cheeks. Shakespeare, in one of his other plays, uses *night of dew* for *dewy night*, but I cannot at present recollect, in which. STEEVENS.

Why not *dew of night*? MUSGRAVE.

Nor

Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
 Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
 As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
 Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:
 No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
 So ridest thou triumphing in my woe;
 Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
 And they thy glory through my grief will shew:
 But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
 My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
 O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!
 No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
 Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?
 [The king steps aside.]

Enter Longaville.

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. [Aside] Now, in thy likeness, one more
 fool, appear!

Long. Ay me! I am forsworn.

Biron. [Aside.] Why, he comes in like a perjure,
 wearing papers^a.

King. [Aside.] In love, I hope; Sweet fellowship
 in shame!

Biron. [Aside.] One drunkard loves another of the
 name.

Long. [Aside.] Am I the first, that have been per-
 jur'd so?

Biron. [Aside.] I could put thee in comfort; not by
 two, that I know:

^a ———— he comes in like a perjure, ————] The punishment
 of perjury is to wear on the breast a paper expressing the crime.

JOHNSON.

Thus Holinshed, p. 838, speaking of cardinal Wolsey, "—he
 so punished perjury with open punishment, and open papers wear-
 ing, that in his time it was lesse used." STEEVENS.

Thou

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Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to move :

O sweet Maria, empress of my love !

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. [*Afide.*] O, rhimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose :

Disfigure not his sloop ?

Long. This same shall go. — [*He reads the sonnet.*]

*Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye
(Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)*

Persuade my heart to this false perjury ?

Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment :

A woman I forswore ; but, I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee :

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love ;

Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is :

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Exhal'st this vapour vow ; in thee it is :

If broken then, it is no fault of mine ;

** Ob, rhimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose :
Disfigure not his shop.]*

All the editions happen to concur in this error : but what agreement in sense is there between Cupid's *hose* and his *sloop* ? or, what relation can those two terms have to one another ? or, what, indeed, can be understood by Cupid's *shop* ? It must undoubtedly be corrected, as I have reformed the text. *Slops* are large and wide-knee'd breeches, the garb in fashion in our author's days, as we may observe from old family pictures ; but they are now worn only by boors and sea-faring men : and we have dealers whose sole business it is to furnish the sailors with shirts, jackets, &c. who are called *sloop-men*, and their shops, *sloop-shops*. THEOBALD.

I suppose this alludes to the usual taudry dress of Cupid, when he appeared on the stage. In an old translation of *Cassius Galateo* is this precept : " Thou must wear no garments, that be over much daubed with gadding : that men may not say, thou hast *Ganimedes hosen*, or *Cupides doublet*." FARMER.

If

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*If by me broke, What fool is not so wise,
To lose an oath to win a paradise?*

Biron. [*Aside.*] This is the liver vein¹, which makes
flesh a deity;

A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the
way.

Enter Dumain.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company!
stay. [*Stepping aside.*

Biron. [*Aside.*] All hid, all hid², an old infant play:
Like a deity-god here sit I in the sky,

And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish;
Dumain transform'd, four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most prophane coxcomb! [*Aside.*

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, she is not corporal; ³ there you
lie. [*Aside.*
Dum.

¹ — the liver vein, —] The liver was anciently supposed to be the seat of love. JOHNSON.

² all hid, all hid,] The children's cry at *bide and seek*.

MUSGRAVE.

³ By earth, she is but corporal, there you lie.] Old edition:

By earth, she is not corporal, there you lie.

Dumain, one of the lovers; in spite of his vow to the contrary, thinking himself alone here, breaks out into short soliloquies of admiration on his mistress; and Biron, who stands behind as an eves-dropper, takes pleasure in contradicting his amorous raptures. But Dumain was a young lord: he had no sort of post in the army: what wit, or allusion, then, can there be in Biron's calling him corporal? I dare warrant, I have restored the poet's true meaning, which is this. Dumain calls his mistress divine, and the wonder of a mortal eye; and Biron in flat terms denies these hyperbolical praises. I scarce need hint, that our poet commonly uses *corporal* as *corporeal*. THEOBALD.

Theobald's emendation is plausible, but perhaps unnecessary. The passage may be thus explained. Dumain swears first, *by heaven*, that she is the wonder of a mortal eye. Biron seems in his

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Dum. Her amber hair for foul bath amber coted⁴.

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

[*Aside.*

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say;

Her shoulder is with child.

[*Aside.*

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

[*Aside.*

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine!

[*Aside.*

King. And I mine too, good Lord!

[*Aside.*

Biron. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?

[*Aside.*

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she⁵
Reigns in my blood, and will remembered be.

Biron. A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in sawcers; Sweet misprision!

[*Aside.*

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

[*Aside.*

reply to mean, *Swear next by earth*, that she is *not corporeal*; and when you have carried matters so far, I shall not scruple to tell you in yet plainer terms, *that you lie*. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *amber coted.*] To cote is to outstrip, to overpass. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ ———— certain players

“ We *coted* on the way.”

Again, in Chapman's *Homer*:

“ ———— Words her worth had prov'd with deeds,

“ Had more ground been allow'd the race, and *coted*
far his deeds.” STEEVENS.

⁵ ———— *but a fever she*

Reigns in my blood.] So, in *Hamlet*:

“ For, like the hectic, in my blood he rages.

STEEVENS.

Dumain

Dumain reads his sonnet.

On a day, (alack the day !)
 Love, whose month is ever May,
 Spy'd a blossom, passing fair,
 Playing in the wanton air :
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,
 All unseen, 'gan passage find ;
 That the lover, sick to death,
 Wist'd himself the heaven's breath.
 Air, (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow ;
 Air, would I might triumph so⁶ !
 But, alack, my hand is sworn⁷,
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :
 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet ;
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
 Do not call it sin in me,
 That I am forsworn for thee :
 Thou, for whom even Jove would swear⁸,
 Juno but an Ethiopie were ;
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love.—

This will I send ; and something else more plain,
 That shall express my true love's fasting pain⁹.

⁶ *Air, would I might triumph so !*] Perhaps we may better read :
 Ah ! would I might triumph so ! JOHNSON.

⁷ — *my hand is sworn,*] A copy of this sonnet is printed in
England's Helicon, 1614, and reads :

“ But, alas ! my hand hath sworn.”

It is likewise printed as Shakespeare's, in Jaggard's *Collection*, 1599.

STEEVENS.

⁸ — *even Jove would swear,*] The word *even* has been supplied ; and the two preceding lines are wanting in the copy published in *England's Helicon*, 1614. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *my true love's fasting pain.*] I should rather chuse to read
festering, rankling. WARBURTON.

There is no need of any alteration. *Fasting is longing, hungry, wanting.* JOHNSON.

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O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too ! ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note ;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society : [*coming forwards*
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'er heard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, sir, you blush ; as his, your case is
such ; [*coming forwards*
You chide at him, offending twice as much :
You do not love Maria ? Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile ?
Nor never lay'd his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart ?
I have been closely throwded in this bush,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhimes, observ'd your fashion ;
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion :
Ay me ! says one ; O Jove ! the other cries ;
Her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes :
You would for paradise break faith and troth ;

[*To Long.*
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

[*To Dumain.*
What will Biron say, when that he shall hear
A faith infringed, which such zeal did swear ?
How will he scorn ? how will he spend his wit ?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it ?
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me :

[*Coming forward.*

[*How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it ?*] We should certainly read, *geap*, i. e. jeer, ridicule. *WARBURTON.*

To leap is to *exult*, to skip for joy. It must stand. *JOHNSON.*

Good

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
 These worms for loving, that art most in love?
 Your eyes do make no coaches²; in your tears,
 There is no certain prince that appears?
 You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
 Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.
 But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
 All three of you, to be thus much o'er-shot?
 You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
 But I a beam do find in each of three.
 O, what a scene of foolery I have seen,
 Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
 To see a king transformed to a knot³!

To

² *Your eyes do make no coaches*;] Alluding to a passage in the king's sonnet:

"No drop but as a *coach* doth carry thee." STEEVENS.

³ *To see a king transformed to a knot*!] *Knot* has no sense that can suit this place. We may read *fat*. The rhimes in this play are such, as that *fat* and *fat* may be well enough admitted.

JOHNSON.

A *knot* is, I believe, a *true lover's knot*, meaning that the king
 ——— lay'd his wreathed arms athwart

His loving bosom so long,

i. e. remained so long in the lover's posture, that he seemed actually transformed into a *knot*. The word *fat* is in some counties pronounced *fat*. This may account for the seeming want of exact rhyme. In the old comedy of *Albuzar*, the same thought occurs:

"Why should I twine my arms to *sables*?"

So, in the *Tempest*:

"———fitting,

"His arms in this sad *knot*."

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen *knot*:"

"Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,

"And cannot passionate our ten-fold grief

"With folded arms.

Again, in the *Raging Turk*, 1631:

"———as he walk'd

"Folding his arms up in a pensive *knot*."

The old copy, however, reads—a *guat*, and Mr. Tollet seems to think it contains an allusion to St. Matthew, ch. xxiii. v. 24.

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To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
 And profound Solomon tuning a jig,
 And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
 And critic Timon laugh at idle toys !
 Where lyes thy grief ? O tell me, good Dumain !
 And, gentle Longaville, where lyes thy pain ?
 And where my liege's ? all about the breast ;—
 A caudle, ho !

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
 Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view ?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you :
 I, that am honest ; I, that hold it sin
 To break the vow I am engaged in ;
 I am betray'd, by keeping company
 With men like men's, of strange inconstancy.

When

where the metaphorical term of a *gnat* means a thing of least importance, or what is proverbially small. The smallness of a *gnat* is likewise mentioned in *Cymbeline*. STEEVENS.

A *knott* is likewise a Lincolnshire bird of the snipe kind. It is foolish even to a proverb, and is said to be easily ensnared. Ray, in his *Ornithology*, observes, that it took its name from Canute, who was particularly fond of it.

The *knott* is enumerated among other delicacies by sir Epicure Mammon in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist* :

" My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, &c.

" *Knotts*, godwits, &c."

Again, in R. Broome's *Northern Lass*, 1633 :

" Six brace of partridges and six pheasants in a dish : godwits, *knotts*, quails, &c." Again, in the 25th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* :

" The *knot* that called was Canutus' bird of old,

" Of that great king of Danes his name that still doth hold,

" His appetite to please that far and near was sought."

Again, in Ben Jonson's 101st Epigram : "*Knot*, rail, and ruff too—" COLLINS.

* —critic *Timon*—] ought evidently to be *cynic*. WARBURTON.

There is no need of change. *Critic* and *critical* are used by our author in the same sense as *cynic* and *cynical*. Iago, speaking of the fair sex as harshly as is sometimes the practice of Dr. Warburton, declares he is *nothing if not critical*. STEEVENS.

^s *With men-like men*—] This is a strange senseless line, and should be read thus :

" *With vane-like men, of strange inconstancy.* WARBURTON
 This

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When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme ?
Or groan for Joan ? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me⁶ ? When shall you hear, that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb ?—

King. Soft ; Whither away so fast ?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so ?

Biron. I post from love ; good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaqu. God blefs the king !

King. What present hast thou there ?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here ?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, fir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

Jaqu. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read ;
Our parson misdoubts it ; it was treason, he said.

King. Biron read it over. *[He reads the letter.*

Where hadst thou it ?

Jaqu. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it ?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

King. How now ! what is in you ? why dost thou
tear it ?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy ; your grace needs
not fear it.

This is well imagined, but perhaps the poet may mean, *with men like common men.* JOHNSON.
I believe the emendation is proper. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing* :

“ If speaking, why a vane blown with all winds.

STEEVENS.

⁶ *Is pruning me ?*] A bird is said to *prune* himself when he
picks and sleeks his feathers. So, in *K. Henry IV. Part I.*

“ Which makes him *prune* himself, and bristle up

“ The crest of youth”—— STEEVENS.

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Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

Biron. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, you were born to do me shame.— [*To Costard.*

Guilty my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess.

He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die:
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True true; we are four :—

Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, firs; away,

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay. [*Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.*

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace!

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven will shew his face;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines shew some love of thine?

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head; and, stricken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?

My

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
 She, an attending star³, scarce seen a light.
Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:
 O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
 Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
 Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
 Where several worthies make one dignity;
 Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.
 Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues—
 Fye, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not;
 To things of sale a feller's praise belongs;
 She passes praise; then praise too short doth
 blot.

A wither'd hermit, fivescore winters worn,
 Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
 Beauty doth varnish age, as if new born,
 And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
 O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine!
King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
 A wife of such wood were felicity.
 O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
 That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,
 If that she learn not of her eye to look?
 No face is fair, that is not full so black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
 The

³ *She (an attending star)* ———] Something like this is a stanza of sir Henry Wotton, of which the poetical reader will forgive the insertion:

—— Ye stars, the train of night,
 That poorly satisfy our eyes

More by your number than your light:

Ye common people of the skies,

What are ye when the sun shall rise? JOHNSON.

⁴ *Is ebony like her? O word divine!*] This is the reading of all the editions that I have seen: but both Dr. Thirlby and Mr. Warburton concurr'd in reading, (as I had likewise conjectured,)

—— O wood divine! THEOBALD.

—— Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons, and the frown of night;]

In

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The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Biron.

In former editions,

—— the school of night.

Black being the school of night, is a piece of mystery above my comprehension. I had guessed, it should be:

—— the stole of night:

but I have preferred the conjecture of my friend Mr. Warburton, who reads:

—— the scowl of night,

as it comes nearer in pronunciation to the corrupted reading, as well as agrees better with the other images. THEOBALD.

* *And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.* This is a contention between two lovers about the preference of a *black* or *white* beauty. But, in this reading, he who is contending for the *white*, takes for granted the thing in dispute; by saying, that *white* is the *crest of beauty*. His adversary had just as much reason to call *black* so. The question debated between them being which was the *crest of beauty*, black or white. Shakespeare could never write so absurdly: nor has the Oxford editor at all mended the matter by substituting *dress* for *crest*. We should read:

And beauty's crete becomes the heavens well.

i. e. beauty's white, from *creta*. In this reading the third line is a proper antithesis to the first. I suppose the blunder of the transcriber arose from hence. The French word *creste* is that pronunciation and orthography is *crete*, which he understanding, and knowing nothing of the other signification of *crete* from *creta*, critically altered it to the English way of spelling, *creste*.

WARBURTON.

This emendation cannot be received till its author can prove that *crete* is an English word. Besides, *crest* is here properly opposed to *badge*. *Black*, says the king, is the *badge of hell*, but that which graces the heaven is *the crest of beauty*. *Black* darkens hell, and is therefore hateful: *white* adorns heaven, and is therefore lovely. JOHNSON.

And beauty's *crest* becomes the heavens well, i. e. the very *top*, the *height* of beauty, or the utmost degree of fairness, becomes the heavens. So the word *crest* is explained by the poet himself in *King John*:

“—— this is the very *top*,

“The *height*, the *crest*, or *crest* unto the *crest*

“Of murder's arms.”

In heraldry, a *crest* is a device placed above a coat of arms. Shakespeare therefore assumes the liberty to use it in a sense equivalent to *top* or *utmost height*, as he has used *spire* in *Coriolanus*:

“— to

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Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.

O, if in black my lady's brow be deckt,
It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,
Should ravish doters with a false aspect ;

And therefore is she born to make black fair,
Her favour turns the fashion of the days ;

For native blood is counted painting now :
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,

Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers black.

Long. And, since her time, are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did ; for, sir, to tell you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love ; my foot and her face see.
[*Shewing his shoe.*]

“ — to the *spire* and top of praises vouch'd.”

So, “ the *cap* of all the fools alive” is the *top* of them all, because *cap* was the *uppermost* part of a man's dress.” See *All's Well that ends Well*. TOLLET.

Ben Jonson, in *Love's Triumph through Calipolis*, a Masque, says :

“ To you that are by excellence a queen,

“ The *top* of beauty, &c.”

Again, in the *Mirror of Knighthood*, Part I. ch. xiv :

“ — in the *top* and *pitch* of all beauty, so that they matches are not to bee had.” STEEVENS.

Biron.

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Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,

Her feet were too much dainty for such tread!

Dum. O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies

The street should see as she walk'd over head.

King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?

Biron. Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn,

King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there;—some flattery for this evil.

Long. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil!

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Biron. O, 'tis more than need!—

Have at you then, affection's men at arms⁴:

Consider, what you first did swear unto;—

To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman;—

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth,

Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;

And abstinence engenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,

In that each of you hath forsworn his book:

Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?

For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,

Have found the ground of study's excellence,

Without the beauty of a woman's face?

⁴ *Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil.*] *Quillet* is the peculiar word applied to law-chicane. I imagine the original to be this. In the French pleadings, every several allegation in the plaintiff's charge, and every distinct plea in the defendant's answer, began with the words *qu'il est*;—from whence was formed the word *quillet*, to signify a false charge or an evasive answer.

WARBURTON.

⁵ *affection's men at arms.*] *A man at arms*, is a soldier armed at all points both offensively and defensively. It is no more than, *le soldiers of affection*. JOHNSON.

' From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
 They are the ground, the book, the academes,
 From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
 Why, universal plodding prisons up
 The nimble spirits in the arteries;
 As motion, and long-during action, fires
 The finewy vigour of the traveller.
 Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
 You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;
 And study too, the causer of your vow:
 For where is any author in the world;
 Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
 Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
 And where we art, our learning likewise is.
 Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
 Do we not likewise see our learning there?
 O, we have made a vow to study, lords;
 And in that vow we have forsworn our books!
 For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
 In leaden contemplation, have found out

Such

⁶ *From women's eyes &c.*] This and the two following lines are omitted; I suppose, by mere oversight in Dr. Warburton's edition. JOHNSON.

⁶ *The nimble spirits in the arteries;*] In the old system of physic they gave the same office to the *arteries*, as is now given to the *nerves*; as appears from the name which is derived from *ἀρτηρία*.
 WARBURTON.

⁷ *Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?*] i. e. a lady's eyes give a fuller notion of beauty than any authour. JOHNSON.

⁸ *In leaden contemplation have found out*

Such fiery numbers —]

Alluding to the discoveries in modern astronomy, at that time greatly improving, in which the ladies' eyes are compared, as usual, to stars. He calls them *numbers*, alluding to the Pythagorean principles of astronomy, which were founded on the laws of harmony. The Oxford editor, who was at a loss for the content, changes *numbers* to *notions*, and so loses both the sense and the gallantry of the allusion. He has better luck in the following line, and has rightly changed *beauty's* to *beauteous*. WARBURTON.

Numbers are, in this passage, nothing more than *poetical measures*. *Could you*, says Biron, *by solitary contemplation, have attained such poetical fire, such spritely numbers, as have been prompted*
 by

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Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with;
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore fading barren practisers,
Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toil:
But, love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye,
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?

Subtle

by the eyes of beauty? The astronomer, by looking too much aloft, falls into a ditch. JOHNSON.

"———*the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:*"] i. e. a lover in pursuit of his mistress has his sense of hearing quicker than a thief (who suspects every sound he hears) in pursuit of his prey. But Mr. Theobald says, there is no contrast between a lover and a thief: and therefore alters it to *thrift*, between which and love, he says, there is a remarkable *antithesis*. What he means by *contrast* and *antithesis*, I confess, I don't understand. But 'tis no matter: the common reading is sense; and that is better than either one or the other. WARBURTON.

"*The suspicious head of theft is the head suspicious of theft.*" "He watches like one that fears robbing," says Speed, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. This transposition of the adjective is sometimes met with. Grimme tells us, in *Damon and Pythias*:

"A heavy pouch with golde makes a light hart."

FARMER.

"For valour, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?"]

The poet is here observing how all the senses are refined by love. But what has the poor sense of *smelling* done, not to keep its place among

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Subtle as sphinx; as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.

Never

among its brethren? Then Hercules's *valour* was not in *climbing the trees*, but in attacking the dragon *gardant*. I rather think, that for *valour* we should read *savour*, and the poet meant, that Hercules was allured by the *odour* and *fragrancy* of the golden apples. THEOBALD.

² *As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;*] This expression, like that other in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, of—

Orpheus' harp was strung with poets' sinews,
is extremely beautiful, and highly figurative. Apollo, as the sun, is represented with golden hair; so that a lute strung with his hair, means no more than strung with gilded wire.

WARBURTON.

—as sweet and musical

As bright Apollo's lute *strung with his hair*.

The author of the *Revisal* supposes this expression to be allegorical, p. 138. "Apollo's lute strung with sunbeams, which in poetry are called hair." But what idea is conveyed by Apollo's lute *strung with sunbeams*? Undoubtedly the words are to be taken in their literal sense: and, in the stile of Italian imagery, the thought is highly elegant. The very same sort of conception occurs in Lilly's *Midas*, a play which most probably preceded Shakespeare's. Act IV. sc. i. Pan tells Apollo: "Had thy lute been of lawrell, and the strings of *Daphne's baire*, thy tunes might have been compared to my notes, &c." WARTON.

The same thought occurs in *How to chuse a Good Wife from a Bad*, 1608:

"Hath he not torn those gold wires from thy head,

"Wherewith Apollo would have strung his harp,

"And kept them to play music to the gods."

Lilly's *Midas*, quoted by Mr. Warton, was published in 1599.

STEEVENS.

² *And when love speaks the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.*]

This nonsense we should read and point thus:

And when love speaks the voice of all the gods,

Mark, heaven drowsy with the harmony.

i. e. in the voice of love alone is included the voice of all the gods. Alluding to that ancient theogony, that Love was the parent and support of all the gods. Hence, as Suidas tells us, *Palæphatus* wrote a poem called, "Ἀφροδίτης καὶ Ἐρωτος φωνὴ καὶ λόγος." *The voice and speech of Venus and Love*, which appears to have been

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Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs ;
They

been a kind of cosmogony, the harmony of which is so great, that it calms and allays all kinds of disorders: alluding again to the antient use of music, which was to compose monarchs, when, by reason of the cares of empire, they used to pass whole nights in restless inquietude. **WARBURTON.**

The ancient reading is,

Make heaven ——— **JOHNSON.**

I cannot find any reason for this emendation, nor do I believe the poet to have been at all acquainted with that ancient theogony mentioned by the critic. The former reading, with the slight addition of a single letter, was, perhaps, the true one. *When LOVE speaks, (says Biron) the assembled gods reduce the element of the sky to a calm, by their harmonious applauses of this favoured orator.*

Mr. Collins observes, that the meaning of the passage may be this.—*That the voice of all the gods united, could inspire only drowsiness, when compared with the cheerful effects of the voice of Love.* That sense is sufficiently congruous to the rest of the speech; and much the same thought occurs in *The Shepherd Arfileus' Reply to Syrenus' Song*, by Bar. Yong; published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

“ Unless mild Love possess your amorous breasts,
“ If you sing not of him, your songs do weary.”

Dr. Warburton has raised the idea of his author, by imputing to him a knowledge, of which, I believe, he was not possessed; but should either of these explanations prove the true one, I shall offer no apology for having made him stoop from the critic's elevation. I would, however, read,

Makes heaven drowsy with its harmony.

Though the words *mark!* and *behold!* are alike used to bespeak or summon attention, yet the former of them appears so harsh in Dr. Warburton's emendation, that I read the line several times over before I perceived its meaning. To *speak* the voice of the gods appears to me as defective in the same way. Dr. Warburton, in a note on *All's Well that ends Well*, observes, that to *speak* a sound is a barbarism. To *speak* a voice is, I think, no less reprehensible.

STEEVENS.

Few passages have been more canvassed than this. I believe, it wants no alteration of the words, but only of the pointing:

And when love speaks (the voice of all) the gods

Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.

Love, I apprehend, is called the voice of all, as gold, in *Timon*, is said to speak with every tongue; and the gods (being drowsy themselves with the harmony) are supposed to make heaven drowsy. If one could possibly suspect Shakespeare of having read *Pindar*, one should

O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive * :
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That shew, contain, and nourish all the world ;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent :
Then fools you were, these women to forswear ;
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love ;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men † ;

Or

should say, that the idea of music making the hearers drowsy, was borrowed from the first Pythian. TYRWHITT.

Perhaps here is an accidental transposition. We may read, as, I think, some one has proposed before :

" The voice makes all the gods

" Of heaven drowsy with the harmony." FARMER.

That harmony had the power to make the hearers drowsy, the present commentator might infer from the effect it usually produces on himself. In *Cynthia's Revenge*, 1613, however, is an instance which should weigh more with the reader :

" Howl forth some ditty that vast hell may ring

" With charms all-potent, earth asleep to bring."

Again, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* :

" — music call, and strike more dead

" Than common sleep, of all these five the sense."

STEEVENS.

The voice may signify the assenting voice ; as in *Hamlet* :

" Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice."

By harmony I presume the poet means unison. MUSGRAVE.

* From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :] In this speech I suspect a more than common instance of the inaccuracy of the first publishers :

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive,

and several other lines, are as unnecessarily repeated. Dr. Warburton was aware of this, and omitted two verses, which Dr. Johnson has since inserted. Perhaps the players printed from piece-meal parts, or retained what the author had rejected, as well as what had undergone his revision. It is here given according to the regulation of the old copies. STEEVENS.

† — a word, that loves all men ;] We should read :

———— a word all women love.

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Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths:
It is religion, to be thus forsworn:
For charity itself fulfils the law;
And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;

Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by:
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too: therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them
thither;

Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,

The following line:

Or for men's sake (the author of these women;)
which refers to this reading, puts it out of all question.

WARBURTON.

Perhaps we might read thus, transposing the lines:

Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;

For women's sake, by whom we men are men;

Or for men's sake, the authors of these women.

The antithesis of *a word that all men love*, and *a word which loves all men*, though in itself worth little, has much of the spirit of this play. JOHNSON.

There will be no difficulty, if we correct it to "men's sakes, the authors of these words." FARMER.

I think no alteration should be admitted in these four lines, that destroys the artificial structure of them, in which, as has been observed by the author of the *Revisal*, the word which terminates every line, is prefixed to the word *sake* in that immediately following. TOLLET.

Such

Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. *Allons! allons!* — Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn⁶;

And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure⁷. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, and Dull.

Hol. *Satis quod sufficit*⁸.

Nath. I praise God for you, Sir: your reasons
at dinner have been sharp and sententious⁹; pleasant
with-

⁶ ———— *sown cockle reap'd no corn*;] This proverbial expression intimates, that beginning with perjury, they can expect to reap nothing but falsehood. The following lines lead us to this sense. WARBURTON.

⁷ *If so, our copper buys no better treasure.*] Here Mr. Theobald ends the third act. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Satis quod sufficit.*] i. e. Enough's as good as a feast.

STEEVENS.

⁹ *Your reasons at dinner have been, &c.*] I know not well what degree of respect Shakspeare intends to obtain for this vicar, but he has here put into his mouth a finished representation of colloquial excellence. It is very difficult to add any thing to this character of the schoolmaster's table-talk, and perhaps all the precepts of Castiglione will scarcely be found to comprehend a rule for conversation so justly delineated, so widely dilated, and so nicely limited.

It may be proper just to note, that *reason* here, and in many other places, signifies *discourse*; and that *audacious* is used in a
H h 2 good

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without scurrility, witty without affection², audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te: His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue-fled³, his eye ambitious, his gait majestic, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thraasonical. ³ He is

good sense for spirited, animated, confident. Opinion is the same with obstinacy or opiniatreté. JOHNSON.

So, again, in this play:

"Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously." STEEVENS.

² without affection,] i. e. without affectation. So, in *Hamlet*:—"No matter that might indite the author of affection." So, in *Twelfth Night*, Malvolio is call'd "an affection'd ass."

STEEVENS.

² —his tongue fled,] Chaucer, Skelton, and Spencer, are frequent in their use of this phrase. Ben Jonson has it likewise.

STEEVENS.

³ He is too piqued,] To have the beard piqued or shorn so as to end in a point, was, in our authour's time, a mark of a traveller affecting foreign fashions: so says the Bastard in *K. John*:

"——— I catechise

"My piqued man of countries." JOHNSON.

See a note on *King John*, act I. and another on *King Lear*, where the reader will find the epithet piqued differently interpreted.

Piqued may allude to the length of the shoes then worn. Bulwer, in his *Artificial Changeling* says:—"We wear out forked shoes almost as long again as our feet, not a little to the hindrance of the action of the foot, and not only so, but they prove an impediment to reverentiall devotions, for our bootes and shooes are so long snouted, that we can hardly kneele in God's house." STEEVENS.

I believe *picked* (for so it should be written) signifies *nicely dress* in general, without reference to any particular fashion of dress. It is a metaphor taken from birds, who dress themselves by *picking out* or *pruning*, their broken or superfluous feathers. So Chaucer uses the word, in his description of Damian dressing himself, *Cant. Tales*, ver. 9885: "He kembeth him, he *proineth* him and *piketh*." And Shakespeare, in this very play, uses the corresponding word *pruning* for *dressing*, act IV. sc. iii:

"——— or spend a minute's time

"In pruning me———"

The

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is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were ; too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[Draws out his table-book.

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such phanatical phantasms, such insociable and point-de-vise⁴ companions ; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, dout, fine, when he should say, doubt ; det, when he should pronounce, debt ; d, e, b, t ; not, d, e, t : he clepeth a calf, cauf ; half, hauf ; neighbour, *vocatur*, nebour ; neigh, abbreviated, ne : This is abominable⁵, (which he would call abominable)⁶ it insinuateth me of insanie ; *Ne intelligis, domine ?* to make frantick, lunatick ?

Nath. *Laus deo, bone ; intelligo.*

Hol.

The substantive *pickedness* is used by B. Jonson for *nicety in dress*. Discoveries, vol. vii. p. 116 : “ —too much *pickedness* is not manly.” TYRWHITT.

⁴ —point-de-vise—] A French expression for the utmost, or finical exactness. So, in *Twelfth Night*, Malvolio says :

“ I will be point-de-vise, the very man.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *This is abominable, &c.*] He has here well imitated the language of the most redoubtable pedants of that time. On such sort of occasions, Joseph Scaliger used to break out, “ *Abominor, execror. Afnitas mera est, impietas, &c.*” and calls his adversary, “ *Lutum stercore maceratum, demoniacum recrimentum inscitie, sterquilinum, stercus diaboli, scarabæum, larvam, pecus postremum bestiarum, infame propudium, nadaqua.*” WARBURTON.

Shakespeare knew nothing of this language ; and the resemblance which Dr. Warburton finds, if it deserves that title, is quite accidental. It is far more probable, that he means to ridicule the foppish manner of speaking, and affected pronunciation, introduced at court by Lilly and his imitators.

—abominable,] So the word is constantly spelt in the old moralities and other antiquated books :

“ And then I will bryng in

“ Abominable lving.” *Lusty Juventus*, 1561.

STEEVENS.

⁶ *it insinuateth me of insanie ;*] In former editions, *it insinuateth me of infamy* : *Ne intelligis, domine ? to make frantick, lunatick ?*

Nath. *Laus Deo, bene intelligo.*

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Hol. Bone?—bone, for benè: Priscian a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

Hol. Bome, boon for boon Priscian; a little scratch, 'twill serve.

This play is certainly none of the best in itself, but the editors have been so very happy in making it worse by their indolence, that they have left me Augeas's stable to cleanse: and a man had need to have the strength of a Hercules to heave out all their rubbish. But to business: Why should *infamy* be explained by making *frantick, lunatick*? It is plain and obvious that the poet intended the pedant should coin an uncouth affected word here, *insanie*, from *insania* of the Latins. Then, what a piece of unintelligible jargon have these learned critics given us for Latin? I think, I may venture to affirm, I have restored the passage to its true purity.

Nath. *Laus Deo*, bone, intelligo.

The curate, addressing with complaisance his brother pedant, says, *bone*, to him, as we frequently in *Terence* find *bone vir*; but the pedant, thinking he had mistaken the adverb, thus descants on it.

Bone?—bone for bene. Priscian a little scratched: 'twill serve. Alluding to the common phrase, *Diminuis Prisciani caput*, applied to such as speak false Latin. THEOBALD.

It insinuateth me of infamy. There is no need to make the pedant worse than Shakespeare made him; who, without doubt, wrote *insanity*. WARBURTON.

There seems yet something wanting to the integrity of this passage, which Mr. Theobald has in the most corrupt and difficult places very happily restored. For *ne intelligis domine? to make frantick, lunatick*, I read (*nonne intelligis, domine?*) *to be mad, frantick, lunatick*. JOHNSON.

Insanie appears to have been a word anciently used. In a book entitled, *The Fall and evil Successe of Rebellion from Time to Time*, &c. written in old English verse by Wilfride Holme, imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman; without date, (though, from the concluding stanza, it appears to have been produced in the 8th year of the reign of Henry VIII.) I find the word used:

“In the days of sixth Henry, Jack Cade made a brag,

“With a multitude of people; but in the consequence,

“After a little *insanie*, they fled tag and rag,

“For Alexander Iden he did his diligence.” STREUVENS.

I should rather read, “it insinuateth *men* of *insanie*.” FARMER.

Enter

Enter Armado, Moth, and Costard.

Nath. Videsne quis venit?

Hol. Video, & gaudeo.

Arm. Chirra!

Hol. Quare Chirra, not firrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military fir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stoln the scraps. [*To Costard aside.*]

*Cost. O, they have liv'd long on the alms-basket^s of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as, *honorificabilitudinitatibus*⁹: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon¹.*

Moth. Peace; the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book: What is a, b, spelt backward with a horn on his head?

*Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.*

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn:—You hear his learning.

Hol. Quis, quis, thou consonant?

⁸ — *the alms-basket of words!*] i. e. the refuse of words. The refuse meat of great families was formerly sent to the prisons. So, in the *Inner Temple Masque*, 1619, by J. Middleton: “his perpetual lodging in the King's Bench, and his ordinary out of the basket.” Again, in *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in It*, 1612: “He must feed on beggary's basket.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*:] This word, whencesoever it comes, is often mentioned as the longest word known. JOHNSON.

It occurs likewise in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1604:

“His discourse is like the long word *honorificabilitudinitatibus*; a great deal of sound and no sense.” I meet with it likewise in Nash's *Leicester Stuff*, &c. 1599. STEEVENS.

¹ — *a flap-dragon*.] A *flap-dragon* is a small inflammable substance, which topers swallow in a glass of wine. See a note on *K. Henry IV.* part II. act II. sc. ult. STEEVENS.

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Moth, The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them ; or the fifth, if I².

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

Moth, The sheep ; the other two concludes it ;
o, u.

Arm, Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit³ ; snip, snap, quick and home ; it rejoiceth my intellect ; true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man ; which is wit, old.

Hol. What is the figure ? what is the figure ?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant : go, whip thy
gigg.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy⁴ *circum circa* ; A gigg of a cuckold's horn !

Cos. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy ginger-bread ; hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased, that thou

² *Moth*. *The third of the five vowels, &c.*] In former editions : *The last of the five vowels, if you repeat them ; or the fifth, if I ;*

Hol. *I will repeat them, a, e, I——*

Moth. *The sheep :—the other two concludes it out.*

Is not the *last* and the *fifth* the same vowel ? Though my correction restores but a poor conundrum, yet if it restores the poet's meaning, it is the duty of an editor to trace him in his lowest conceits. By O, U, *Moth* would mean—Oh, you—i. e. You are the sheep still, either way ; no matter which of us repeats them,

THEOBALD.

³ — *a quick venew of wit :*] A *venew* is the technical term for a *bout* at the fencing-school. So, in the *Four Prentices of London*, 1632 :

“——— in the fencing-school

“ To play a *venew*.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *I will whip about your infamy* *unum cita* ;] Here again all the editions give us jargon instead of Latin. But *Moth* would certainly mean, *circum circa* : i. e. about and about : though it may be designed he should mistake the terms. THEOBALD.

wert but my bastard ! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me ? Go to ; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. Oh, I smell false Latin ; dunghill for *unguem*,

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula* ; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house⁵ on the top of the mountain ?

Hol. Or, *mons* the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day ; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon : the word is well cull'd, chose ; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman ; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend ;—For what is inward between us, let it pass :—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy ;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head :—and among other importunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too ;—but let that pass :—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder ; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement⁶, with my mustachio ; but sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable ; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world : but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would

⁵ — the charge-house.] I suppose, is the *free-school*.

STEEVENS.

⁶ *dally with my excrement,*] The authour has before called the beard *valour's excrement* in the *Merchant of Venice*. JOHNSON:

have

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have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate, and your sweet self, are good at such eruptions, and sudden breakings out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be render'd by our assistance,—at the king's command ; and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess ; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them ?

Hol. Joshua, yourself ; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus ; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the great ; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir, error : he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb : he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience ? he shall present Hercules in minority : his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake ; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device ! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry ; *well done, Hercules ! now thou crushest the snake !* that is the way to make an offence gracious ; though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the worthies ?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman !

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing ?

Hol. We attend.

Arm.

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Arm. We will have, if this fadge not⁷, an antick.
I beseech you, follow.

*Hol. Via*⁸, goodman Dull ! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, fir.

Hol. Allons! we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so : or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Before the Princess's Pavillion.

Enter Princess and Ladies.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in :

A lady wall'd about with diamonds !—

Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this ? yea, as much love in rhyme,

As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all ;
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his god-head wax⁹ ;
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath.

⁷ *if this fadge not,*] i. e. suit not. Several instances of the use of this word are given in *Twelfth Night*. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Via!*] An Italian exclamation, signifying, *Courage! come on!* STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— *to make his god-head wax;*] To *wax* anciently signified to grow. It is yet said of the moon, that she *waxes* and *wanes*.

So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song I.

“ I view those wanton brooks that *waxing* still do wane.”
Again, in Lyly's *Love's Metamorphoses*, 1601 :

“ Men's

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Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends, with him ; he kill'd your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy ;
And so she died : had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she dy'd :
And so may you ; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word ?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff ;
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

Kath. So do not you ; for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you ; and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not,—O, that's, you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason ; for, Past cure is still past care¹.

Prin. Well bandied both ; a set of wit well play'd.
But Rosaline, you have a favour too :
Who sent it ? and what is it ?

Ros. I would, you knew :

An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great ; be witness this.

“ Men's follies will ever wax, and then what reason can make them wise ? ”

Again, in the *Polyolbion*, Song V.

“ The stem shall strongly wax, as still the trunk doth wither.”

STEEVENS.

¹ taking it in snuff ;] *Snuff* is here used equivocally for *anger*, and the *snuff* of a candle. See more instances of this conceit in *K. Henry IV.* Part I, act I. sc. iii. STEEVENS.

² ——— for *past* care is still *past* cure.] The transposition which I have made in the two words, *care* and *cure*, is by the direction of the ingenious Dr. Thirlby. THEOBALD.

Nay,

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron :
The numbers true ; and, were the numb'ring too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground :
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter !

Prin. Any thing like ?

Ros. Much, in the letters ; nothing, in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink ; a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. 'Ware pencils ! How ? let me not die your debtor,

My red dominical, my golden letter :

O, that your face were not so full of O's !

Kath. Pox of that jest ! and I bespew all throws⁵.

Prin. But what was sent to you from fair Dumain ?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain ?

³ 'Ware pencils ! ————— } The former editions read :

Were pencils —————

Sir T. Hämmer here rightly restored :

' Ware pencils —————

Rosaline, a black beauty, reproaches the fair Katharine for painting. JOHNSON.

The folio reads :

Ware pencils — STEEVENS.

⁴ ————— so full of O's.] i. e. pimples. Shakespeare talks of "fleshy O's and eyes of light," in another play. STEEVENS.

⁵ Pox of that jest ! and I bespew all throws.] In former copies this line is given to the Princess ; but as she has behaved with great decency all along, there is no reason why she should start all at once into this coarse dialect. Rosaline and Katharine are rallying one another without reserve ; and to Katharine this first line certainly belonged, and therefore I have ventured once more to put her in possession of it. THEOBALD.

"Pox of that jest !" Mr. Theobald is scandalized at this language from a princess. But there needs no alarm — the *small pox* only is alluded to ; with which, it seems, Katharine was pitted ; or, as it is quaintly expressed, "her face was full of O's." Davison has a cazonet on his lady's sickness of the *pox* : and Dr. Donne writes to his sister : "at my return from Kent, I found Pegge had the *pox* — I humbly thank God, it hath not much disfigured her." FARMER.

Kath.

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Kath. Yes, madam ; and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover :
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longa-
ville ;

The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less ; Dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short ?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools, to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I'll torture ere I go.

O, that I knew he were but in by the week !
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek ;
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhimes ;
And shape his service all to my behests ;
And make him proud to make me proud that jests !
So portent-like would I o'erfway his state ?
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin.

* ——— in by the week !] This I suppose to be an expression
taken from hiring servants or artificers ; meaning, I wish I was as
sure of his service for any time limited, as if I had hired him.

The expression was a common one. So, in *Vittoria Corom-
bona*, 1612 :

“ What, are you in by the week ? So ; I will try now whether
thy wit be close prisoner.” Again, in the *Wit of a Woman*, 1604 :

“ Since I am in by the week, let me look to the year.”

STEEVENS.

† So portent-like, &c.] In former copies :

So pertaunt-like, would I o'er-fway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

In old farces, to shew the inevitable approaches of death and de-
stiny, the *Fool* of the farce is made to employ all his stratagems to
avoid Death or Fate ; which very stratagems, as they are ordered,
bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very jaws of Fate. To
this Shakespeare alludes again in *Measure for Measure* :

“ ——— merely thou art Death's Fool ; ...

“ For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
“ And yet run'st towards him still ——— ”

It

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Prin. * None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,

As wit turn'd fool : folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school ;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess.

As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote ;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter ! Where's her grace ?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet ?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare !—

Arm, wenches, arm !—encounters mounted are
Against your peace : Love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments ; you'll be surpris'd :
Muster your wits ; stand in your own defence ;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Dennis to St. Cupid ?! What are they,
That charge their breath against us ? say, scout, say.

It is plain from all this, that the nonsense of *portant-like*, should be read, *portent-like*, i. e. I would be his fate or destiny, and, like a *portent*, hang over, and influence his fortunes. For *portents* were not only thought to *forebode*, but to *influence*. So the Latins called a person destined to bring mischief, *fatale portentum*.

WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald reads :

So pedant-like——— JOHNSON.

* *None are so*, &c.] These are observations worthy of a man who has surveyed human nature with the closest attention.

JOHNSON.

° *Saint Dennis, to saint Cupid!*——The princess of France invokes, with too much levity, the patron of her country, to oppose his power to that of Cupid. JOHNSON.

Boyet.

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Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
 I thought to close my eyes some half an hour :
 When, lo ! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
 Toward that shade I might behold address'd
 The king and his companions : warily
 I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
 And overheard what you shall overhear ;
 That, by and-by, disguis'd they will be here.
 Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
 That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy :
 Action, and accent, did they teach him there ;
Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear :
 And ever and anon they made a doubt,
 Presence majestical would put him out ;
*For, quoth the king, an angel shalt thou see ;
 Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously :*
 The boy reply'd, *An angel is not evil ;
 I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.*
 With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder ;
 Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
 One rubb'd his elbow, thus ; and fleer'd, and swore,
 A better speech was never spoke before :
 Another, with his finger and his thumb,
 Cry'd, *Via ! we will do't, come what will come :*
 The third he caper'd, and cry'd, *All goes well :*
 The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
 With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
 With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
 That in this spleen ridiculous appears¹,
 To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.
Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us ?
Boyet. They do, they do ; and are apparel'd thus,
 Like Muscovites, or Russians : as I guess²,

¹ —spleen ridiculous—] is, a ridiculous fit. JOHNSON:

² *Like Muscovites, or Russians, as I guess.*] The settling commerce in Russia was, at that time, a matter that much ingrossed the concern and conversation of the publick. There had been several embassies employed thither on that occasion ; and several
 tracts

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Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance :
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress ; which they'll know
By favours several, which they did bestow.

Prim. And will they so ? the gallants shall be
task'd :—

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd ;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despight of suit, to see a lady's face.—
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear ;
And then the king will court thee for his dear :
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine ;
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—
And change your favours too ; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on then ; wear the favours most in
fight.

Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent ?

Prim. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs :
They do it but in mocking merriment ;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook ; and so be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't ?

Prim. No ; to the death, we will not move a foot :
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace ;
But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's
heart,

And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prim. Therefore I do it ; and, I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.

tracts of the manners and state of that nation written: so that a
mask of Muscovites was as good an entertainment to the audience
of that time, as a coronation has been since. WARBURTON.

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There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[Sound.

Boyet. The trumpet sounds; be mask'd, the maskers
come. [The ladies mask.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, disguised like Muscovites; Moth with musick, &c.

Moth. *All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!*

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata³.

Moth. *A holy parcel of the fairest dames,*

[The ladies turn their backs to him.

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views.

Biron. *Their eyes, villain, their eyes.*

Moth. *That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!*

Out—

Boyet. True; out, indeed.

Moth. *Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouch
safe*

Not to behold—

Biron. *Once to behold, rogue.*

Moth. *Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,
With your sun-beamed eyes—*

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me
out.

³ *Beauties, no richer than rich taffata.*] i. e. the taffata masks they wore to conceal themselves. All the editors concur to give this line to Biron; but, surely, very absurdly: for he's one of the zealous admirers, and hardly would make such an inference. Boyet is sneering at the parade of their address, is in the secret of the ladies' stratagem, and makes himself sport at the absurdity of their poem, in complimenting their beauty, when they were mask'd. It therefore comes from him with the utmost propriety.

THEOBALD.

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Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue.

Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princess?

Biron. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure with her on this grass.

Boyet. They say, that they have measur'd many a mile,

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so: Ask them, how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. If, to come hither you have measur'd miles,
And many miles; the princess bids you tell,
How many inches do fill up one mile.

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you;
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without account.
Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!

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Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these ⁴ thy stars, to
shine

(Those clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.

Ros. O vain petitioner ! beg a greater matter ;
Thou now request'st but moon-shine in the water.

King. Then in our measure do but vouchsafe one
change :

Thou bid'st me beg ; this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, musick, then : Nay, you must do it
soon.

Not yet ;—no dance :—thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance ? How come you thus
estrang'd ?

Ros. You took the moon at full ; but now she's
chang'd.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The musick plays ; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by
chance,

We'll not be nice : take hands ;—we will not dance.

King. Why take you hands then ?

Ros. Only to part friends :—

Court'sy, sweet hearts ; and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure ; be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize yourselves then ; What buys your
company ?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought : And so adieu ;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you !

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

⁴ *Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars,———*] When
queen Elizabeth asked an ambassador how he liked her ladies, *It*
is hard, said he, *to judge of stars in the presence of the sun.*

JOHNSON.

Ros.

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Ros. In private then.

King. I am best pleas'd with that.

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar ; there is three.

Biron. Nay then, two treys, (an if you grow so nice,)

Metheglin, wort, and malmsey ;—Well run, dice !
There's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu !

Since you can cog^s, I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.

Prin. Gall ? bitter.

Biron. Therefore meet.

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word ?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you so ? Fair lord,—

Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

Kath. What, was your vizor made without a tongue ?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kath. O, for your reason ! quickly, Sir ; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,

And would afford my speechless vizor half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman ;—Is not veal a calf ?

Long. A calf, fair lady ?

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

^s Since you can cog,——] To cog, signifies to falsify the dice, and to falsify a narrative, or to lye. JOHNSON.

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Kath. No, I'll not be your half ;
Take all, and wean it ; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp
mocks !

Will you give horns, chaste lady ? do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as
keen

As is the razor's edge invifible,
Cutting a fmall hair than may be feen ;
Above the fenfe of fenfe : fo fenfible
Seemeth their conference ; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, fwifter
things.

Rof. Not one word more, my maids ; break off,
break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure fcoff !

King. Farewel, mad wenches ; you have fimple
wits. [*Exeunt king, and lords,*

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Mufcovites.—
Are thefe the breed of wits fo wondred at ?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your fweet breaths
puff'd out.

Rof. Well-liking wits⁶ they have ; grofs, grofs ;
fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout !

Will they not, think you, hang themfelves to night ?

Or ever, but in vizors, fhew their faces ?

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Rof. O ! they were all in lamentable cafes !

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did fwear himfelf out of all fuit.

Mar. Dumain was at my fervice, and his fword ;

⁶ *Well-liking wits*] *Well-liking* is the fame as *embonpoint*. So,
in *Job* ch. xxxix. v. 4. " — Their young ones are in good-
liking." STEEVENS.

No, *point*, quoth I; my servant strait was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you, what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good fairh.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Raf. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps⁷.

But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

⁷ — *better wits have worn plain statute-caps.*] This line is not universally understood, because every reader does not know that a statute cap is part of the academical habit. Lady Rosaline declares that her expectation was disappointed by these courtly students, and that *better wits* might be found in the common places of education. JOHNSON.

Rof. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.] Woollen caps were enjoined by act of parliament, in the year 1571, the 13th of queen Elizabeth. "Besides the bills passed into acts this parliament, there was one which I judge not amiss to be taken notice of—it concerned the queen's care for employment for her poor sort of subjects. It was for continuance of making and wearing woollen caps, in behalf of the trade of cappers; providing, that all above the age of six years, (except the nobility and some others) should on *sabbath days* and *holy days*, wear caps of wool, knit, thicked, and drest in England, upon penalty of ten groats." GRAY.

This act may account for the distinguishing mark of Mother Red-cap. I have observed that mention is made of this sign by some of our ancient pamphleteers and playwrights, as far back as the date of the act referred to by Dr. Gray. *If that your cap be wool*—became a proverbial saying. So, in *Hans Beer-pot*, a comedy, 1618:

"You shall not flinch; *if that your cap be wool*,

"You shall along." STEEVENS.

I think my own interpretation of this passage is right.

JOHNSON.

Probably the meaning is—*better wits may be found among the citizens*, who are not in general remarkable for fallies of imagination. In Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1605, Mrs. Mulligrub says,—“though my husband be a citizen, and his cap's made of wool, yet I have wit.” Again, in the *Family of Love*, 1608: “'Tis a law enacted by the common-council of *statute-caps*.”

STEEVENS.

Boyet.

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Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear ;
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes ; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return ?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows ;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows :
Therefore, change favours ; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How, blow ? how blow ? speak to be understood,

Boyet. * Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud ;
Dis-

* *Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud ;
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shewn,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.]*

This strange nonsense, made worse by the jumbling together and transposing the lines, I directed Mr. Theobald to read thus :

*Fair ladies masked are roses in their bud :
Or angels veil'd in clouds : are roses blown,
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shewn.*

But he, willing to shew how well he could improve a thought, would print it :

Or angel-veiling clouds——

i. e. clouds which veil angels : and by this means gave us, as the old proverb says, *a cloud for a Juno*. It was Shakespeare's purpose to compare a fine lady to an angel ; it was Mr. Theobald's chance to compare her to a cloud : and perhaps the ill-bred reader will say a lucky one. However, I supposed the poet could never be so nonsensical as to compare a *masked lady* to a cloud, though he might compare her *mask* to one. The Oxford editor, who had the advantage both of this emendation and criticism, is a great deal more subtle and refined, and says it should not be

——— angels veil'd in clouds,

but

——— angels vailing clouds,

i. e. *capping* the sun as they go by him, just as a man veils his bonnet. *WARBURTON.*

I know not why sir T. Hanmer's explanation should be treated with so much contempt, or why *vailing clouds* should be *capping the sun*. *Ladies unmask'd*, says Boyet, are like *angels vailing clouds*, or letting those clouds which obscured their brightness, sink from before them. What is there in this absurd or contemptible ? *JOHNSON.*

Holinshed's *History of Scotland*, p. 91. says : " The Britains began to *avale* the hills where they had lodged," i. e. they began

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Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shewn,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity ! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo ?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd :
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear ?
And wonder, what they were ; and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw ; the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er the land.
[*Exeunt ladies*].

*Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain in their
own habits.*

King. Fair Sir, God save you ! Where's the princess ?

Boyet. Gone to her tent : Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her ?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

to descend the hills, or come down from them to meet their enemies. If Shakespeare uses the word *vailing* in this sense, the meaning is—Angels descending from clouds which concealed their beauties ; but Dr. Johnson's exposition may be better.

TOLLET.

To *avale* comes from the Fr. *aval* [Terme de batelier] Down, downward, down the stream. So, in the French *Roman de la Rose*, 1415 :

“ Leue aloit *aval* enfaissant

“ Son melodieux et plaisant.”

Again, in Laneham's *Narrative of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth-Castle*, 1575 : “ —as on a sea-shore when the water is *avail'd*.” STEEVENS.

“ —shapeless gear ;] *Shapeless*, for uncouth, or what Shakespeare elsewhere calls *diffused*. WARBURTON.

[*Exeunt Ladies*.] Mr. Theobald ends the fourth act here:

JOHNSON.

Biron,

Boyet. I will ; and so will she, I know, my lord,
[Exit.

Biron. This fellow picks up wit, as pigeons peas²;
And utters it again, when Jove doth please :
He is wit's pedlar ; and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassels³, meetings, markets, fairs ;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show,
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve ;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve :
He can carve too, and lisp : Why, this is he,
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy ;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms ; nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly⁴ ; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can : the ladies call him, sweet ;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet :
This is the flower that smiles on every one⁵,
To shew his teeth as white as whale his bone :—
And

² ——— as pigeons peas ;] This expression is proverbial :

“ Children pick up words as pigeons peas,

“ And utter them again as God shall please.”

See Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

³ — wassels,] *Wassels* were meetings of rustic mirth and intemperance. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ ——— Antony,

“ Leave thy lascivious wassels” ——— STEEVENS.

⁴ A mean most meanly ; &c.] The *mean*, in music, is the tenor. So, Bacon : “ The treble cutteth the air so sharp, as it returneth too swift to make the sound equal ; and therefore a *mean* or *tenor* is the sweetest.”

Again, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622 :

“ Thus sing we descant on one plain-song, kill ;

“ Four parts in one, the *mean* excluded quite.”

Again, in Drayton's *Barons' Wars*. Cant. iii.

“ The base and treble married to the *mean*.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *This is the flower, that smiles on every one,*] The broken disjointed metaphor is a fault in writing. But in order to pass a true judgment on this fault, it is still to be observed, that when a metaphor is grown so common as to desert, as it were, the figurative,

And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King.

rative, and to be received into the common style, then what may be affirmed of the thing represented, or the *substance*, may be affirmed of the thing representing, or the *image*. To illustrate this by the instance before us, a very complaisant, finical, over-gracious person, was so commonly called the *flower*, or, as he elsewhere expresses it, the *pink of courtesy*, that in common talk, or in the lowest style, this metaphor might be used without keeping up the image, but any thing affirmed of it as an *agnomen*: hence it might be said, without offence, to *smile*, to *flatter*, &c. And the reason is this; in the more solemn, less-used metaphors, our mind is so turned upon the image which the metaphor conveys, that it expects this image should be, for some little time, continued by terms proper to keep it in view. And if, for want of these terms, the image be no sooner presented than dismissed, the mind suffers a kind of violence by being drawn off abruptly and unexpectedly from its contemplation. Hence it is, that the broken, disjointed, and mixed metaphor so much shocks us. But when it is once become worn and hacknied by common use, then even the very first mention of it is not apt to excite in us the representative image; but brings immediately before us the idea of the thing represented. And then to endeavour to keep up and continue the borrowed ideas, by right adapted terms, would have as ill an effect on the other hand: because the mind is already gone off from the image to the substance. Grammarians would do well to consider what has been here said, when they set upon amending Greek and Roman writings. For the much-used hacknied metaphors being now very imperfectly known, great care is required not to act in this case temerarily. WARBURTON.

This is the flower that smiles on every one,

To shew his teeth as white as whale his bone.]

As white as whale's bone is a proverbial comparison in the old poets.

In the *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. i. st. 15:

“ Whose face did seem as clear as crystal stone,

“ And eke, through feare, *as white as whales bone.*”

And in Turberville's *Poems*, printed in the year 1570, is an ode intitled, “ *In Praise of Lady P.*”

“ Her mouth so small, her teeth so white,

“ *As any whale his bone*;

“ Her lips without so lively red,

“ That passe the corall stone.”

And in *L. Surrey*, fol. 14. edit. 1567:

“ I might perceive a wolf, *as white as whales bone*,

“ A fairer beast of fresher hue, beheld I never none.”

Again,

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King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, and attendants.

Biron. See, where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou⁶,
'Till this mad man shew'd thee? and what art thou now?

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!
Prin.

Again, in the old romance of *Syr Degore*:

"The kyng had no chyldren but one,
"A daughter, as white as whales bone,"

Skelton joins the *whales bone* with the brightest precious stones, in describing the position of Pallas:

"A hundred steppes mounting to the halle,
"One of jasper, another of whales bone;
"Of diamantes, pointed by the rokky walle."

Crowne of Lawrell, p. 24. edit. 1736. WARTON.

It should be remember'd that some of our ancient writers supposed *ivory* to be part of the *bones of a whale*. The same simile occurs in the old black letter romance of *Syr Eglamour of Artoys*, no date:

"The erle had no chylde but one,
"A mayden as white as whales bone."

Again, "That a fayre sonne had Chrystabell,
"As whyte as whales bone."

Again, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Isebras*, bl. l. no date:
"His wyfe as white as whales bone."

Again, in the *Squyr of Low Degree*, bl. l. no date:
"Lady as white as whales bone."

Again, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599:

"—his herrings which were as white as whales bone, &c."

We should, however, read *whales bone*, the Saxon genitive case, and not *whale his bone* as it is here printed. So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Swifter than the moones sphere." STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— Behaviour, what wert thou,

'Till this man shew'd thee? and what art thou now?

These are two wonderfully fine lines, intimating that what courts call *manners*, and value themselves so much upon teaching, as a thing no where else to be learnt, is a modest silent accomplishment under the direction of nature and common sense, which does its office in promoting social life without being taken notice of. But that

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Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then with me better, I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you ; and purpose now
To lead you to our court : vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me ; and so hold your
vow :

Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you pro-
voke ;

The virtue of your eye must break my oath⁷.

Prin. You nick-name virtue ; vice you should
have spoke ;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unfully'd lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest :

So much I hate a breaking cause to be

Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord ; it is not so, I swear ;

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game ;

A mecs of Ruffians left us but of late.

that when it degenerates into shew and parade, it becomes an un-
manly contemptible quality. WARBURTON.

What is told in this note is undoubtedly true, but is not com-
prised in the quotation. JOHNSON.

⁷ *The virtue of your eye must break my oath.*] Common sense
requires us to read :

———made break my oath.

i. e. made me. And then the reply is pertinent. — It was the
force of your beauty that made me break my oath, therefore you
ought not to upbraid me with a crime which you yourself was the
cause of. WARBURTON.

I believe the author means that the *virtue*, in which word
goodness and *power* are both comprised, *must dissolve* the obliga-
tion of the oath. The princess, in her answer, takes the most
invidious part of the ambiguity. JOHNSON.

King.

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King. How, madam? Russians?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;

Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true:—It is not so, my lord;
My lady, (to the manner of these days)
In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.

I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me.—Fair, gentle, sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet^s,
With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: Your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich; for in my
eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the vizors was it, that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what vizor? why demand
you this?

Ros. There, then, that vizor; that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

King. We are descry'd; they'll mock us now down
right.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your high-
ness sad?

* ————[when we greet &c.] This is a very lofty and elegant
compliment. JOHNSON.

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Ros. Help, hold his brows ! he'll swoon ! Why look
you pale ?—

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out ?—

Here stand I, lady ; dart thy skill at me ;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout ;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance ;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit ;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O ! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue ;

Nor never come in vizor to my friend ;

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song :

Taffata phrases, filken terms precise,

Three-pil'd hyperboles⁹, spruce affectation,

Figures pedantical ; these summer-flies

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation :

I do forswear them : and I here protest,

By this white glove, (how white the hand, God
knows !)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd

In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes :

And to begin, wench,—so God help me, la !—

My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans SANS, I pray you¹.

Biron. Yet I have a trick

Of the old rage :—bear with me, I am sick ;

I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see ;—

⁹ Three-pil'd hyperboles,] A metaphor from the pile of velvet.
So, in the *Winter's Tale*, Autolycus says :

“ I have worn three-pile.” STEEVENS.

¹ Sans, sans, I pray you.] It is scarce worth remarking, that the conceit here is obscured by the punctuation. It should be written *Sans SANS*, i. e. *without SANS* ; without French words : an affectation of which Biron had been guilty in the last line of his speech, though just before he had forsworn all affectation in phrases, terms, &c. TYRWHITT.

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Write², *Lord have mercy on us*, on those three ;
 They are infected, in their hearts it lies ;
 They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes :
 These lords are visited ; you are not free,
 For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens to
 us.

Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo
 us.

Ros. It is not so ; For how can this be true³,
 That you stand forfeit, being those that sue ?

Biron. Peace ; for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude trans-
 gression

Some fair excuse.

² *Write, &c.*] This was the inscription put upon the door of the
 houses infected with the plague, to which Biron compares the love
 of himself and his companions ; and pursuing the metaphor finds
 the tokens likewise on the ladies. The tokens of the plague are the
 first spots or discolorations, by which the infection is known to
 be received. JOHNSON.

So, in *Histrionastix*, 1610 :

" It is as dangerous to read his name on a play-door, as a
 printed bill on a plague door."

Again, in the *Whore of Babylon*, 1607 :

" Have tokens stamp'd on them to make them known,

" More dreadful than the bills that preach the plague."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

" On our side, like the token'd pestilence."

Again, in *Two wise Men and all the rest Fools*, 1619 :

" A will and a tolling bell are as present death as God's tokens."

STEEVENS.

So, in *Sir Tho. Overbury's Characters*, 1632 :

" *Lord have mercy on us* may well stand over their doors, for
 debt is a most dangerous city pestilence." MALONE.

³ ————— how can this be true,

That you should forfeit, being those that sue ?]

That is, how can those be liable to forfeiture that begin the pro-
 cess. The jest lies in the ambiguity of *sue*, which signifies to pro-
 secute by law, or to offer a petition. JOHNSON.

Prin.

Prin. The fairest is confession.

"Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd ?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd ?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear ?

King. That more than all the world I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear ;

Your oath broke once, you force not to forswear *.

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will ; and therefore keep it :—Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear ?

Ros. Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-sight ; and did value me
Above this world : adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him ! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam ? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heaven, you did ; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this : but take it, fir, again.

King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give ;
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, fir, this jewel did she wear ;
And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear :—

What ; will you have me, or your pearl again ?

Biron. Neither of either ; I remit both twain.—

* ——— you force not to forswear.] *You force not* is the same with *you make no difficulty*. This is a very just observation. The crime which has been once committed, is committed again with less reluctance. JOHNSON.

So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, b. x. ch. 59 :

"—he forced not to hide how he did err." STEEVENS.

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I see the trick on't ;—Here was a consent ⁵,
 (Knowing aforehand of our merriment)
 To dash it like a Christmas comedy :
 Some carry-tale, some please-man, some flight zany ⁶,
 Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some
 Dick,—

That smiles his cheek in years ⁷ ; and knows the trick
 To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,—
 Told our intents before : which once disclos'd,
 The ladies did change favours ; and then we,
 Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
 Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
 We are again forsworn ; in will, and error ⁸.
 Much upon this it is :—And might not you [*To Boyet.*

⁵ —a consent,] i.e. a conspiracy. So, in *K. Henry VI.* Part I :

“ ———the stars

“ That have consented to king Henry's death.” STEEVENS.

⁶ —zany,]. A zany is a buffoon, a merry Andrew, a gross mimic: So, in *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602 :

“ Laughs them to scorn, as man doth busy apes,

“ When they will zany men.” STEEVENS.

⁷ —smiles his cheek in years ;—— Mr. Theobald says, he cannot for his heart, comprehend the sense of this phrase. It was not his heart but his head that stood in his way. *In years*, signifies, into wrinkles. So, in *The Merchant of Venice* :

“ With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.”

See the note on that line.—— But the Oxford editor was in the same case, and so alters it to *steers*. WARBURTON.

Webster, in his *Dutchesse of Malfy*, makes Castruchio declare of his lady : “ She cannot endure merry company, for she says much laughing fills her too full of the wrinkle.” FARMER.

Again, in *Lingua, or the Combat of the Tongue*, &c. 1607 :

“ That light and quick, with wrinkled laughter painted.”

Again, in *Twelfth Night* : “ —he doth smile his cheek into more lines than is in the new map, &c.”

⁸ ——— in will, and error.

Much upon this it is :—— And might not you].

I believe this passage should be read thus :

—— in will and error.

Boyet. Much upon this it is.

Biron. And might not you, &c. JOHNSON.

In will and error. i.e. first in will, and afterwards in error.

MUSGRAVE.

Forc.

Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?
 Do not you know my lady's foot⁹ by the squier,
 And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
 And stand between her back, fir, and the fire,
 Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
 You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd¹;
 Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
 You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,
 Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily

Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have done.

Enter Costard.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, fir, they would know,

Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no;

Biron. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, fir; but it is very fine,

For every one pursents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.

Cost. Not so, fir; under correction, fir; I hope, it
 is not so:

You cannot beg us², fir, I can assure you, fir; we know
 what we know:

I hope, fir, three times thrice, fir,—

Biron. Is not nine.

⁹ —by the squier,] *Esquierre*, French, a rule, or square.

The sense is nearly the same as that of the proverbial expression in our own language, *he hath got the length of her foot*; i. e. he hath humoured her so long that he can persuade her to what he pleases.

REVISAL.

¹ —Go, you are allow'd;] i. e. you may say what you will; you are a licensed fool, a common jester. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"There is no slander in an allow'd fool." *WARBURTON.*

² You cannot beg us, —] That is, we are not fools; our next relations cannot beg the wardship of our persons and fortunes. One of the legal tests of a *natural* is to try whether he can number.

JOHNSON.

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Cost. Under correction, fir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord, fir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, fir.

Biron. How much is it ?

Cost. O Lord, fir, the parties themselves, the actors, fir, will shew whereuntil it doth amount : for my own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man in one poor man ; Pompion the great, fir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies ?

Cost. It pleased them, to think me worthy of Pompion the great : for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy ; but I am to stand for him :

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, fir ; we will take some care.

King. Biron, they will shame us, let them not approach. [Exit Costard.]

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord : and 'tis some policy

To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now ; That sport best pleases, that doth least know how :
Where

¹ *I know not the degree of the worthy, &c.]* This is a stroke of satire which, to this hour, has lost nothing of its force. Few performers are solicitous about the history of the character they are to represent. STEEVENS.

* *That sport best pleases, which doth least know how :
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents,
There form, &c.*

The third line may be read better thus :

——— *the contents*

Die in the zeal of him which them presents.

This sentiment of the Princess is very natural, but less generous than

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents,
There form confounded makes most form in mirth;
When great things labouring perish in their birth.
Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter Armado ⁵.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy
royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[*Converses apart with the King.*]

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch:
for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding fantasti-
cal; too, too vain; too, too vain: But we will
put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you
the peace of mind, most royal couplement!

King. Here is like to be a good presence of wor-
thies: He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pom-
pey the great; the parish curate, Alexander; Arma-
do's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Macchabæus.
And if these four worthies⁶ in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other
five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

than that of the Amazonian Queen, who says, on a like occasion,
in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,

"Nor duty in his service perishing." JOHNSON.

⁵ *Enter Armado.*] The old copies read—*Enter Braggart.*

STEEVENS.

⁶ *And if these four worthies &c.*] These two lines might have
been designed as a ridicule on the conclusion of *Selimus*, a tra-
gedy, 1594:

"If this first part, gentles, do like you well,

"The second part shall greater murders tell."

STEEVENS.

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Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest,
the fool, and the boy :—

A bare throw at novum⁷; and the whole world again,
Cannot prick⁸ out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail,⁹ and here she comes
amain,

[Pageant of the Nine Worthies⁹,

Enter

⁷ *A bare throw at novum*,—] This passage I do not understand. I fancy that *novum* should be *novem*, and that some allusion is intended between the play of *nine-pins* and the play of the *nine* worthies, but it lies too deep for my investigation. JOHNSON.

Novum (or *novem*) appears from the following passage in Green's *Art of Legerdemain*, 1611, to have been some game at dice: "The principal use of them (the dice) is at *novum*, &c." Again, in *The Bell-man of London*, by Decker, 5th edit. 1640: "The principal use of langrets is at *novum*; for so long as a payre of bard cater treas be walking, so long can you cast neither 5 nor 9—for without cater treay, 5 or 9, you can never come." Again, in *A Woman never Vex'd*:—"What ware deal you in? cards, dice, bowls, or pigeon-holes; sort them yourselves, either passage, *novum*, or mum-chance." STEEVENS.

Novem—"a bare throw at *novem*." The former editions read *novum*. Dr. Johnson retains the old reading, but with great ingenuity conjectures, "*novum* should be *novem*, and the same allusion is intended between the play of *nine-pins* and the play of the *nine* worthies." There is no necessity for this emendation; *novum* was an old game at dice, as appears from a passage in Green's *Tu quoque*:

"*Scat.* —By the hilts of my sword, I have lost forty crowns, in as small time almost as a man might tell it.

"*Spend.* Change your game for dice, we are a full number for *novum*." See Dodf. *Old Plays*, vol. iii. p. 31. HAWKINS.

⁸ *Cannot prick out*, &c.] Dr. Gray proposes to read, *pick out*. So, in *K. Hen. IV.* Part I: "Could the world *pick* thee out three such enemies again?" The old reading, however, may be right. To *prick out*, is a phrase still in use among gardeners. To *prick* may likewise have reference to *vein*. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Pageant of the Nine Worthies*.] In MS. Harl. 2057, p. 31, is "The order of a shewe intended to be made Aug. 1. 1621."

"First, 2 woodmen &c.

"St. George fighting with the dragon.

"The 9 worthies in compleat armor with crownes of gould on their heads, every one having his esquires to beare before him
his

Enter Costard for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am,——

Boyet. You lye, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am,——

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee'.

Biron. Well said, old mocker ; I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big,——

Dum. The great.

Cost. It is great, fir ;—Pompey surnam'd the great ;
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat :

And, travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance ;
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.
If your ladyship would say, Thanks, Pompey, I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth ; but, I hope, I was perfect : I made a little fault in, great.

his shield and penon of armes, dressed according as these lords were accustomed to be : 3 Assaralits, 3 Infidels, 3 Christians.

“ After them, a Fame, to declare the rare virtues and noble deeds of the 9 worthy women.”

Such a pageant as this, we may suppose it was the design of Shakespeare to ridicule. STEEVENS.

‘ With libbard's head on knee.] This alludes to the old heroic habits, which on the knees and shoulders had usually, by way of ornament, the resemblance of a leopard's or lion's head.

WARBURTON.

The libbard, as some of the old English glossaries inform us, is the male of the panther.

This ornament is mentioned in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606 :

“ —posset cuppes carv'd with libbard's faces, and lyon's heads with spouts in their mouths, to let out the posset-ale most artificially.”

Again, in the metrical chronicle of *Robert de Brunne* :

“ Upon his shoulders a shelde of stele,

“ With the 4 libbardes painted wele.” STEEVENS.

See *Masquine* in Cotgrave's *Dictionary* : “ The representation of a lyon's head, &c. upon the elbow, or knee of some old fashioned garments.” TOLLET.

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Biron. My hat to a half-penny, Pompey proves the best worthy.

Enter Nathaniel for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander ;

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might :
My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alifander.

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not ; for it stands too right *.

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd : Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander :—

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right ; you were so, Alifander.

Biron. Pompey the great,——

Cost. Your servant, and Costard :

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alifander.

Cost. O, sir, you have overthrown Alifander the conqueror ! [*To Nath.*] You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this : your lion, that holds his poll-ax ² fitting on a close-stool, will be given to A-jax ³ ;
he

* —it stands too right.] It should be remembered, to relish this joke, that the head of Alexander was obliquely placed on his shoulders. STEEVENS.

²—lion, that holds his poll-ax, sitting on a close-stool,] Alluding to the arms given to the nine worthies in the old history. HANMER.

This alludes to the arms given in the old history of the *Nine Worthies*, to "Alexander, the which did beare geules, a lion or, sejante in a chayer, holding a battell-ax argent." Leigh's *Accidence of Armory*, 1597. p. 23. TOLLET.

³ A-jax ;] There is a conceit of *Ajax* and a *jakes*. JOHNSON.
This conceit, paltry as it is, was used by Ben Jonson, and Camden the antiquary. Ben, among his *Epigrams*, has these two lines :

" And I could wish, for their eternis'd sakes,

" My muse had plough'd with his that sung A-jax."

So,

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he will then be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and
 afeard to speak ! run away for shame, Alifander. [*Exit*
Nath.] There, an't shall please you ! a foolish mild
 man ; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd !
 He is a marvellous good neighbour, insooth ; and a
 very good bowler : but, for Alifander, alas, you see,
 how'tis ;—a little o'er-parted :—But there are worthies
 a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Biron. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter Holofernes for Judas, and Moth for Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,

Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canus ;

And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,

Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus :

Quoniam, he seemeth in minority ;

Ergo, I come with this apology.—

[*To Moth.*] Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.

Hol. Judas I am,—

[*Exit Moth.*

Dum. A Judas !

Hol. Not Iscariot, fir.—

Judas I am, ycleped Macchabæus.

Dum. Judas Macchabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor :—How art thou prov'd
 Judas ?

Hol. Judas I am,—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, fir ?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, fir ; you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd ; Judas was hang'd on an elder.

So, Camden, in his *Remains*, having mentioned the French word
pet, says, ' Enquire, if you understand it not, of Cloacina's chap-
 lains, or such as are well read in *A-jax*."

Again, in *The Masque*, &c. a collection of epigrams and satires :
 no date :

" To thee, brave John, my book I dedicate,

" That wilt, from *A-jax* with thy force defend it."

STEEVENS.

Hol.

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Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern head ⁴.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pummel of Cæsar's faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask ⁵.

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer:

And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have opt-fac'd them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is, an afs, let him go.

And io adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the afs to the Jude; give it him:—Jud-as, away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for monsieur Judas; it grows dark, he may stumble.

Prim. Alas, poor Macchabæus, how he hath been baited!

⁴ *A cittern head.*] So, in *The Fancies*, 1638:

“—a cittern-headed gew-gaw.” Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631: “Fiddling on a cittern with a man's broken head at it.” Again, in Ford's *Lower's Melancholy*, 1629: “I hope the chronicles will rear me one day for a head-piece—”

“Of woodcock without brains in it; barbers shall wear thee on their citterns, &c. STEEVENS.

⁵ —*on a flask.*] i. e. a soldier's powder-horn. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“—————like powder in a skilless soldier's flask,

“Is set on fire.”

Again, in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607:

“Keep a light match in cock; wear flask and touch-box.”

STEEVENS.

Enter

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Enter Armado, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan⁶ in respect of this,

Boyet. But is this Hector?

Dum. I think, Hector was not so clean timber'd,

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indu'd in the small.

Biron. This can't be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. *The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,*
Gave Hector a gift,—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves⁷.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace! *The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,*

Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;

A man so breath'd, that, certain, he would fight, yea⁸,

From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower,—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

⁶ *Hector was but a Trojan—*] A Trojan, I believe, was in the time of Shakespeare, a cant term for a thief. So, in *K. Henry IV. Part I*: "Tut there are other Trojans that thou dream'st not of, &c." Again, in this scene, "—unless you play the honest Trojan, &c." STEEVENS.

⁷ *Stuck with cloves.*] An orange stuck with cloves appears to have been a common new-year's gift. So, Ben Jonson, in his *Christmas Masque*:—"he has an orange and rosemary, but not a clove to stick in it." A gilt nutmeg is mentioned in the same piece, and on the same occasion. STEEVENS.

⁸ *—he would fight, yea,*] Thus all the old copies. Theobald very plausibly reads—he would fight ye; a common vulgarism.

STEEVENS.

Arm.

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Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein; for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breath'd, he was a man—But I will forward with my device; [*To the Princess*] sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. *This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—*

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What mean'st thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whip'd, for Jaquenetta that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is mov'd:—More Ates, more Ates? stir them on, stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

? —more Ates;] That is, more instigation. Ate was the mischievous goddess that incited bloodshed. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. John*:

“An Atè, stirring him to war and strife.” STEEVENS.

Arm.

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Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man; I'll slash; I'll do't by the sword:—I pray you, let me borrow my arms 'again.

Dum. Room for the incensed worthies:

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower: Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none,

¹ ———my arms——] The weapons and armour which he wore in the character of Pompey. JOHNSON.

² *it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen, &c.*] This may possibly allude to a story well known in our author's time, to this effect. A Spaniard at Rome falling in a duel, as he lay expiring, an intimate friend, by chance, came by, and offered him his best services. The dying man told him he had but one request to make him, but conjured him, by the memory of their past friendship, punctually to comply with it, which was not to suffer him to be stript, but to bury him as he lay, in the habit he then had on. When this was promised, the Spaniard closed his eyes, and expired with great composure and resignation. But his friend's curiosity prevailing over his good faith, he had him stript, and found, to his great surprise, that he was without a shirt.

WARBURTON.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen, &c.] This is a plain reference to the following story in Stow's *Annals*, p. 98. (in the time of Edward the Confessor.) "Next after this (king Edward's first cure of the king's evil) mine authors affirm, that a certain man, named Visunius Spileorne, the son of Ulmore of Nutgarshall, who, when he hewed timber in the

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none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that
'a wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter

the wood of Bruteullena, laying him down to sleep after his sore labour, the blood and humours of his head so congealed about his eyes, that he was thereof blind, for the space of nineteen years; but then (as he had been moved in his sleep) he *went wooward* and bare-footed to many churches, in every of them to pray to God for help in his blindness." Dr. GRAY.

The same custom is alluded to in an old collection of *Satyres, Epigrams, &c.*

"And when his shirt's a washing, then he must

"Go *wooward* for the time; he scorns it, he,

"That worth two shirts his laundress should him see."

Again, in a *Mery Geste of Robyn Hooode*, bl. l. no date:

"Barefoot, *wooward* have I light,

"Thether for to go."

Again, in *Powell's Hist. of Wales*, 1584: "The Angles and Saxons slew 1000 priests and monks of Bangor, with a great number of lay-brethren, &c. who were come bare-footed and *wooward* to crave mercy, &c. STEEVENS.

In Lodge's *Incaruate Devils*, 1596, we have the character of a *swasbuckler*: "His common course is to go always untruss; except when his *shirt is a washing*, and then he goes *wooward*."

FARMER.

Woorward] I have no shirt: "I go *wooward* for penance." The learned Dr. Gray, whose accurate knowledge of our old historians has often thrown much light on Shakespeare, supposes that this passage is a plain reference to a story in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 98. But where is the connection or resemblance between this monkish tale and the passage before us? There is nothing in the story, as here related by Stowe, that would even put us in mind of this dialogue between Boyet and Armado, except the singular expression *go wooward*; which, at the same time is not explained by the annotator, nor illustrated by his quotation. To go *wooward*, I believe, was a phrase appropriated to pilgrims and penitentiaries. In this sense it seems to be used in *Pierce Plowman's Visions*, Pass. xviii. fol. 96. b. edit. 1550:

"*Wolward* and wethod went I forth after

"An a reechless reuke, that of no wo retcheth,

"An yedeforth like a lorell, &c."

Skinner derives *wooward* from the Saxon *wol*, *plague*, secondarily any great distress, and *weard*, *toward*. Thus, says he, it signifies, "*in magno discrimine & expectatione magni mali constitutus*." I rather think it should be written *wooward*, and that it means *cloathed in wool*, and not in linen. This appears, not only from

Shake-

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Enter Mercade.

Mer. God save you, madam !

Prin. Welcome, Mercade ;

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam ; for the news I bring,
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mer. Even so : my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away ; the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath : I
have seen the days of wrong through the little hole
of discretion³, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*

King. How fares your majesty ?

Prin. Boyet, prepare ; I will away to-night.

Shakespeare's context, but more particularly from an historian who relates the legend before cited, and whose words Stowe has evidently translated. This is Ailred abbot of Rievaulx, who says, that our blind man was admonished, "*Ecclesias numero octoginta nudis pedibus et absque linteis circumire.*" *Dic. Scriptor.* 392. 50. The same story is told by William of Malmesbury, *Gest. Reg. Angl.* lib. ii. p. 91. edit. 1601. And in *Caxton's Legenda Aurea*, fol. 307. edit. 1493. By the way it appears, that Stowe's Vifunius Spileorne, son of Ulmore of Nutgarthall, ought to be Wulwin, surnamed de Spillicote, son of Wulmar de Lutegarhalle, now Ludgerhall : and the wood of Brutheullena is the forest of Bruelle, now called Brill, in Buckinghamshire. WATSON.

³ *I have seen the days of wrong through the little hole of discretion,*] This has no meaning. We should read, *the day of right*, i. e. I have seen that a day will come when I shall have justice done me, and therefore I prudently reserve myself for that time.

WARBURTON.

I believe it rather means, *I have hitherto looked on the indignities I have received, with the eyes of discretion*, (i. e. not been too forward to resent them) *and will insist on such satisfaction as will not disgrace my character, which is that of a soldier.* To have decided the quarrel in the manner proposed by his antagonist, would have been at once a derogation from the honour of a soldier, and the pride of a Spaniard.

"One may see day at a little hole," is a proverb in Ray's Collection : "Day light will peep through a little hole," in Kelly's.

STEEVENS.

King.

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King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,
The ⁴ liberal opposition of our spirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath⁵, your gentleness
Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue⁶;
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose⁷, decides

That

⁴ —liberal—] *Liberal*, in our author, frequently signifies, as in this instance, *free to excess*. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

“ —like a most *liberal* villain,

“ Confess'd,” &c.

Again, in *Othello*:

“ I'll be in speaking *liberal* as the North.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *In the converse of breath*, —] Perhaps *converse* may, in this line, mean *interchange*. JOHNSON.

⁶ *An heavy heart bears not an humble tongue*:] Thus all the editions; but, surely, without either sense or truth. None are more *humble* in speech, than they who labour under any oppression. The princess is desiring her grief may apologize for her not expressing her obligations at large; and my correction is conformable to that sentiment. Besides, there is an antithesis between *heavy* and *nimble*; but between *heavy* and *humble*, there is none.

THEOBALD.

The following passage in *K. John* inclines me to dispute the propriety of Theobald's emendation:

“ —grief is proud, and makes his owner *stout*.”

By *humble*, the princess seems to mean *obsequiously thankful*.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *And often, at his very loose, decides, &c.*] *At his very loose*, may mean, *at the moment of his parting*, i. e. of his getting loose, or away from us.

So in some ancient poem of which I forgot to preserve either the date or title:

“ Envy

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 513

That which long process could not arbitrate :
 And though the mourning brow of progeny
 Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
 The holy suit which fain it would convince ;
 Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
 Let not the cloud of sorrow juggle it
 From what it purpos'd ; since, to wail friends lost,
 Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
 As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not, my griefs are double.

Biron. ' Honest plain words best pierce the ear of
 grief ;—

And by these badges understand the king.
 For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
 Play'd foul play with our oaths ; your beauty, ladies,
 Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
 Even to the opposed end of our intents :
 And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,
 As love is full of unbecom'g strains ;
 All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain ;

“ Envy discharging all her pois'nous darts,

“ The valiant mind is temper'd with that fire,

“ At her fierce loose that weakly never parts,

“ But in despite doth force her to retire. STEEVENS.

— *which fain it would convince ;*] We must read :

— *which fain would it convince ;*

that is, the entreaties of love which would fain over-power grief.
 So Lady Macbeth declares, “ *That she will convince the chamberlains
 with wine.*” JOHNSON.

“ *Honest plain words &c.*] As it seems not very proper for Bi-
 ron to court the princess for the king in the king's presence at
 this critical moment, I believe the speech is given to a wrong
 person. I read thus :

Prin. I understand you not, my griefs are double :

Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief.

King. And by these badges, &c. JOHNSON.

Too many authors sacrifice propriety to the consequence of their
 principal character, into whose mouth they are willing to put
 more than justly belongs to him, or at least the best things they
 have to say. The original actor of Biron, however, like Bottom
 in the *Missummer Night's Dream*, might have taken this speech
 out of the mouth of an inferior performer. STEEVENS.

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Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance :
Which party-coated presence of loose love,
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make : Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours : we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both, fair ladies, you ;
And even that falshood, in itself a fin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love ;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love ;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast and as lining to the time :
But more devout than this, in our respects ,

Have

¹ *Suggested us* —] That is, *tempted us*. JOHNSON.

² *As bombast and as lining to the time :*] This line is obscure. *Bombast* was a kind of loose texture not unlike what is now called *wadding*, used to give the dresses of that time bulk and protuberance, without much increase of weight ; whence the same name is given to a tumour of words unsupported by solid sentiment. The princess, therefore, says, that they considered this courtship as but *bombast*, as something to fill out life, which not being closely united with it, might be thrown away at pleasure. JOHNSON.

Prince Henry calls Falstaff, " — my sweet creature of *bombast*."

STEEVENS.

³ *But more devout than these are our respects*

Have we not been ; ———]

This nonsense should be read thus :

But more devout than this, (save our respects)

Have we not been ; ———

i. e. save the respect we owe to your majesty's quality, your courtship we have laugh'd at, and made a jest of. WARBURTON.

We have receiv'd your letters full of love ;

Your favours the ambassadors of love ;

And

Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, shew'd much more than
jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so ⁴.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in :
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and, therefore, this,—

*And in our maiden council rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast and as lining to the time;
But more devout than these are our respects
Have we not been, and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.*

The sixth verse being evidently corrupted, Dr. Warburton proposes to read :

*But more devout than this, (save our respects)
Have we not been ; ———*

Dr. Johnson prefers the conjecture of sir Thomas Hanmer :

But more devout than this, in our respects.

I would read, with less violence, I think, to the text, though with the alteration of two words :

*But more devout than these are your respects
Have we not seen, ——— TYRWHITT.*

I read with sir T. Hanmer :

But more devout than this, in our respects, JOHNSON.

The difficulty I believe arises only from Shakespeare's remarkable position of his words, which may be thus construed. —
But we have not been more devout, or made a more serious matter of your letters and favours than these our respects, or considerations and reckonings of them, are, and as we have just before said, we rated them in our maiden council at courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy. TOLLET.

⁴ *We did not coat them so.]* We should read, quote, esteem, reckon, though our old writers spelling by the ear, probably wrote cote, as it was pronounced. JOHNSON.

We did not quote 'em so, is, *we did not regard them as such.* So, in *Hamlet* :

“ I'm sorry that with better heed and judgment

“ I had not quoted him. See, act II. sc. i.” STEEVENS.

516 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

If for my love (as there is no such cause)
 You will do aught, this shall you do for me :
 Your oath I will not trust : but go with speed
 To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
 Remote from all the pleasures of the world ;
 There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
 Have brought about their annual reckoning :
 If this austere insociable life
 Change not your offer made in heat of blood ;
 If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
 Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
 But that it bear this trial, and last love ;
 Then, at the expiration of the year,
 Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,
 And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
 I will be thine : and, till that instant, shut
 My woeful self up in a mourning house ;
 Raining the tears of lamentation,
 For the remembrance of my father's death.
 If this thou do deny, let our hands part ;
 Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
 To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
 The sudden hand of death close up mine eye !

Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. ' And what to me, my love ? and what to me ?

Ros.

⁵ *To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,*] Dr. Warburton would read *fetter*, but *flatter* or *sooth* is, in my opinion, more apposite to the king's purpose than *fetter*. Perhaps we may read :

To flatter on these hours of time with rest ;

That is, I would not deny to live in the hermitage, to make the year of delay pass in quiet. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Biron.* And what to me, my love ? and what to me ?

Ros. You must be purged too : your sins are rank :

You are attaint with fault and perjury :

Therefore if you my favour mean to get,

A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,

But seek the weary beds of people sick.]

These

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 517

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank;
You are attaint with fault and perjury:
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelve-month shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Kath. A wife!—a beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord;—a twelve-month and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelve-month's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Biton. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biton,
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;

These six verses both Dr. Thirlby and Mr. Warburton concur to think should be expunged; and therefore I have put them between crutchets: not that they were an interpolation, but as the authors first draught, which he afterwards rejected; and executed the same thought a little lower with much more spirit and elegance. Shakespeare is not to answer for the present absurd repetition, but his actor-editors; who, thinking Rosaline's speech too long in the second plan, had abridged it to the lines above quoted; but, in publishing the play, stupidly printed both the original speech of Shakespeare, and their own abridgment of it.

THEOBALD.

7 ~~the same~~ ^{are} ~~not~~ ^{is} The folio and 4to 1631, read ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~rank~~ ^{rank} 2.

STEVENS.

518 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Full of comparisons, and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain;
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won)
You shall this twelve-month term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit¹,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choak a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own² dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelve-month? well, befall what will befall,
I'll jest a twelve-month in an hospital³.

Prim.

¹ —fierce endeavour.—] *Fierce* is *vehement*, *rapid*. So, in *K. John*:

“ ———fierce extremes of sickness.” STEEVENS.

² —dear groans,] *Dear* should here, as in many other places, be *dere*, sad, odious. JOHNSON.

I believe *dear* in this place, as in many others, means only *immediate*, *consequential*. So, already in this scene:

———full of *dear* guiltiness. STEEVENS.

³ The characters of *Biron* and *Rosaline*, suffer much by comparison with those of *Benedick* and *Beatrice*. We know that *Love's Labour's Lost* was the elder performance; and as our author grew more

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 519

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord ; and so I take my leave.

[*To the King.*]

King. No, madam ; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play ;

Jack hath not Jill : these ladies' courtesy

Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, fir, it wants a twelve-month and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector ?

Dum. That worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave : I
am a votary ; I have vow'd to Jaquenetta to hold the
plough for her sweet love three year. But, most
esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that
the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the
owl and the cuckow ? it should have follow'd in the
end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Holla ! approach.—

Enter all, for the song,

This side is Hiems ; winter.

This Ver, the spring ; the one maintain'd by the owl,

The other by the cuckow.

Ver, begin.

more experienced in dramatic writing, he might have seen how
much he could improve on his own originals. To this circum-
stance, perhaps, we are indebted for the more perfect comedy of
Much Ado about Nothing. STEEVENS.

S O N G.

S P R I N G.

*When daisies pied, and violets blue²,
 And lady-smocks all silver-white,
 And cuckow-buds³ of yellow hue,
 Do paint the meadows with delight⁴,
 The cuckow then, on every tree,
 Mocks marry'd men, for thus sings he,
 Cuckow;*

*Cuckow, cuckow,—O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear!*

*When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are plowmen's clocks,
 When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
 The cuckow then, on every tree,
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
 Cuckow;*

*Cuckow, cuckow,—O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a marry'd ear!*

WIN-

² *When, &c.*] The first lines of this song that were transposed, have been replaced by Mr. Theobald. JOHNSON.

³ *Cuckow-buds*] Gerard in his *Herbal*, 1597, says, that the *flor cuculi*, *cardamine*, &c. are called "in English *cuckoo-flowers*, in Norfolk *Canterbury-bells*, and at *Namptwich* in Cheshire *lady-smocks*." Shakespeare, however, might not have been sufficiently skilled in botany to be aware of this particular.

Mr. Tollet has observed that Lyte in his *Herbal*, 1578 and 1579, remarks, that *cowslips* are in French, of some called *coquu*, prime vere, and brayes de *coquu*. This he thinks will sufficiently account for our author's *cuckoo-buds*, by which he supposes *cowslip-buds* to be meant; and further directs the reader to Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, under the articles—*Cocu*, and *herbe a coqu*. STEEVENS.

Cuckow-buds must be wrong. I believe *cowslip-buds*, the true reading. FARMER.

⁴ *Do paint the meadows with delight;*] This is a pretty rural song, in which the images are drawn with great force from nature. But this senseless expletive of *painting with delight*, I would read thus:

Do paint the meadows much-bedight,
 i. e. much bedecked or adorned as they are in spring-time. The
 epi-

WINTER.

When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,
 When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit;
 Tu-whit, tu-who; a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

epithet is proper, and the compound not inelegant. **WARBURTON.**
 Much less elegant than the present reading. **JOHNSON.**

5 — doth keel the pot.] This word is yet used in Ireland, and signifies to *swum the pot*. **GOLDSMITH.**

So, in Marston's *What you Will*, 1607:—"Faith, Doricus, thy brain boils, keel it, keel it, or all the fat's in the fire." **STEEVENS.**

To keel the pot is certainly to cool it, but in a particular manner: it is to stir the pottage with the ladle to prevent the boiling over. **FARMER.**

To keel signifies to cool in general, without any reference to the kitchen. So, in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. v. fol. 121. b.

"The cote he found, and eke he feleth

"The mace, and than his herte keleth

"That there durst he not abide."

Again, fol. 131. b.

"With water on his finger ende

"Thyne herte to ge to kele."

Mr. Lamb, observes in his notes on the ancient metrical History of the *Battle of Floddon*, that it is a common thing in the North

"for a maid servant to take out of a boiling pot a *wheen*, i.e. a small quantity, viz. a porringer or two of broth, and then to fill up the pot with cold water. The broth thus taken out, is called the *keeling wheen*. In this manner greasy Joan keeled the pot."

"Gie me beer, and gie me grots,

"And lumps of beef to swum abeen;

"And ilka time that I stir the pot,

"He's hae frae me the *keeling wheen*." **STEEVENS.**

the parson's law] Saw seems anciently to have meant, not as at present, a proverb, a sentence, but the whole tenor of any instructive discourse. So, in the fourth chapter of the first book of the *Tragedies of John Boccas*, translated by Lidgate:

"These old poetes in their *farwes* swete

"Full covertly in their verses do fayne, &c." **STEEVENS.**

When

522 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw⁶,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl⁷,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;*

*Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way.

[*Exeunt omnes*.]

⁷ *When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,*] So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
"In very likeness of a roasted crab."

Again, in *Like will to Like*, quoth the Devil to the Collier, 1587:

"Now a crab in the fire were worth a good groat:
"That I might quaffe with my captain Tom Tofs-pot."

Again, "Good hostess lay a crab in the fire, and broil a mess of fouse-a." STEEVENS.

* In this play, which all the editors have concurred to censure, and some have rejected as unworthy of our poet, it must be confessed that there are many passages mean, childish, and vulgar; and some which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden queen. But there are scattered through the whole many sparks of genius; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of Shakespeare. JOHNSON.

ACT I. SCENE I. Page 350.

THIS child of fancy, *that Armado blight, &c.*] This, as I have shewn in the note in its place, relates to the stories in the books of chivalry. A few words, therefore, concerning their origin and nature, may not be unacceptable to the reader. As I don't know of any writer, who has given any tolerable account of this matter: and especially as monsieur Huet, the bishop of Avranches, who wrote a formal treatise of the Origin of Romances, has said little or nothing of these in that superficial work. For having brought down the account of romances to the later Greeks, and entered upon those composed by the barbarous western writers, which have now the name of Romances almost appropriated to them, he puts the change upon his reader, and instead of giving us an account of these books of chivalry, one of the most curious and interesting parts of the subject he promised to treat of, he contents himself with a long account of the poems of the provincial writers, called likewise romances; and so, under the equi-
voque

voque of a common term, drops his proper subject, and entertains us with another, that had no relation to it more than in the name.

The Spaniards were of all others the fondest of these fables, as suiting best their extravagant turn to gallantry and bravery; which in time grew so excessive, as to need all the efficacy of Cervantes's incomparable satire to bring them back to their senses. The French suffered an easier cure from their doctor Rabelais, who enough discredited the books of chivalry, by only using the extravagant stories of its giants, &c. as a cover for another kind of satire against the *refined politicks* of his countrymen; of which they were as much possessed as the Spaniards of their *romantic bravery*. A *bravery* our Shakespeare makes their characteristic, in this description of a Spanish gentleman:

*A man of compliments, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight,
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.*

The sense of which is to this effect: *This gentleman, says the speaker, shall relate to us the celebrated stories recorded in the old romances, and in their very style.* Why he says, *from tawny Spain*, is because these romances, being of the Spanish original, the heroes and the scene were generally of that country. He says, *lost in the world's debate*, because the subjects of those romances were the crusades of the European Christians against the Saracens of Asia and Africa.

Indeed, the wars of the Christians against the Pagans were the general subject of the romances of chivalry. They all seem to have had their ground-work in two fabulous monkish historians: the one, who, under the name of Turpin, archbishop of Rheims, wrote the History and Achievements of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers; to whom, instead of his father, they assigned the task of driving the Saracens out of France and the south parts of Spain: the other, our Geoffrey of Monmouth.

Two of those peers, whom the old romances have rendered most famous, were Oliver and Rowland. Hence Shakespeare makes Alençon, in the first part of Henry VI. say; "Froyssard, a coun-tryman of ours, records, England all Oliver's and Rowlands' bred, during the time Edward the third did reign." In the Spanish romance of *Bernardo del Carpio*, and in that of *Roncesvalles*, the feats of Roland are recorded under the name of *Roldan el encantador*; and in that of *Palmerin del Oliva**, or simply *Oliva*, those

* Dr. Warburton is quite mistaken in deriving Oliver from (*Palmerin de*) *Oliva*, which is utterly incompatible with the genius of the Spanish language. The old romance, of which Oliver was the hero,

those of Oliver: for *Oliva* is the same in Spanish as *Olivier* is in French. The account of their exploits is in the highest degree monstrous and extravagant, as appears from the judgment passed upon them by the priest in *Don Quixote*, when he delivers the knight's library to the secular arm of the house-keeper, "Eccetuando à un Bernardo del Carpio que anda por ay, y à otro llamado Roncesvalles; que estos en llegando a mis manos, an de estar en las de la ama, y dellas en las del fuego sin remission alguna *." And of Oliver he says, "essa Oliva se haga luego raxas, y se queme, que aun no queden della las cenizas †." The reasonableness of this sentence may be partly seen from one story in the *Bernardo del Carpio*, which tells us, that the cleft called Roldan, to be seen in the summit of an high mountain in the kingdom of Valencia, near the town of Alicant, was made with a single back-stroke of that hero's broad sword. Hence came the proverbial expression of *our* plain and sensible ancestors, who were much cooler readers of these extravagancies than the Spaniards, of giving one a *Roland* for his *Oliver*, that is, of matching one impossible lye with another: as, in French, *faire le Roland* means, to swaggen. This driving the Saracens out of France and Spain, was, as we say, the subject of the elder romances. And the first that was printed in Spain was the famous *Amadis de Gaula*, of which the inquisitor priest says: "segun he oydo dezir, este libro fue el primero de Cavallerias quise imprimido en Espana, y todos los demás an tomado principio y origen deste ‡;" and for which he humourously condemns it to the fire, *coma à Dogmatizador de una secta tan mala*. When this subject was well exhausted, the affairs of Europe afforded them another of the same nature. For after that the western parts had pretty well cleared themselves of these inhospitable guests: by the excitements of the popes, they carried their arms against them into Greece and Asia, to support the Byzantine empire, and recover the holy sepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of romances, which we may call of the *second* race or class. And as *Amadis de Gaula* was at the head of the first, so, correspondently to the subject, *Amadis de Græcia* was at the head of the latter. Hence it is, we find, that Trebizonde is as celebrated in these romances as Roncesvalles is in the other. It may be worth observing, that the two famous Italian epic poets, Ariosto and Tasso, have borrowed, from each of these classes of old romances, the scenes and subjects of their several stories: Ariosto

is entitled in Spanish, "Historias de los nobles Cavalleros Oliveros de Castilla, y Artus de Algarbe, in fol. en Valladolid, 1501, in fol. en Sevilla, 1507;" and in French thus, "Histoire d'Olivier de Castille, & Artus d'Algarbe son loyal compaignon, & de Heleine, Fille au Roy d'Angleterre, &c. translatée du Latin par Phil. Camus, in fol. Gothique." It has also appeared in English. See Ames's Typograph. p. 94. 47. PBRCT.

* B. i. c. 6.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

choosing

choosing the first, *the Saracens in France and Spain*; and Tasso, the latter, *the Crusade against them in Asia*: Ariosto's hero being Orlando, or the French *Roland*: for as the Spaniards, by one way of transposing the letters, had made it *Roldan*, so the Italians, by another, make it *Orland*.

The main subject of these fooleries, as we have said, had its original in Turpin's famous History of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers. Nor were the monstrous embellishments of enchantments, &c. the invention of the romancers, but formed upon eastern tales, brought thence by travellers from their crusades and pilgrimages; which indeed have a cast peculiar to the wild imaginations of the eastern people. We have a proof of this in the travels of sir J. Maundevile, whose excessive superstition and credulity, together with an impudent monkish addition to his genuine work, have made his veracity thought much worse of than it deserved. This voyager, speaking of the isle of Cos in the Archipelago, tells the following story of an enchanted dragon. "And also a zonge man, that write not of the dragoun, went out of a schipp, and went thorghe the isle, till that he cam to the castelle, and cam into the cave; and went so longe till that he fond a chambre, and there he saughe a damyselle, that kembed hire here, and lokede in a myrour: and sche hadde moche tresoure abouten hire: and he trowed that sche hadde ben a comoun woman, that dwelled there to reiceyve men to folye. And he abode, till the damyselle saughe the schadowe of him in the myrour. And sche turned hire toward him, and asked him what he wolde. And he seyde, he wolde ben hire limman or paramour. And sche asked him, if that he were a knyghte. And he sayde, nay. And then sche sayde, that he myght not ben hire limman. But sche bad him gon azen unto his felowes, and make him knyghte, and come azen upon the morwe, and sche scholde come out of her cave before him; and thanne come and kyffe hire on the mowth and have no drede. For I schalle do the no maner harm, alle be it that thou see me in lykenes of a dragoun. For thoughe thou see me hideouse and horrible to loken onne, I do the to wytene that it is made be enchauntement. For withouten doubte, I am none other than thou seest now, a woman; and herefore drede the noughte. And zyf thou kyffe me, thou schalt have all this tresoure, and be my lord, and lord also of all that isle. And he departed, &c." p. 29, 30. ed. 1725. Here we see the very spirit of a romance adventure. This honest traveller believed it all, and so, it seems, did the people of the isle. "And some men seyne (says he) that in the isle of Lango is zit the doughtre of Ypocras in forme and lykenesse of a great dragoun, that is an hundred fadme in lengthe, as men seyn: for I have not seen hire. And thei of the isles callen hire, lady of the land." We are not to think, then, these kind of stories, believed by pilgrims and travellers, would

would have less credit either with the writers or readers of romances : which humour of the times therefore may well account for their birth and favourable reception in the world.

The other monkish historian, who supplied the romancers with materials, was our Geoffrey of Monmouth. For it is not to be supposed, that these *children of fancy* (as Shakespeare in the place quoted above, finely calls them, insinuating that *fancy* hath its *infancy* as well as *manhood*) should stop in the midst of so extraordinary a career, or confine themselves within the lists of the *terra firma*. From *him* therefore the Spanish romancers took the story of the British Arthur, and the knights of his round table, his wife Gueniver, and his conjurer Merlin. But still it was the same subject, (essential to books of chivalry) the wars of Christians against Infidels. And, whether it was by blunder or design, they changed the Saxons into Saracens, I suspect by design ; for chivalry without a Saracen was so very lame and imperfect a thing, that even that wooden image, which turned round on an axis, and served the knights to try their swords, and break their lances upon, was called, by the Italians and Spaniards, *Saracino* and *Sarazino* ; so closely were these two ideas connected.

In these old romances there was much religious superstition mixed with their other extravagancies ; as appears even from their very names and titles. The first romance of Lancelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights, is called the History of Saint Greal. This saint Greal was the famous relic of the holy blood pretended to be collected into a vessel by Joseph of Arimathea. So another is called Kyrie Eleison of Montauban. For in those days Deuteronomy and Paralipomenon were supposed to be the names of holy men. And as they made saints of their knights-errant, so they made knights-errant of their tutelary saints ; and each nation advanced its own into the order of chivalry. Thus every thing in those times being either a saint or a devil, they never wanted for the *marvellous*. In the old romance of Launcelot of the Lake, we have the doctrine and discipline of the church as formally delivered as in Bellarmine himself. “ Là confession (says the preacher) ne vaut rien si le cœur n'est repentant ;
 “ et si tu es moult & éloigné de l'amour de nostre Seigneur, tu ne
 “ peux estre recordé si non par trois choses : premierement par la
 “ confession de bouche ; secondement par une contrition de cœur,
 “ tiercement par peine de cœur, & par oeuvre d'aumône & charité.
 “ Telle est la droite voye d'aimer Dieu. Or va & si te confesse en
 “ cette maniere & recois la discipline des mains de tes confesseurs,
 “ car c'est le signe de merite.— Or mande le roy ses évesques, dont
 “ grande partie avoit en l'ost, & vinrent tous en sa chapelle. Le roy
 “ devant eux tout nud en pleurant & tenant son plein point de vint
 “ menuës verges, si les jetta devant eux, & leur dit en soupirant,
 “ qu'ils prissent de luy vengeance, car je suis le plus vil pecheur,
 “ &c.— Apres prinst discipline & d'eux & moult doucement la re-
 “ ceut.”

"cent." Hence we find the divinity-lectures of Don Quixote and the penance of his 'squire, are both of them in the ritual of chivalry. Lastly, we find the knight-errant, after much turmoil to himself, and disturbance to the world, frequently ended his course, like Charles V. of Spain, in a monastery; or turned hermit, and became a saint in good earnest. And this again will let us into the spirit of those dialogues between Sancho and his master, where it is gravely debated whether he should not turn saint or archbishop.

There were several causes of this strange jumble of nonsense and religion. As first, the nature of the subject, which was a religious war or crusade: secondly, the quality of the first writers, who were religious men; and thirdly, the end of writing many of them, which was to carry on a religious purpose. We learn, that Clement V. interdicted jousts and tournaments, because he understood they had much hindered the crusade decreed in the council of Vienna. "*Torneamenta ipsa & hastiludia sine juxta in regnis Franciæ, Angliæ, & Almanniæ, & aliis nonnullis provinciis, in quibus ea consuevere frequentius exerceri, specialiter interdixit.*" *Extrav. de Torneamentis C. unic. temp. Ed. I.* Religious men, I conceive, therefore, might think to forward the design of the crusades by turning the fondness for tilts and tournaments into that channel. Hence we see the books of knight-errantry so full of solemn jousts and torneaments held at Trebizonde, Bizance, Tripoly, &c. Which wise project, I apprehend, it was Cervantes's intention to ridicule, where he makes his knight propose it as the best means of subduing the Turk, to assemble all the knights-errant together by proclamation*. WARBURTON.

* See Part ii. l. 5. c. 2.

END OF VOLUME THE SECOND.

